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## P R E F A C E

T O T H E  
F I R S T E D I T I O N .

**I**N consequence of the promise I made in the Preface to the POLITE PRECEPTOR, I here take the liberty of presenting the Reader with a Collection of Poetical Pieces, which, as far as I am able to judge, is better calculated for the use of Schools, than any other book of the kind that has yet been offered to the public. In forming this Collection, I had two objects principally in view. The first was, to admit no piece that contained any sentiment or expression, inconsistent either with the principles of morality, or the rules of delicacy, convinced as I am, and have always been, of the truth of the Roman Poet's observation, that the greatest reverence is due to a child, and that nothing should be exhibited to his view, or uttered in his hearing, that has the least tendency to vitiate his taste or corrupt his heart. But not only have I guarded against the insertion of any immoral or indecent pieces; a thing, that has not been sufficiently attended to by some Editors of similar collections: I have done more; I have carefully endeavoured to select such pieces as contained the most excellent precepts of morality, the strongest exhortations to virtue, and the most powerful dissuaves from vice; and for this purpose I had recourse to our dramatic poets, who, it is well known, chiefly abound in passages of this kind.



My second object, and which I always considered as subordinate to the first, was to collect such pieces as, while they were either free from indecency and immorality, or exhibited patterns of the opposite virtues, were, at the same time, remarkable for the beauty or sublimity of the thought, the harmony of the numbers, or the elegance or vigour of the expression. In a word, my intention was to collect not the most beautiful pieces of English Poetry in general, but the most beautiful Pieces of English Poetry that were fit to be put into the hands of children; for between these two there is a very material and obvious distinction. I likewise made it a maxim to collect from as great a variety of Authors as possible; partly with a view of bringing the young scholar acquainted with the names of the most admired Poets of his country; partly in order to give him some idea of their stile and manner of writing, that so he may be the better able to enter into their true spirit and meaning, when he advances in years, and is qualified to read their works at large.

Pope in his preface to his original works says, "That he would not be like those authors who forgive themselves some particular lines for the sake of a whole poem, and *vice versa*, a whole poem for the sake of some particular lines." But if this be inexcusable in composing a whole poem or complete work, where the author's imagination may naturally be supposed sometimes to flag, it must certainly be more so in selecting detached passages from the works of others, where the editor has no fancy or invention to exert, and has only to exercise his taste and judgment. For this reason  
it



it is, that I have never scrupled to make the passages short, provided the connection was not so suddenly broke off, as to render the sense obscure; and this I have chiefly done with regard to passages of a moral nature, where brevity is so far from being a fault, that it may even be considered as a particular recommendation. For, I think, it is a rule laid down by all critics, ancient and modern, that if precepts be clear, the fewer words they are expressed in, so much the better, because they will be sure, on that account, both to be the more easily understood, and to be the longer remembered.

With respect to the propriety of accustoming youth to the early reading of poetry, I have already, in some measure, expressed my sentiments in the preface to the POLITE PRECEPTOR, where I have observed, that it is the best method of teaching them the true quantity and accent of words, without the knowledge of which no one can ever read even prose with a good grace. But this, however considerable, is but one of the least advantages to be derived from the reading of poetry. For as the poets are, almost to a man, friends to virtue, and as they have the art (and in this art consists one of the chief circumstances that distinguishes poetry from prose) of compressing their thoughts into a narrower compass than prose-writers, the perusal of the poets is one of the most effectual means of storing the mind with moral knowledge, that is, with regard to the conduct of life, the most useful and important of all kinds of knowledge. Add to this, that what we learn in poetry, makes a much deeper impression upon the

A 3

mind,

mind, and is likely to be much longer retained, than what we learn in prose. Addison is perhaps as sensible a writer as either Shakespeare or Pope; yet how seldom do we hear the former quoted, and how frequently the two latter!

THE EDITOR.

---

A D V E R T I S E M E N T  
T O T H E  
S E C O N D E D I T I O N.

**T**HE Editor begs leave to observe, that, in compliance with the request of some of the most eminent masters of academies, as well as of some of the most accomplished governesses of ladies' boarding-schools in and about town, he has inserted a great number of pieces in this edition that are not to be found in the last; and, in order to express his gratitude to the public for the very favourable reception the book has hitherto met with, he has contrived to do so without encreasing the price of the volume. At the same time he must be permitted to remark, that, as the judgment of youth ought to be exercised as well as their memory, he has selected some of these additional pieces from the critical works of our most admired poets, such as the Duke of Buckingham's Essay on Poetry, and Mr. Pope's Essay on Criticism; for to cultivate the memory (as is too frequently done) to the total neglect of the judgment and the other faculties of the mind, is, to say the least, a very ridiculous and absurd mode of instruction.

ADVER-

# A D V E R T I S E M E N T

## T O T H E

### T H I R D E D I T I O N .

**T**HE two former Editions of this work having met with such a favourable reception from the Public the Editor has thought it not only unnecessary, but even improper, to make any alteration either in the nature or the arrangement of the Materials of which it consists. He has, therefore, presented it to the Reader exactly in the same form in which it has hitherto appeared, with this only difference (which he hopes will be considered as an improvement) that there is now inserted for the first time, towards the latter end of it, a whole sheet of additional matter, which he hopes will be found to be selected with the same taste and judgment, that appeared in the choice of the former materials. This addition, together with the great advance in the price of paper, in consequence of heavy duties and a variety of other causes, will, he flatters himself, plead his excuse for adding Six-pence to the price of the book : a trifling advance, to be sure ; yet such as he would willingly have avoided, could he possibly have done it.

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# A D V E R T I S E M E N T

## T O T H E

### F O U R T H E D I T I O N .

**T**HE Reader will observe, that, in this Fourth Edition of the POETICAL PRECEPTOR, we have followed the same plan we pursued in the two last impressions of it, that is, that we have added a considerable quantity of new matter, selected from the best poetical pieces that have lately appeared ; and we would very willingly have added more, could we have met with any thing else that suited our purpose.



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THE

## POETICAL PRECEPTOR.

The YOUNG LADY and LOOKING-GLASS.

A FABLE. [WILKIE.]

**Y**E deep philosophers, who can  
 Explain that various creature, Man,  
 Say, is there any point so nice,  
 As that of offering an advice?  
 To bid your friend his errors mend,  
 Is almost certain to offend:  
 Tho' you in softest terms advise,  
 Confess him good; admit him wise;  
 In vain you sweeten the discourse,  
 He thinks you call him Fool, or worse.  
 You paint his character, and try  
 If he will own it, and apply;  
 Without a name reprove and warn;  
 Here none are hurt, and all may learn:  
 This too must fail; the picture shewn,  
 No man will take it for his own.  
 In moral lectures treat the case,  
 Say this is honest, that is base;  
 In conversation, none will bear it;  
 And for the pulpit, few come near it.  
 And is there then no other way  
 A moral lesson to convey?

B

Must

Must all that shall attempt to teach,  
 Admonish, satirize, or preach?  
 Yes, there is one, an ancient art,  
 By sages found to reach the heart,  
 Ere science, with distinctions nice,  
 Had fix'd what virtue is and vice,  
 Inventing all the various names  
 On which the moralist declaims:  
 They wou'd by simple tales advise,  
 Which took the hearer by surprise;  
 Alarm'd his conscience, unprepar'd,  
 Ere pride had put it on its guard;  
 And made him from himself receive  
 The lessons which they meant to give.  
 That this device will oft prevail,  
 And gain its end, when others fail,  
 If any shall pretend to doubt,  
 The TALE which follows makes it out.

There was a little stubborn dame,  
 Whom no authority could tame;  
 Restive, by long indulgence, grown,  
 No will she minded but her own;  
 At trifles oft she'd scold and fret,  
 Then in a corner take a seat,  
 And, sourly moping all the day,  
 Disdain alike to work or play.

Papa all softer arts had try'd,  
 And sharper remedies apply'd;  
 But both were vain, for every course  
 He took still made her worse and worse.  
 'Tis strange to think how female wit  
 So oft should make a lucky hit,  
 When man, with all his high pretence  
 To deeper judgment, sounder sense,  
 Will err, and measures false pursue—  
 'Tis very strange, I own, but true.—  
 Mamma observ'd the rising lass  
 By stealth retiring to the glass,  
 To practise little airs, unseen,  
 In the true genius of thirteen:  
 On this a deep design she laid  
 To tame the humour of the maid;

## P R E C E P T O R.

3

Contriving, like a prudent mother,  
To make one folly cure another.  
Upon the wall, against the seat  
Which Jessy us'd for her retreat,  
Whene'er by accident offended,  
A looking-glass was straight suspended,  
That it might show her how deform'd  
She look'd, and frightful, when she storm'd;  
And warn her, as she priz'd her beauty,  
To bend her humour to her duty.  
All this the looking-glass achiev'd,  
Its threats were minded and believ'd.  
The maid, who spurn'd at all advice,  
Grew tame and gentle in a trice:  
So when all other means had fail'd,  
The silent monitor prevail'd.  
Thus, Fable to the human-kind  
Presents an image of the mind;  
It is a mirror where we spy  
At large our own deformity;  
And learn of course those faults to mend,  
Which but to mention would offend.

The LION, the FOX, and the GEESE.

A F A B L E. [GAY.]

**A** Lion, tir'd with state-affairs,  
Quite sick of pomp, and worn with cares,  
Resolv'd (remote from noise and strife)  
In peace to pass his latter life.

It was proclaim'd; the day was set:

Behold the gen'ral council met.

The Fox was Viceroy nam'd. The crowd

To the new Regent humbly bow'd.

Wolves, bears, and mighty tygers bend,

And strive who most shall condescend.

He straight assumes a solemn grace,

Collects his wisdom in his face.

The crowd admire his wit, his sense:

Each word has weight and consequence.

The flatt'rer all his art displays:

He who hath power, is sure of praise.



## The P O E T I C A L

A Fox stept forth before the rest,  
And thus the servile throng address.

How vast his talents, born to rule,  
And train'd in Virtue's honest school!  
What clemency his temper sways!  
How uncorrupt are all his ways!  
Beneath his conduct and command,  
Rapine shall cease to waste the land.  
His brain hath stratagem and art;  
Prudence and mercy rule his heart;  
What blessings must attend the nation  
Under this good administration!

He said. A Goose, who distant stood,  
Harangu'd apart the cackling brood.

Whene'er I hear a knave commend,  
He bids me shun his worthy friend.  
What praise! what mighty commendation!  
But 'twas a Fox who spoke th' oration.  
Foxes this government may prize,  
As gentle, plentiful, and wise;  
If they enjoy the sweets, 'tis plain  
We Geese must feel a tyrant-reign.  
What havock now shall thin our race,  
When ev'ry petty clerk in place,  
To prove his taste, and seem polite,  
Will feed on Geese both noon and night!

## The SHEPHERD'S DOG and the WOLF.

## A F A B L E. [GAY.]

A Wolf, with hunger fierce and bold,  
Ravag'd the plains, and thinn'd the fold:  
Deep in the wood secure he lay,  
The thefts of night regal'd the day.  
In vain the shepherd's wakeful care  
Had spread the toils, and watch'd the snare:  
In vain the dog pursu'd his pace,  
The fleet robber mock'd the chace.

As Lightfoot rang'd the forest round,  
By chance his foe's retreat he found.

Let us a while the war suspend,  
And reason as from friend to friend.

A truce?

# PRECEPTOR.

5

A truce? replies the Wolf. 'Tis done.  
The Dog the parley thus begun.

How can that strong, intrepid mind  
Attack a weak defenceless kind?

Those jaws should prey on nobler food,  
And drink the boar's and lion's blood.

Great souls with generous pity melt,  
Which coward tyrants never felt.

How harmless is our fleecy care!

Be brave, and let thy mercy spare.

Friend, says the Wolf, the matter weigh;  
Nature design'd us beasts of prey;

As such, when hunger finds a treat,

'Tis necessary Wolves should eat.

If, mindful of the bleating weal,

Thy bosom burn with real zeal;

Hence, and thy tyrant lord beseech;

To him repeat the moving speech:

A Wolf eats sheep but now and then;

Ten thousands are devour'd by men.

An open foe may prove a curse,

But a pretended friend is worse.

The L I O N and the C U B.

A F A B L E. [GAY.]

**H**OW fond are men of rule and place,  
Who court it from the mean and base!!

These cannot bear an equal nigh,

But from superior merit fly.

They love the cellar's vulgar joke,

And lose their hours in ale and smoke.

There o'er some petty club preside;

So poor, so paltry is their pride!

Nay, ev'n with fools whole nights will sit,

In hopes to be supreme in wit.

If these can read, to these I write,

To set their worth in truest light.

A Lion-cub, of sordid mind,

Avoided all the lion-kind;

Fond of applause, he sought the feasts

Of vulgar and ignoble beasts;

With asses all his time he spent,  
 Their club's perpetual president.  
 He caught their manners, looks, and airs;  
 An ass in every thing, but ears.  
 If e'er his highness meant a joke,  
 They grinn'd applause before he spoke;  
 But at each word what shouts of praise!  
 Good gods! how natural he brays!

Elate with flatt'ry and conceit,  
 He seeks his royal fire's retreat;  
 Forward, and fond to show his parts,  
 His Highness brays; the Lion starts.

Puppy, that curs'd vociferation  
 Betrays thy life and conversation:  
 Coxcombs, an ever-noisy race,  
 Are trumpets of their own disgrace.

Why so severe? the Cub replies;  
 Our senate always held me wise.

How weak is pride! returns the fire;  
 All fools are vain, when fools admire:  
 But know, what stupid asses prize,  
 Lions and noble beasts despise.

## The B U T T E R F L Y and S N A I L.

### A F A B L E. [GAY.]

**A**LL upstarts, insolent in place,  
 Remind us of their vulgar race.

As, in the sunshine of the morn,  
 A Butterfly (but newly born)  
 Sat proudly perking on a rose,  
 With pert conceit his bosom glows;  
 His wings (all glorious to behold)  
 Bedropt with azure, jet, and gold,  
 Wide he displays; the spangled dew  
 Reflects his eyes, and various hue.

His now forgotten friend, a Snail,  
 Beneath his house, with slimy trail  
 Crawls o'er the grass! whom when he 'spies,  
 In wrath he to the gard'ner cries:

What means yon peasant's daily toil,  
 From choaking weeds to rid the soil?

Why



Why wake you to the morning's care?  
 Why with new arts correct the year?  
 Why grows the peach with crimson hue?  
 And why the plum's inviting blue?  
 Were they to feast his taste design'd,  
 That vermin of voracious kind?  
 Crush then the slow, the pilf'ring race;  
 So purge thy garden from disgrace.

What arrogance! the Snail reply'd;  
 How insolent is upstart pride!  
 Had'st thou not thus, with insult vain,  
 Provok'd my patience to complain,  
 I had conceal'd thy meaner birth,  
 Nor trac'd thee to the scum of earth.  
 For scarce nine suns have wak'd the hours,  
 To swell the fruit, and paint the flowers,  
 Since I thy humbler life survey'd,  
 In base and sordid guise array'd,  
 A hideous insect, vile, unclean,  
 You dragg'd a slow and noisome train;  
 And from your spider-bowels drew  
 Foul film, and spun the dirty clue.  
 I own my humble life, good friend;  
 Snail was I born, and Snail shall end.  
 And what's a Butterfly? At best,  
 He's but a caterpillar, drest;  
 And all thy race (a numerous seed)  
 Shall prove of caterpillar breed.

The PERSIAN, the SUN, and the CLOUD.

A F A B L E. [GAY.]

**I**S there a bard whom genius fires,  
 Whose ev'ry thought the God inspires?  
 When envy reads the nervous lines,  
 She frets, she rails, she raves, she pines;  
 Her hissing snakes with venom swell;  
 She calls her venal train from hell;  
 The servile fiends her nod obey,  
 And all CURL's authors are in pay;  
 Fame calls up calumny and spite;  
 Thus shadow owes its birth to light.

## The POETICAL

As prostrate to the God of day,  
With heart devout, a Persian lay,  
His invocation thus begun:

Parent of light, all-seeing Sun,  
Prolific beam, whose rays dispense  
The various gifts of providence,  
Accept our praise, our daily prayer,  
Smile on our fields, and bless the year.

A Cloud, who mock'd his grateful tongue,  
The day with sudden darkness hung;  
With pride and envy swell'd, aloud  
A voice thus thunder'd from the cloud:

Weak is this gaudy God of thine,  
Whom I at will forbid to shine.

Shall I nor vows, nor incense know?  
Where praise is due, the praise bestow.

With fervent zeal the Persian mov'd;  
Thus the proud calumny reprov'd:  
It was that God, who claims my prayer,  
Who gave thee birth, and rais'd thee there;  
When o'er his beams the veil is thrown,  
Thy substance is but plainer shown.

A passing gale, a puff of wind  
Dispels thy thickest troops combin'd.

The gale arose; the vapour tost  
(The sport of winds) in air was lost;  
The glorious orb the day refines,  
Thus envy breaks, thus merit shines.

## The MASTIFFS.

## A FABLE. [Gay.]

THOSE who in quarrels interpose  
Must often wipe a bloody nose.

A Mastiff, of true English blood,  
Lov'd fighting better than his food.  
When dogs were snarling for a bone,  
He long'd to make the war his own,  
And often found (when two contend)  
To interpose obtain'd his end;  
He glory'd in his limping pace;  
The scars of honour seam'd his face;



In ev'ry limb a gash appears,  
And frequent fights retrench'd his ears.

As, on a time, he heard from far  
Two dogs engag'd in noisy war,  
Away he scours, and lays about him,  
Resolv'd no fray should be without him.

Forth from his yard a tanner flies,  
And to the bold intruder cries,  
A cudgel shall correct your manners:  
Whence sprung this cursed hate to tanners?  
While on my dog you vent your spite,  
Sirrah! 'tis me, you dare to bite.

To see the battle thus perplex'd  
With equal rage a butcher vex'd,  
Hoarse-screaming from the circled croud,  
To the curs'd Mastiff cries aloud:

Both Hockley-hole and Marybone  
The combats of my dog have known.  
He ne'er, like bullies coward-hearted,  
Attacks in public, to be parted.  
Think not, rash fool, to share his fame;  
Be his the honour or the shame.

Thus said, they swore; and rav'd like thunder;  
Then dragg'd their fasten'd dogs asunder;  
While clubs and kicks, from ev'ry side,  
Rebounded from the mastiff's hide.

All reeking now with sweat and blood,  
A while the parted warriors stood,  
Then pour'd upon the meddling foe;  
Who, worried, howl'd and sprawl'd below.  
He rose; and limping from the fray,  
By both sides mangled, sneak'd away.

The T U R K E Y and the A N T.

A F A B L E. [GAY.]

I N other men we faults can spy,  
And blame the mote that dims their eye,  
Each little speck and blemish find,  
To our own stronger errors blind.

B 5

A Turkey,

A Turkey, tir'd of common food,  
 Forsook the barn, and sought the wood;  
 Behind her ran an infant-train,  
 Collecting here and there a grain.  
 Draw near, my birds, the mother cries,  
 This hill delicious fare supplies;  
 Behold the busy Negroe race,  
 See, millions blacken all the place!  
 Fear not. Like me with freedom eat;  
 An Ant is most delightful meat.  
 How bless'd, how envy'd were our life,  
 Could we but 'scape the poul'ter's knife!  
 But man, curs'd man, on turkeys preys,  
 And Christmas shortens all our days:  
 Sometimes with oysters we combine,  
 Sometimes assist the sav'ry chine.  
 From the low peasant to the lord,  
 The Turkey smokes on ev'ry board.  
 Sure men for gluttony are curs'd,  
 Of the sev'n deadly sins the worst.

An Ant, who climb'd beyond her reach,  
 Thus answer'd from the neighb'ring beech:  
 Ere you remark another's sin,  
 Bid thy own conscience look within;  
 Controul thy more voracious bill,  
 Nor for a breakfast nations kill.

### The FATHER and JUPITER.

#### A FABLE. [GAY.]

**T**HE Man to Jove his suit preferr'd;  
 He begg'd a wife. His prayer was heard.  
 Jove wonder'd at his bold addressing:  
 For how precarious is the blessing!  
 A wife he takes. And now for heirs.  
 Again he wearies heav'n with prayers.  
 Jove nods assent. Two hopeful boys  
 And a fine-girl-reward his joys.

Now, more solicitous he grew,  
 And set their future lives in view,  
 He saw that all respect and duty  
 Were paid to wealth, to power, and beauty.

Once more, he cries, accept my prayer;  
 Make my lov'd progeny thy care.



## P R E C E P T O R.

Let my first hope, my fav'rite boy,  
All fortune's richest gifts enjoy.  
My next with strong ambition fire:  
May favour teach him to aspire;  
Till he the step of pow'r ascend,  
And courtiers to their idol bend.  
With ev'ry grace, with ev'ry charm,  
My daughter's perfect features arm.  
If heav'n approve, a Father's blest'd,  
Jove smiles, and grants his full request.

The first, a miser at the heart,  
Studious of ev'ry griping art,  
Heaps hoards on hoards with anxious pain,  
And all his life devotes to gain.  
He feels no joy, his cares increase,  
He neither wakes nor sleeps in peace;  
In fancy'd want (a wretch compleat)  
He starves and yet he dares not eat.

The next to sudden honours grew:  
The thriving art of courts he knew:  
He reach'd the height of power and place;  
Then fell, the victim of disgrace.

Beauty with early bloom supplies  
His daughter's cheek, and points her eyes:  
The vain coquette each suit disdains,  
And glories in her lovers' pains.  
With age she fades, each lover flies.  
Contemn'd, forlorn, she pines and dies.

When Jove the Father's grief survey'd,  
And heard him Heav'n and Fate upbraid;  
Thus spoke the God. By outward show,  
Men judge of happiness and woe:  
Shall ignorance of good and ill  
Dare to direct th' eternal Will?  
Seek virtue; and, of that possess,  
To Providence resign the rest.

The CUR, the HORSE, and the SHEPHERD's  
DOG.

A F A B L E [GAY.]

**T**HE lad, of all-sufficient merit,  
With modesty ne'er damps his spirit;  
Presuming on his own deserts,  
On all alike his tongue exerts;

His noisy jokes at random throws,  
 And pertly spatters friends and foes;  
 In wit and war the bully-race  
 Contribute to their own disgrace.  
 Too late the forward youth shall find  
 That jokes are sometimes paid in kind;  
 Or if they canker in the breast,  
 He makes a foe who makes a jest.

A Village-cur, of snappish race,  
 The pertest puppy of the place,  
 Imagin'd that his treble throat  
 Was bless'd with music's sweetest note;  
 In the mid-road he basking lay,  
 The yelping nuisance of the way;  
 For not a creature pass along  
 But had a sample of his song.

Soon as the trotting steed he hears,  
 He starts, he cocks his dapper ears;  
 Away he scours, assaults his hoof;  
 Now near him snarls, now barks aloof;  
 With shrill impertinence attends;  
 Nor leaves him till the village ends.

It chanc'd, upon his evil day,  
 A Pad came pacing down the way;  
 The Cur, with never-ceasing tongue,  
 Upon the passing trav'ler sprung.  
 The horse, from scorn provok'd to ire,  
 Flung backward; rolling in the mire,  
 The Puppy howl'd, and bleeding lay;  
 The Pad in peace pursu'd his way.

A Shepherd's dog, who saw the deed,  
 Detesting the vexatious breed,  
 Bespoke him thus: When coxcombs prate,  
 They kindle wrath, contempt, or hate;  
 Thy teasing tongue had judgment ty'd,  
 Thou hadst not, like a Puppy, dy'd.

### THE DOG and the FOX. TO A LAWYER.

A FABLE [GAY.]

I Know you Lawyers can, with ease,  
 Twist words and meanings as you please;  
 That language, by your skill made pliant,  
 Will bend to favour ev'ry client; That



That 'tis the fee directs the sense,  
To make out either side's pretence.  
When you peruse the clearest case,  
You see it with a double face:  
For scepticism's your profession;  
You hold there's doubt in all expression.

Hence is the bar with fees supply'd,  
Hence eloquence takes either side.  
Your hand would have but paltry gleanings,  
Could every man express his meanings.  
Who dares presume to pen a deed,  
Unless you previously are fee'd?  
'Tis drawn; and, to augment the cost,  
In dull prolixity engrost.

And now we're well secur'd by law,  
'Till the next brother find a flaw.

Read o'er a Will. Was't ever known,  
But you could make the Will your own?  
For when you read, 'tis with intent  
To find out meanings never meant.  
Since things are thus, *se defendendo*,  
I bar fallacious innuendo.

Sagacious PORTA's skill could trace  
Some beast or bird in ev'ry face.  
The head, the eye, the nose's shape,  
Prov'd this an owl, and that an ape.  
When, in the sketches thus design'd,  
Resemblance brings some friend to mind,  
You shew the piece, and give the hint,  
And find each feature in the print;  
So monstrous-like the portrait's found,  
All know it, and the laugh goes round.  
Like him I draw from gen'ral nature;  
Is't I or you then fix the satire?

So, Sir, I beg you, spare your pains  
In making comments on my strains.  
All private slander I detest,  
I judge not of my neighbour's breast:  
Party and prejudice I hate,  
And write no libels on the state.

Shall not my fable censure vice,  
Because a knave is over-nice?  
And, lest the guilty hear and dread,  
Shall not the decalogue be read?

If I lash vice in gen'ral fiction,  
 Is't I apply, or self-conviction?  
 Brutes are my theme. Am I to blame,  
 If men in morals are the same?  
 I no man call an ape or ass;  
 'Tis his own conscience holds the glass.  
 Thus void of all offence I write:  
 Who claims the fable, knows his right.

A Shepherd's Dog, unkill'd in sports,  
 Pick'd up acquaintance of all sorts:  
 Among the rest a Fox he knew;  
 By frequent chat their friendship grew.

Says Reynard, 'Tis a cruel case,  
 That man should stigmatize our race.  
 No doubt, among us rogues you find,  
 As among dogs and human kind;  
 And yet (unknown to me and you)  
 There may be honest men and true.  
 Thus slander tries, whate'er it can,  
 To put us on the foot with man.

Let my own actions recommend;  
 No prejudice can blind a friend:  
 You know me free from all disguise;  
 My honour as my life I prize.

By talk like this, from all mistrust  
 The dog was cur'd, and thought him just.

As on a time the Fox held forth  
 On conscience, honesty, and worth,  
 Sudden he stopt; he cock'd his ear;  
 Low dropt his brushy tail with fear.

Bless us! the hunters are abroad:  
 What's all that clatter on the road?

Hold, says the Dog, we're safe from harm,  
 'Twas nothing but a false alarm;  
 At yonder town 'tis market-day;  
 Some farmer's wife is on the way;  
 'Tis so (I know her pye-ball'd mare):  
 Dame Dobbins with her poultry-ware.

Reynard grew huff. Says he, This sneer  
 From you I little thought to hear:  
 Your meaning in your looks I see;  
 Pray what's dame Dobbins, friend, to me?  
 Did I e'er make her poultry thinner?  
 Prove that I owe the dame a dinner.

Friend,

Friend, quoth the Cur, I meant no harm:  
 Then why so captious? why so warm?  
 My words, in common acceptation,  
 Could never give this provocation.  
 No lamb (for ought I ever knew)  
 May be more innocent than you.  
 At this, gall'd Reynard winch'd, and swore  
 Such language ne'er was giv'n before.

What's lamb to me? The saucy hint  
 Shews me, base knave, which way you squint.  
 If t'other night your master lost  
 Three lambs, am I to pay the cost?  
 Your vile reflections would imply  
 That I'm a thief. You Dog, you lie.  
 Thou knave, thou fool, (the Dog reply'd)  
 The name is just, take either side;  
 Thy guilt these applications speak:  
 Sirrah, 'tis conscience makes you squeak.

So saying, on the Fox he flies:  
 The self-convicted felon dies.

### The B E A R in a B O A T.

TO A COXCOMB.

A F A B L E. [GAY.]

**T**HAT man must daily wiser grow,  
 Whose search is bent himself to know;  
 Impartially he weighs his scope,  
 And on firm reason founds his hope;  
 He tries his strength before the race,  
 And never seeks his own disgrace;  
 He knows the compass, sail and oar,  
 Or never launches from the shore;  
 Before he builds, computes the cost,  
 And in no proud pursuit is lost:  
 He learns the bounds of human sense,  
 And safely walks within the fence.  
 Thus conscious of his own defect,  
 Are pride and self-importance check'd.

If, then, self-knowledge to pursue  
 Direct our life in ev'ry view,  
 Of all the fools that pride can boast,  
 A coxcomb claims distinction most.

Coxcombs



Coxcombs are of all ranks and kind ;  
 They're not to sex or age confin'd,  
 Or rich, or poor, or great, or small ;  
 And Vanity besots 'em all.  
 By ignorance is pride increas'd :  
 Those most assume who know the least ;  
 Their own false balance gives 'em weight,  
 But ev'ry other finds 'em light.

Not that all Coxcombs' follies strike,  
 And draw our ridicule alike ;  
 To different merits each pretends :  
 This in love-vanity transcends ;  
 That, smitten with his face and shape,  
 By dress distinguishes the ape ;  
 T'other with learning crams his shelf,  
 Knows books, and all things but himself.

All these are fools of low condition,  
 Compar'd with Coxcombs of ambition.  
 For those, puff'd up with flatt'ry, dare  
 Assume a nation's various care.  
 They ne'er the grossest praise mistrust,  
 Their sycophants seem hardly just ;  
 For these, in part alone, attest  
 The flatt'ry their own thoughts suggest.  
 In this wide sphere a Coxcomb's shown  
 In other realms besides his own :  
 The self-deem'd MACHIAVEL at large  
 By turns controuls in ev'ry charge.  
 Does commerce suffer in her rights ?  
 'Tis he directs the naval flights.  
 What sailor dares dispute his skill ?  
 He'll be an adm'ral when he will.

Now meddling in the soldier's trade,  
 Troops must be hir'd, and levies made.  
 He gives ambassadors their cue,  
 His cobbled treaties to renew ;  
 And annual taxes must suffice  
 The current blunders to disguise.  
 When his crude schemes in air are lost,  
 And millions scarce defray the cost,  
 His arrogance (nought undismay'd)  
 Trusting in self-sufficient aid,  
 On other rocks misguides the realm,  
 And thinks a pilot at the helm.

He

He ne'er suspects his want of skill,  
But blunders on from ill to ill;  
And, when he fails of all intent,  
Blames only unforeseen event.  
Lest you mistake the application,  
The fable calls me to relation.

A Bear of shag and manners rough,  
At climbing trees expert enough;  
For dext'rously, and safe from harm,  
Year after year, he robb'd the swarm.  
Thus thriving on industrious toil,  
He glory'd in his pilfer'd spoil.  
This trick so swell'd him with conceit,  
He thought no enterprize too great.  
Alike in sciences and arts,  
He boasted universal parts;  
Pragmatic, busy, bustling, bold,  
His arrogance was uncontroll'd:  
And thus he made his party good,  
And grew dictator of the wood.  
The beasts, with admiration, stare,  
And think him a prodigious bear.  
Were any common booty got,  
'Twas his each portion to allot:  
For why, he found there might be picking  
Ev'n in the carving of a chicken.  
Intruding thus, he by degrees  
Claim'd too the butcher's larger fees.

And now his over-weening pride  
In ev'ry province will preside.  
No task too difficult was found:  
His blund'ring nose misleads the hound.  
In stratagem and subtle arts,  
He over-rules the fox's parts.

It chanc'd as, on a certain day,  
Along the bank he took his way,  
A boat, with rudder, sail, and oar,  
At anchor floated near the shore.  
He stopt, and turning to his train,  
Thus pertly vents his vaunting strain.

What blund'ring puppies are mankind,  
In ev'ry science always blind!

I mock

I mock the pedantry of schools:  
 What are their compasses and rules?  
 From me that helm shall conduct learn,  
 And man his ignorance discern,  
 So saying, with audacious pride,  
 He gains the boat, and climbs the side.  
 The beasts astonish'd line the strand;  
 The anchor's weigh'd, he drives from land;  
 The slack sail shifts from side to side;  
 The boat untrimm'd admits the tide.  
 Borne down, adrift, at random tost,  
 His oar breaks short, the rudder's lost.  
 The Bear, presuming on his skill,  
 Is here and there officious still;  
 Till, striking on the dang'rous sands,  
 A-ground the shatter'd vessel stands.  
 To see the bungler thus distress'd,  
 The very fishes sneer and jest.  
 Ev'n gudgeons join in ridicule,  
 To mortify the meddling fool.  
 The clam'rous watermen appear;  
 Threats, curses, oaths, insult his ear:  
 Seiz'd, thresh'd, and chain'd, he's dragg'd to land;  
 Derision shouts along the strand.

The MAN, the CAT, the DOG, and the FLY.

A F A B L E. [GAY.]

TO MY NATIVE COUNTRY.

**H**AIL, happy land! whose fertile grounds  
 The liquid fence of NEPTUNE bounds;  
 By bounteous nature set apart,  
 The seat of industry and art.  
 O BRITAIN! chosen port of trade,  
 May lux'ry ne'er thy sons invade;  
 May never minister (intent  
 His private treasures to augment)  
 Corrupt thy state. If jealous foes  
 Thy rights of commerce dare oppose,  
 Shall not thy fleets their rapine awe?  
 Who is't prescribes the ocean law?  
 Whenever neighb'ring states contend,  
 'Tis thine to be the gen'ral friend.

What



What is't, who rules in other lands?  
 On trade alone thy glory stands.  
 That benefit is unconfin'd,  
 Diffusing good among mankind:  
 That first gave lustre to thy reigns,  
 And scatter'd plenty o'er thy plains:  
 'Tis that alone thy wealth supplies,  
 And draws all EUROPE's envious eyes.  
 Be commerce then thy sole design;  
 Keep that, and all the world is thine.

When naval traffic plows the main,  
 Who shares not in the merchant's gain?  
 'Tis that supports the regal state,  
 And makes the farmer's heart elate:  
 The num'rous flocks, that clothe the land,  
 Can scarce supply the loom's demand;  
 Prolific culture glads the fields,  
 And the bare heath a harvest yields.

Nature expects mankind should share  
 The duties of the public care.  
 Who's born for sloth? \* To some we find  
 The plow-share's annual toil assign'd,  
 Some at the sounding anvil glow;  
 Some the swift-sliding shuttle throw:  
 Some, studious of the wind and tide,  
 From pole to pole our commerce guide:  
 Some (taught by industry) impart  
 With hands and feet the works of art:  
 While some, of genius more refin'd,  
 With head and tongue assist mankind:  
 Each, aiming at one common end,  
 Proves to the whole a needful friend.  
 Thus, born each other's useful aid,  
 By turns are obligations paid.

The monarch, when his table's spread,  
 Is to the clown oblig'd for bread;  
 And when in all his glory drest,  
 Owes to the loom his royal vest.  
 Do not the mason's toil and care  
 Protect him from th' inclement air?  
 Does not the cutler's art supply  
 The ornament that guards his thigh?  
 All these, in duty to the throne,  
 Their common obligations own.

'Tis he (his own and people's cause)  
Protects their properties and laws.  
Thus they their honest toil employ,  
And with content their fruits enjoy.  
In ev'ry rank, or great or small,  
'Tis industry supports us all.

The animals, by want oppress'd,  
To man their services address'd.  
While each pursu'd their selfish good,  
They hunger'd for precarious food.  
Their hours with anxious cares were vext;  
One day they fed, and starv'd the next.  
They saw that plenty, sure and rise,  
Was found alone in social life;  
That mutual industry, profess'd,  
The various wants of man redress'd.

The Cat, half-famish'd, lean and weak,  
Demands the privilege to speak.

Well Puss (says Man) and what can you  
To benefit the public do?

The Cat replies. These teeth, these claws,  
With vigilance shall serve the cause.  
The mouse, destroy'd by my pursuit,  
No longer shall your feasts pollute;  
Nor rats, from nightly ambuscade,  
With wasteful teeth your stores invade.

I grant, says Man, to gen'ral use  
Your parts and talents may conduce;  
For rats and mice purloin our grain,  
And threshers whirl the flail in vain:  
Thus shall the Cat, a foe to spoil,  
Protect the farmer's honest toil.

Then turning to the Dog, he cry'd,  
Well, Sir; be next your merits try'd;

Sir, says the Dog, by self-applause  
We seem to own a friendless cause.

Ask those who know me, if distrust  
E'er found me treach'rous or unjust?  
Did I e'er faith or friendship break?  
Ask all those creatures; let them speak.  
My vigilance and trusty zeal  
Perhaps might serve the public weal.  
Might not your flocks in safety feed,  
Were I to guard the fleecy breed?

Did I the nightly watches keep,  
Could thieves invade you while you sleep?

The Man replies: 'Tis just and right,  
Reward such service should requite.

So rare, in property, we find  
Trust uncorrupt among mankind,

That, taken in a public view,  
The first distinction is your due.

Such merits all reward transcend:  
Be then my comrade and my friend.

Addressing now the Fly: From you  
What public service can accrue?

From me! (the flutt'ring insect said)  
I thought you knew me better bred.

Sir, I'm a gentleman. Is't fit  
That I to industry submit?

Let mean mechanics, to be fed,  
By bus'ness earn ignoble bread.

Lost in excess of daily joys,  
No thought, no care my life annoys.

At noon (the lady's matin hour)  
I sip the tea's delicious flower.

On cates luxuriously I dine,  
And drink the fragrance of the vine.

Studious of elegance and ease,  
Myself alone I seek to please.

The Man his pert conceit derides,  
And thus the useless coxcomb chides.

Hence, from that peach, that downy seat;  
No idle fool deserves to eat.

Could you have sapp'd the blushing rind,  
And on that pulp ambrosial din'd,

Had not some hand, with skill and toil,  
To raise the tree, prepar'd the soil?

Consider, sot, what would ensue,  
Were all such worthless things as you.

You'd soon be forc'd (by hunger stung)  
To make your dirty meals on dung;

On which such despicable need,  
Unpitied, is reduc'd to feed.

Besides, vain selfish insect, learn,  
(If you can right and wrong discern)

That he who, with industrious zeal,  
Contributes to the public weal,



By adding to the common good,  
His own hath rightly understood.

So saying, with a sudden blow,  
He laid the noxious vagrant low.  
Crush'd in his luxury and pride,  
The spunger on the public dy'd.

# The P A C K - H O R S E and the C A R R I E R.

TO A Y O U N G N O B L E M A N.

A F A B L E. [GAY.]

**B**EGIN, my Lord, in early youth,  
To suffer, nay, encourage truth;  
And blame me not for disrespect,  
If I the flatt'rer's style reject:  
With that, by menial tongues supply'd,  
You're daily cocker'd up in pride.

The tree's distinguish'd by the fruit:  
Be virtue then your first pursuit;  
Set your great ancestors in view,  
Like them deserve the title too;  
Like them ignoble actions scorn:  
Let virtue prove you greatly born.

Though with less plate their side-board shone,  
Their conscience always was their own;  
They ne'er at levees meanly fawn'd,  
Nor was their honour yearly pawn'd;  
Their hands, by no corruption stain'd,  
The ministerial bribe disdain'd;  
They serv'd the crown with loyal zeal;  
Yet jealous of the public weal,  
They stood the bulwark of our laws,  
And wore at heart their country's cause;  
By neither place nor pension bought,  
They spoke and voted as they thought.  
Thus did your sires adorn their seat;  
And such alone are truly great.

If you the paths of learning slight,  
You're but a dunce in stronger light.  
In foremost rank, the coward plac'd,  
Is more conspicuously disgrac'd.  
If you, to serve a paltry end,  
To knavish jobs can condescend,

We pay you the contempt that's due;  
 In that you have precedence too.  
 Whence had you this illustrious name?  
 From virtue and unblemish'd fame.  
 By birth the name alone descends;  
 Your honour on yourself depends:  
 Think not your coronet can hide  
 Assuming ignorance and pride.  
 Learning by study must be won,  
 'Twas ne'er entail'd from son to son.  
 Superior worth your rank requires;  
 For that mankind reveres your fires:  
 If you degen'rate from your race,  
 Their merits heighten your disgrace.

A Carrier, ev'ry night and morn,  
 Would see his horses eat their corn:  
 This sunk the hostler's vails, 'tis true;  
 But then his horses had their due.  
 Were we so cautious in all cases,  
 Small gain would rise from greater places.

The manger now had all it's measure;  
 He heard the grinding teeth with pleasure:  
 When all at once confusion rung;  
 They snorted, jostled, bit, and flung.  
 A Pack-horse turn'd his head aside,  
 Foaming, his eye-balls swell'd with pride.

Good gods! (says he) how hard's my lot!  
 Is then my high descent forgot?  
 Reduc'd to drudg'ry and disgrace,  
 (A life unworthy of my race)  
 Must I too bear the vile attacks  
 Of ragged scrubs, and vulgar hacks?  
 See scurvy ROAN, that brute ill-bred,  
 Dares from the manger thrust my head!  
 Shall I, who boast a noble line,  
 On offals of these creatures dine?  
 Kick'd by old BALL! so mean a foe!  
 My honour suffers by the blow.  
 NEWMARKET speaks my grandfire's fame,  
 All jockies still revere his name:  
 There yearly are his triumphs told,  
 There all his massy plates enroll'd.

Whene'er

Whene'er led forth upon the plain,  
 You saw him with a liv'ry train;  
 Returning too, with laurels crown'd,  
 You heard the drums and trumpets found.  
 Let it then, Sir, be understood,  
 Respect's my due; for I have blood.  
 Vain-glorious fool! (the Carrier cry'd)  
 Respect was never paid to pride.  
 Know, 'twas thy giddy, wilful heart  
 Reduc'd thee to this slavish part.  
 Did not thy headstrong youth disdain  
 To learn the conduct of the rein?  
 Thus coxcombs, blind to real merit,  
 In vicious frolicks fancy spirit.  
 What is't to me by whom begot,  
 Thou restiff, pert, conceited sot?  
 Your fires I rev'rence; 'tis their due:  
 But worthless fool, what's that to you?  
 Ask all the Carriers on the road,  
 They'll say thy keeping's ill bestow'd.  
 Then vaunt no more thy noble race,  
 That neither mends thy strength or pace.  
 What profits me thy boast of blood?  
 An ass hath more intrinsic good.  
 By outward shew let's not be cheated;  
 An ass should like an ass be treated.

### The APE, the PARROT, and the JACK-DAW.

#### A FABLE. [WILKIE.]

**I** Hold it rash at any time  
 To deal with fools dispos'd to rhyme;  
 Dissuasive arguments provoke  
 Their utmost rage as soon as spoke:  
 Encourage them, and for a day  
 Or two you're safe by giving way;  
 But when they find themselves betray'd,  
 On you at last the blame is laid.  
 They hate and scorn you as a traitor,  
 The common lot of those who flatter.  
 But can a scribbler, Sir, be shunn'd?  
 What will you do when teaz'd and dunn'd?

When



When watch'd, and caught, and closely press'd,  
When complimented and caress'd:  
When Bavius greets you with a bow,  
"Sir, please to read a line or two."  
If you approve and say they're clever,  
"You make me happy, Sir, for ever."  
What can be done? the case is plain,  
No methods of escape remain:  
You're fairly noos'd, and must consent  
To bear, what nothing can prevent,  
A coxcomb's anger; and your fate  
Will be to suffer soon or late.

An Ape, that was the sole delight  
Of an old woman day and night,  
Indulg'd at table and in bed,  
Attended like a child and fed:  
Who knew each trick, and twenty more  
Than ever Monkey play'd before,  
At last grew frantic, and wou'd try,  
In spite of nature's laws, to fly.  
Oft from the window would he view  
The passing swallows as they flew,  
Observe them flutt'ring round the walls,  
Or gliding o'er the smooth canals:  
He too must fly, and cope with these;  
For this and nothing else would please:  
Oft thinking from the window's height,  
Three stories down, to take his flight:  
He still was something loth to venture,  
As tending strongly to the center:  
And knowing that the least mistake  
Might cost a limb, perhaps his neck.  
The case, you'll own, was something nice;  
He thought it best to ask advice;  
And to the Parrot straight applying,  
Allow'd to be a judge of flying,  
He thus began: "you'll think me rude,  
Forgive me if I do intrude,  
For you alone my doubts can clear  
In something that concerns me near:  
Do you imagine, if I try,  
That I shall e'er attain to fly?  
The project's whimsical, no doubt,  
But, ere you censure, hear me out:

That liberty's our greatest blessing,  
 You'll grant me without farther pressing;  
 To live confin'd, 'tis plain and clear,  
 Is something very hard to bear:  
 This you must know, who for an age  
 Have been kept pris'ner in a cage,  
 Deny'd the privilege to soar,  
 With boundless freedom, as before.  
 I have, 'tis true, much greater scope  
 Than you, my friend, can ever hope;  
 I traverse all the house, and play  
 My tricks and gambols every day:  
 Oft with my mistress in a chair  
 I ride abroad to take the air;  
 Make visits with her, walk at large,  
 A maid or footman's constant charge.  
 Yet this is nothing, for I find  
 Myself still hamper'd and confin'd;  
 A grov'ling thing: I fain would rise  
 Above the earth, and mount the skies:  
 The meanest birds, and insects too,  
 This feat with greatest ease can do.  
 To that gay creature turn about,  
 That's beating on the pane without;  
 Ten days ago, perhaps but five,  
 A worm, it scarcely seem'd alive:  
 By threads suspended, tough and small,  
 'Midst dusty cobwebs on a wall;  
 Now dress'd in all the different dyes,  
 That vary in the ev'ning skies,  
 He soars at large, and on the wing  
 Enjoys with freedom all the spring;  
 Skims the fresh lakes, and rising seas  
 Beneath him far the loftiest trees;  
 And when he rests he makes his bow'r  
 The cup of some delicious flow'r.  
 Shall creatures so obscurely bred,  
 On mere corruption nurs'd and fed,  
 A glorious privilege obtain,  
 Which I can never hope to gain?  
 Shall I, like man's imperial race  
 In manners, customs, shape, and face,  
 Expert in all ingenious tricks,  
 To tumble, dance, and leap o'er sticks;

Who

Who know to sooth and coax my betters,

And match a beau, at least in letters ;

Shall I despair and never try

(What meanest insects can) to fly ?

Say, mayn't I, without dread or care,

At once commit me to the air,

And not fall down, and break my bones

Upon those hard and flinty stones ?

Say, if to stir my limbs before

Will make me glide along or soar ?

All things, they say, are learn'd by trying ;

No doubt it is the same with flying.

I wait your judgment with respect,

And shall proceed as you direct.

Poor Poll, with gen'rous pity mov'd,

The Ape's fond rashness thus reprov'd ;

For, tho' instructed by mankind,

Her tongue to candour still inclin'd.

My friend, the privilege to rise

Above the earth, and mount the skies,

Is glorious sure, and 'tis my fate

To feel the want on't with regret ;

A pris'ner to a cage confin'd,

Tho' wing'd and of the flying kind.

With you the case is not the same,

You're quite terrestrial by your frame,

And should be perfectly content

With your peculiar element :

You have no wings, I pray reflect,

To lift you, and your course direct ;

Those arms of yours will never do,

Not twenty in the place of two ;

They ne'er can lift you from the ground,

For broad and long, they're thick and round ;

And, therefore, if you choose the way

To leap the window, as you say,

'Tis certain that you'll be the jest

Of every insect, bird, and beast :

When you lie batter'd by your fall

Just at the bottom of the wall.

Be prudent, then, improve the pow'rs

Which nature gives in place of ours ;

You'll find them readily conduce

At once to pleasure and to use :



But airy whims and crotchets lead  
To certain loss, and ne'er succeed.

As folks, tho' inly vex'd and teaz'd,  
Will oft seem satisfy'd and pleas'd;  
The Ape approv'd of ev'ry word,  
At this time utter'd by the bird:  
But, nothing in opinion chang'd,  
Thought only how to be reveng'd.  
It happen'd when the day was fair,  
That Poll was set to take the air;  
Just where the Monkey oft sat poring  
About experiments in soaring:  
Dissembling his contempt and rage,  
He stept up softly to the cage,  
And with a fly malicious grin,  
Accosted thus the bird within.

You say I am not form'd for flight;  
In this you certainly are right:  
'Tis very plain upon reflection,  
But to yourself there's no objection,  
Since flying is the very trade  
For which the winged race is made;  
And therefore, for our mutual sport,  
I'll make you fly, you can't be hurt.  
With that he sily slipt the string  
Which held the cage up by the ring.  
In vain the Parrot begg'd and pray'd,  
No word was minded that she said;  
Down went the cage, and on the ground  
Bruis'd and half-dead poor Poll was found.  
Pug, who for some time had attended  
To that alone which now was ended,  
Again had leisure to pursue  
The project he had first in view.

Quoth he, a person, if he's wise,  
Will only with his friends advise,  
They know his temper and his parts,  
And have his int'rest near their hearts.  
In matters, which he should forbear,  
They'll hold him back with prudent care,  
But never, from an envious spirit,  
Forbid him to display his merit;  
Or judging wrong, from spleen and hate,  
His talents slight or under-rate.

I acted

I acted sure with small reflection  
 In asking counsel and direction  
 From a sly minion, whom I know  
 To be my rival and my foe:  
 One who will constantly endeavour  
 To hurt me in our lady's favour,  
 And watch and plot to keep me down,  
 From obvious interests of her own.  
 But on the top of that old tow'r  
 An honest Daw has made his bow'r;  
 A faithful friend whom one may trust,  
 My debtor too for many a crust;  
 Which in the window oft I lay  
 For him to come and take away;  
 From gratitude no doubt he'll give  
 Such counsel as I may receive,  
 Well back'd with reasons strong and plain  
 To push me forward or restrain.

One morning, when the Daw appear'd,  
 The project was propos'd and heard:  
 And, tho' the bird was much surpriz'd  
 To find friend Pug so ill-advis'd,  
 He rather chose that he should try  
 At his own proper risk to fly,  
 Than hazard, in a case so nice,  
 To shock him by too free advice.

Quoth he, I'm certain that you'll find  
 The project answer to your mind;  
 Without suspicion, dread or care,  
 At once commit you to the air;  
 You'll soar aloft, or, if you please,  
 Proceed straight forwards at your ease:  
 The whole depends on resolution,  
 Which you possess from constitution;  
 And if you follow as I lead,  
 'Tis past a doubt you must succeed.

So saying, from the turret's height,  
 The Jackdaw shot with downward flight,  
 And on the edge of a canal,  
 Some fifty paces from the wall,  
 'Lighted obsequious to attend  
 The Monkey, when he should descend.  
 But he, although he had believ'd  
 The flatterer, and was deceiv'd,

Felt some misgivings at his heart  
 In vent'ring on so new an art :  
 But yet at last, 'tween hope and fear,  
 Himself he trusted to the air,  
 But far'd like him whom poets mention  
 With Dædalus's old invention :  
 Directly downwards on his head  
 He fell, and lay an hour for dead.  
 The various creatures in the place,  
 Had different thoughts upon the case ;  
 From some his fate compassion drew,  
 But those, I must confess, were few ;  
 The rest esteem'd him rightly serv'd,  
 And in the manner he deserv'd,  
 For playing tricks beyond his sphere,  
 Nor thought the punishment severe.  
 They gather'd round him as he lay,  
 And jeer'd him when he limp'd away.

Pug disappointed thus and hurt,  
 And grown besides the public sport,  
 Found all his diff'rent passions change  
 At once to fury and revenge.  
 The Daw 'twas useless to pursue,  
 His helpless brood, as next in view,  
 With unrelenting paws he seiz'd,  
 One's neck he wrung, another squeez'd,  
 Till, of the number four or five,  
 No single bird was left alive.

Thus counsellors, in all regards  
 Tho' diff'rent, meet with like rewards :  
 The story shews the certain fate  
 Of every mortal sown or late,  
 Whose evil genius, for his crimes,  
 Connects with any sown that rhimes.

The YOUTH and the PHILOSOPHER.  
 A FABLE. [W. WHITEHEAD.]

A Grecian youth, of talents rare,  
 Whom Plato's philosophic care  
 Had form'd for virtue's nobler view,  
 By precept and example too,  
 Would often boast his matchless skill,  
 To curb the steed, and guide the wheel ;

And



And as he pass'd the gazing throng,  
 With graceful ease, and smack'd the thong,  
 The idiot wonder they express'd  
 Was praise and transport to his breast.

At length quite vain, he needs would shew  
 His master what his art could do;  
 And bade his slaves the chariot lead  
 To Academus' sacred shade.

The trembling grove confess'd its fright,  
 The wood-nymphs started at the sight;  
 The Muses drop the learned lyre,  
 And to their inmost shades retire.

Howe'er the youth, with forward air,  
 Bows to the sage, and mounts the car,  
 The lash resounds, the coursers spring,  
 The chariot marks the rolling ring,  
 And gath'ring crowds with eager eyes,  
 And shouts, pursue him as he flies.

Triumphant to the goal return'd,  
 With nobler thirst his bosom burn'd;  
 And now along th' indented plain,  
 The self-same track he marks again,  
 Pursues with care the nice design,  
 Nor ever deviates from the line.

Amazement seiz'd the circling crowd;  
 The youths with emulation glow'd;  
 Ev'n bearded sages hail'd the boy,  
 And all, but Plato, gaz'd with joy.  
 For he, deep judging sage, beheld  
 With pain the triumphs of the field:  
 And when the charioteer drew nigh,  
 And, flush'd with hope, had caught his eye,  
 Alas! unhappy youth, he cry'd,  
 Expect no praise from me (and sigh'd).

With indignation I survey  
 Such skill and judgment thrown away.  
 The time profusely squander'd there,  
 On vulgar arts beneath thy care,  
 If well employ'd, at less expence,  
 Had taught thee honour, virtue, sense,  
 And rais'd thee from a coachman's fate  
 To govern men, and guide the state.

The BEE, the ANT, and the SPARROW.

A FABLE.

Address'd to PHEBE and KITTY C. at Boarding-School.

MY dears, 'tis said in days of old,  
That beasts could talk, and birds could scold.  
But now it seems the human race  
Alone engross the speaker's place.  
Yet lately, if report be true,  
(And much the tale relates to you)  
There met a Sparrow, Ant; and Bee,  
Which reason'd and convers'd as we.

Who reads my page will doubtless grant  
That Phe's the wise industrious Ant;  
And all with half an eye may see  
That Kitty is the busy Bee.

Here then are two—but where's the third?  
Go search your school, you'll find the bird,  
Your school! I ask your pardon fair,  
I'm sure you'll find no sparrow there.

Now to my tale—One summer's morn  
A Bee rang'd o'er the verdant lawn;  
Studious to husband every hour,  
And make the most of every flow'r.  
Nimble from stalk to stalk she flies,  
And loads with yellow wax her thighs;  
With which the artist builds her comb,  
And keeps all tight and warm at home:  
Or from the cowslip's golden bells  
Sucks honey to enrich her cells;  
Or every tempting rose pursues,  
Or sips the lily's fragrant dew;  
Yet never robs the shining bloom  
Or of its beauty or perfume.  
Thus she discharg'd in every way  
The various duties of the day.

It chanc'd a frugal Ant was near,  
Whose brow was wrinkled o'er by care:  
A great œconomist was she,  
Nor less laborious than the Bee;

By

By pensive parents often taught  
What ills arise from want of thought;  
That poverty on sloth depends,  
On poverty the loss of friends.  
Hence every day the Ant is found  
With anxious steps to tread the ground;  
With curious search to trace the grain,  
And drag the heavy load with pain.

The active Bee with pleasure saw  
The Ant fulfill her parents' law.  
Ah! sister-labourer, says she,  
How very fortunate are we!  
Who taught in infancy to know  
The comforts, which from labour flow,  
Are independent of the great,  
Nor know the wants of pride and state.  
Why is our food so very sweet?  
Because we earn, before we eat.  
Why are our wants so very few?  
Because we nature's calls pursue.  
Whence our complacency of mind?  
Because we act our parts assign'd.  
Have we incessant tasks to do?  
Is not all nature busy too?  
Doth not the sun, with constant pace,  
Persist to run his annual race?  
Do not the stars, which shine so bright,  
Renew their courses every night?  
Doth not the ox obedient bow  
His patient neck, and draw the plough?  
Or when did e'er the generous steed  
Withhold his labour or his speed?  
If you all nature's system scan,  
The only idle thing is man.

A wanton Sparrow long'd to hear  
Their sage discourse, and straight drew near.  
The bird was talkative and loud,  
And very pert and very proud;  
As worthless and as vain a thing,  
Perhaps, as ever wore a wing.  
She found, as on a spray she sat,  
The little friends were deep in chat;  
That virtue was their favourite theme,  
And toil and probity their scheme:



Such talk was hateful to her breast,  
 She thought them arrant prudes at best.  
 When to display her naughty mind,  
 Hunger with cruelty combin'd,  
 She view'd the Ant with savage eyes,  
 And hopt and hopt to snatch her prize.  
 The Bee, who watch'd her opening bill,  
 And guess'd her fell design to kill;  
 Ask'd her from what her anger rose,  
 And why she treated Ants as foes?

The Sparrow her reply began,  
 And thus the conversation ran.

Whenever I'm dispos'd to dine,  
 I think the whole creation mine;  
 That I'm a bird of high degree,  
 And every insect made for me.  
 Hence oft I search the emmet-brood,  
 For emmets are delicious food:  
 And oft, in wantonness and play,  
 I slay ten thousand in a day.  
 For truth it is, without disguise,  
 That I love mischief as my eyes.

Oh! fie, the honest Bee reply'd,  
 I fear you make base man your guide;  
 Of every creature sure the worst,  
 Though in creation's scale the first!  
 Ungrateful man! 'tis strange he thrives,  
 Who burns the Bees to rob their hives!  
 I hate his vile administration,  
 And so do all the emmet-nation.  
 What fatal foes to birds are men,  
 Quite to the Eagle from the Wren!  
 O! do not men's example take,  
 Who mischief do for mischief's sake;  
 But spare the Ant—her worth demands  
 Esteem and friendship at your hands.  
 A mind with every virtue blest,  
 Must raise compassion in your breast.

Virtue! rejoind the sneering bird,  
 Where did you learn that gothic word?  
 Since I was hatch'd, I never heard  
 That virtue was at all rever'd.  
 But say it was the ancients' claim,  
 Yet moderns disavow the name;

Unless,

Unless, my dear, you read romances,  
 I cannot reconcile your fancies.  
 Virtue in fairy tales is seen  
 To play the goddess or the queen;  
 But what's a queen without the pow'r,  
 Or beauty, child, without a dow'r?  
 Yet this is all that virtue brags,  
 At best 'tis only worth in rags.  
 Such whims my very heart derides,  
 Indeed you make me burst my sides.  
 Trust me, Miss Bee—to speak the truth,  
 I've copied men from earliest youth;  
 The same our taste, the same our school,  
 Passion and appetite our rule.  
 And call me bird, or call me sinner,  
 I'll ne'er forego my sport or dinner.

A prowling cat the miscreant spies,  
 And wide expands her amber eyes:  
 Near and more near Grimalkin draws,  
 She wags her tail, protends her paws:  
 Then springing on her thoughtless prey,  
 She bore the vicious bird away.

Thus, in her cruelty and pride,  
 The wicked wanton Sparrow dy'd.

The B E A R S and B E E S.

A F A B L E. [MERRICK.]

**A**S two young bears in wanton mood,  
 Forth issuing from a neighbouring wood,  
 Came where th' industrious Bees had stor'd  
 In artful cells their luscious hoard;  
 O'erjoy'd they seiz'd with eager haste  
 Luxurious on the rich repast.  
 Alarm'd at this the little crew  
 About their ears vindictive flew.  
 The beasts, unable to sustain  
 Th' unequal combat, quit the plain;  
 Half-blind with rage, and mad with pain,  
 Their native shelter they regain;  
 There sit, and now discreeter grown,  
 Too late their rashness they bemoan;  
 And this by dear experience gain,  
 That pleasure's ever bought with pain.

So when the gilded baits of vice  
 Are plac'd before our longing eyes,  
 With greedy haste we snatch our fill,  
 And swallow down the latent ill;  
 But when experience opes our eyes,  
 Away the fancy'd pleasure flies.  
 It flies, but oh! too late we find  
 It leaves a real sting behind.

## The C A M E L I O N.

[MERRICK.]

**O**FT has it been my lot to mark  
 A proud, conceited, talking spark,  
 With eyes, that hardly serv'd at most  
 To guard their master 'gainst a post;  
 Yet round the world the blade has been  
 To see whatever could be seen,  
 Returning from his finish'd tour,  
 Grown ten times pertter than before;  
 Whatever word you chance to drop,  
 The travell'd fool your mouth will stop,  
 "Sir, if my judgment you'll allow—  
 "I've seen—and sure I ought to know"—  
 So begs you'd pay a due submission,  
 And acquiesce in his decision.

Two travellers of such a cast,  
 As o'er Arabia's wilds they past,  
 And on their way in friendly chat  
 Now talk'd of this and then of that,  
 Discours'd a while 'mongst other matter,  
 Of the Camelion's form and nature.

"A stranger animal, cries one,  
 "Sure never liv'd beneath the sun:  
 "A lizard's body lean and long,  
 "A fish's head, a serpent's tongue,  
 "Its tooth with triple claw disjoin'd;  
 "And what a length of tail behind!  
 "How slow its pace! and then its hue—  
 "Who ever saw so fine a blue?"  
 "Hold there, the other quick replies,  
 "Tis green,—I saw it with these eyes,

"As



" As late with open mouth it lay,  
 " And warm'd it in the sunny ray ;  
 " Stretch'd at its ease the beast I view'd,  
 " And saw it eat the air for food."  
 " I've seen it, Sir, as well as you,  
 " And must again affirm it blue.  
 " At leisure I the beast survey'd  
 " Extended in the cooling shade."  
 " 'Tis green, 'tis green, Sir, I assure ye—  
 " Green ! cries the other in a fury—  
 " Why, Sir, d'ye think I've lost my eyes?"  
 " 'Twere no great loss, the friend replies,  
 " For, if they always serve you thus,  
 " You'll find 'em but of little use."

So high at last the contest rose,  
 From words they almost came to blows :  
 When luckily came by a third—  
 To him the question they referr'd ;  
 And begg'd he'd tell 'em, if he knew,  
 Whether the thing was green or blue.

" Sirs, cries the umpire, cease your pother,  
 " The creature's neither one nor t' other.  
 " I caught the animal last night,  
 " And view'd it o'er by candle light :  
 " I mark'd it well—'twas black as jet—  
 " You stare—but Sirs, I've got it yet,  
 " And can produce it." " Pray, Sir, do :  
 " I'll lay my life, the thing is blue."  
 " And I'll be sworn, that when you've seen  
 " The reptile, you'll pronounce him green."  
 " Well then, at once, to ease the doubt,  
 " Replies the man, I'll turn him out :  
 " And when before your eyes I've set him,  
 " If you don't find him black, I'll eat him."

He said ; then full before their sight  
 Produc'd the beast, and lo!—'twas white.  
 Both star'd, the man look'd wond'rous-wise—  
 " My children," the Camelion cries,  
 (Then first the creature found a tongue)  
 " You all are right, and all are wrong :  
 " When next you talk of what you view,  
 " Think others see, as well as you :  
 " Nor wonder, if you find that none  
 " Prefers your eye-sight to his own."

## The POETICAL

## The MONKIES.

## A TALE. [MERRICK.]

WHoe'er, with curious eye, has rang'd  
Through Ovid's tales, has seen  
How Jove, incens'd, to monkies chang'd  
A tribe of worthless men.

Repentant soon th' offending race  
Intreat the injur'd pow'r,  
To give them back the human face,  
And reason's aid restore.

Jove, sooth'd at length, his ear inclin'd,  
And granted half their pray'r;  
But t'other half he bade the wind  
Disperse in empty air.

Scarce had the thund'rer giv'n the nod  
That shook the vaulted skies,  
With haughtier air the creatures strode,  
And stretch'd their dwindled size.

The hair in curls luxuriant now  
Around their temples spread;  
The tail that whilom hung below,  
Now dangled from the head.

The head remains unchang'd within,  
Nor alter'd much the face:  
It still retains its native grin,  
And all its old grimace.

Thus half transform'd and half the same,  
Jove bade them take their place,  
(Restoring them their ancient claim)  
Among the human race.

Man with contempt the brute survey'd,  
Nor would a name bestow;  
But woman lik'd the motley breed,  
And call'd the thing a beau.

P R E C E P T O R.

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The G O L D F I N C H E S.

An E L E G Y. [JAGO.]

*Ingenuas didicisse fideliter artes  
Emollit mores, nec finit esse feros.*

**T**O you, whose groves protect the feather'd quires,  
Who lend their artless notes a willing ear,  
To you, whom pity moves, and taste inspires,  
The Doric strain belongs; O Shenstone, hear.

'Twas gentle spring, when all the tuneful race,  
By nature taught, in nuptial leagues combine:  
A Goldfinch joy'd to meet the warm embrace,  
And hearts and fortunes with her mate to join.

Through nature's spacious walks at large they rang'd,  
No settled haunts, no fix'd abode their aim;  
As chance or fancy led, their path they chang'd,  
Themselves in ev'ry vary'd scene the same,

'Till on a day to weighty cares resign'd,  
With mutual choice, alternate, they agreed  
On rambling thoughts no more to turn their mind,  
But settle soberly, and raise a breed.

All in a garden, on a currant bush,  
With wond'rous art they built their waving seat:  
In the next orchard liv'd a friendly thrush,  
Nor distant far, a woodlark's soft retreat.

Here blest with ease, and in each other blest,  
With early songs they wak'd the sprightly groves,  
'Till time matur'd their bliss, and crown'd their nest  
With infant pledges of their faithful loves.

And now what transport glow'd in either's eye!  
What equal fondness dealt th' allotted food!  
What joy each others likeness to descry,  
And future sonnets in the chirping brood!

But ah! what earthly happiness can last?  
How does the fairest purpose often fail?  
A truant School-boy's wantonness could blast  
Their rising hopes, and leave them both to wail.

The



The most ungentle of his tribe was he ;  
 No gen'rous precept ever touch'd his heart :  
 With concords false, and hideous prosody  
 He scrawl'd his talk, and blunder'd o'er his part.

On barb'rous plunder bent, with savage eye  
 He mark'd where wrapt in down the younglings lay,  
 Then rushing seiz'd the wretched family,  
 And bore them in his impious hands away.

But how shall I relate in numbers rude  
 The pangs for poor \* Chrysomitris decreed !  
 When from a neighb'ring spray aghast she view'd  
 The savage ruffian's inauspicious deed !

So wrapt in grief some heart-struck matron stands,  
 While horrid flames surround her children's room !  
 On heav'n she calls, and wrings her trembling hands ;  
 Constrain'd to see, but not prevent their doom.

" O grief of griefs ! with shrieking voice she cry'd,  
 " What sight is this that I have liv'd to see ?  
 " O that I had a maiden goldfinch died,  
 " From love's false joys, and bitter sorrows free !

" Was it for this, alas ! with weary bill,  
 " Was it for this, I pois'd th' unwieldy straw ?  
 " For this I pick'd the moss from yonder hill ?  
 " Nor shun'd the pond'rous chat along to draw ?

" Was it for this, I cull'd the wool with care ;  
 " And strove with all my skill our work to crown ?  
 " For this, with pain I bent the stubborn hair ;  
 " And lin'd our cradle with the thistle's down ?

" Was it for this, my freedom I resign'd ;  
 " And ceas'd to rove from beauteous plain to plain ?  
 " For this, I sat at home whole days confin'd,  
 " And bore the scorching heat, and pealing rain ?

" Was it for this, my watchful eyes grew dim ?  
 " The crimson roses on my cheek turn'd pale ?  
 " Pale is my golden plumage, once so trim ;  
 " And all my wonted spirits 'gin to fail.

" O

\* Chrysomitris, it seems, is the name for a goldfinch.

- “ O Plunderer vile ! O more than weazel fell !  
 “ More treach’rous than the cat with prudish face !  
 “ More fierce than kites with whom the furies dwell !  
 “ More pilf’ring than the cuckow’s prowling race !  
 “ For thee may plumb or goosb’ry never grow,  
 “ No juicy currant cool thy clammy throat :  
 “ But bloody birch-twigs work thee shameful woe,  
 “ Nor ever goldfinch cheer thee with her note.”

Thus sang the mournful bird her piteous tale,  
 The piteous tale her mournful mate return’d :  
 Then side by side they sought the distant vale,  
 And there in silent sadness inly mourn’d.

An ODE on the HEAVENLY BODIES.

[ADDISON.]

I.

THE spacious firmament on high,  
 With all the blue ethereal sky,  
 And spangled Heavens, a shining frame,  
 Their great Original proclaim :  
 Th’ unwearied sun, from day to day,  
 Does his Creator’s pow’r display,  
 And publishes to every land  
 The work of an Almighty hand.

II.

Soon as the evening shades prevail,  
 The moon takes up the wond’rous tale,  
 And nightly to the list’ning earth  
 Repeats the story of her birth :  
 Whilst all the stars that round her burn,  
 And all the planets in their turn,  
 Confirm the tidings as they roll,  
 And spread the truth from pole to pole.

III.

What though, in solemn silence, all  
 Move round the dark, terrestrial ball !  
 What tho’ nor real voice nor sound  
 Amid their radiant orbs be found !  
 In reason’s ear they all rejoice,  
 And utter forth a glorious voice,  
 For ever singing as they shine,  
 “ The hand that made us is Divine.”

The POETICAL  
A HYMN on GRATITUDE.

[ADDISON.]

I.

WHEN all thy mercies, O my God,  
My rising soul surveys;  
Transported with the view, I'm lost  
In wonder, love, and praise:

II.

O how shall words, with equal warmth,  
The gratitude declare,  
That glows within my ravish'd heart?  
But thou canst read it there.

III.

Thy providence my life sustain'd,  
And all my wants redrest,  
When in the silent womb I lay,  
And hung upon the breast.

IV.

To all my weak complaints and cries  
Thy mercy lent an ear,  
Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learnt  
To form themselves in pray'r.

V.

Unnumber'd comforts to my soul  
Thy tender care bestow'd,  
Before my infant heart conceiv'd  
From whom those comforts flow'd.

VI.

When in the slipp'ry paths of youth  
With heedless steps I ran,  
Thine arm unseen convey'd me safe,  
And led me up to man.

VII.

Through hidden dangers, toils, and deaths,  
It gently clear'd my way,  
And through the pleasing snares of vice,  
More to be fear'd than they.

VIII.

When worn with sickness, oft hast thou  
With health renew'd my face,  
And when in sins and sorrows sunk,  
Reviv'd my soul with grace.

Thy



## IX.

Thy bounteous hand with worldly bliss  
Has made my cup run o'er,  
And in a kind and faithful friend  
Has doubled all my store.

## X.

Ten thousand thousand precious gifts  
My daily thanks employ,  
Nor is the least a chearful heart,  
That tastes those gifts with joy.

## XI.

Through every period of my life  
Thy goodness I'll pursue;  
And after death in distant worlds  
The glorious theme renew.

## XII.

When nature fails, and day and night  
Divide thy works no more,  
My ever grateful heart, O Lord,  
Thy mercy shall adore.

## XIII.

Through all eternity to Thee  
A joyful song I'll raise,  
For O! eternity's too short  
To utter all thy praise.

## An ODE on PROVIDENCE.

[ADDISON.]

## I.

**H**OW are thy servants blest, O Lord!  
How sure is their defence!  
Eternal Wisdom is their guide,  
Their help Omnipotence.

## II.

In foreign realms, and lands remote,  
Supported by thy care,  
Thro' burning climes I pass'd unhurt,  
And breath'd in tainted air.

## III.

Thy mercy sweeten'd every soil,  
Made every region please,  
The hoary *Alpine Hills* it warm'd,  
And smooth'd the *Tyrrhene* seas.

Think,

## IV.

Think, O my soul, devoutly think,  
 How with affrighted eyes,  
 Thou saw'st the wide extended deep  
 In all its horrors rise.

## V.

Confusion dwelt in every face,  
 And fear in every heart;  
 When waves on waves, and gulphs on gulphs  
 O'er-came the pilot's art.

## VI.

Yet then from all my griefs, O Lord,  
 Thy mercy set me free,  
 Whilst, in the confidence of prayer,  
 My soul took hold on thee.

## VII.

For though in dreadful whirls we hung,  
 High on the broken wave,  
 I knew thou wert not slow to hear,  
 Nor impotent to save.

## VIII.

The storm was laid, the winds retir'd,  
 Obedient to thy will;  
 The sea, that roar'd at thy command,  
 At thy command was still.

## IX.

In midst of dangers, fears, and death,  
 Thy goodness I'll adore;  
 And praise thee for thy mercies past,  
 And humbly hope for more.

## X.

My life, if thou preserv'st my life,  
 Thy sacrifice shall be;  
 And death, if death must be my doom,  
 Shall join my soul to thee.

## O D E to S P R I N G.

[Miss CARTER.]

**Y**OUTH of the year, delightful Spring!  
 Thy blest return on genial wing  
 Inspires my languid lays;  
 No more I sleep in sloth supine,  
 When all creation at thy shrine  
 Its annual tribute pays.

Escap'd

Escap'd from winter's freezing pow'r  
Each blossom greets thee, and each flow'r ;

And, foremost of the train,  
By nature (artless handmaid) drest,  
The snow-drop comes in lillied vest,  
Prophetic of thy reign.

The lark now strains her tuneful throat,  
And every loud, and sprightly note  
Calls echo from her cell ;

Be warn'd, ye maids, that listen round,  
A beauteous nymph became a sound,  
The nymph, who lov'd too well.

The bright-hair'd sun, with warmth benign,  
Bids tree and shrub, and swelling vine,

Their infant buds display :  
Again the streams refresh the plains,  
Which winter bound in icy chains,  
And sparkling bless his ray.

Life-giving zephyrs breathe around,  
And instant glows th' enamell'd ground

With nature's varied hues ;  
Not so returns our youth decay'd,  
Alas ! nor air, nor sun, nor shade  
The spring of life renews.

The sun's too quick revolving beam

A-pace dissolves the human dream,

And brings th' appointed hour ;

Too late we catch his parting ray,

And mourn the idly wasted day,

No longer in our pow'r.

Then happiest he, whose lengthen'd sight

Pursues by virtue's constant light

A hope beyond the skies ;

Where frowning winter ne'er shall come,

But rosy spring for ever bloom,

And suns eternal rise.

## The EMPLOYMENTS of a COUNTRY LIFE.

[G A Y.]

'TIS not that rural sports alone invite,  
But all the grateful country breathes delight ;

I

Here



Here blooming health exerts her gentle reign,  
 And strings the sinews of th' industrious swain.  
 Soon as the morning lark salutes the day,  
 Through dewy fields I take my frequent way,  
 Where I behold the farmer's early care,  
 In the revolving labours of the year.

When the fresh spring in all her state is crown'd,  
 And high luxuriant grass o'erspreads the ground,  
 The lab'rer with the bending scythe is seen,  
 Shaving the surface of the waving green,  
 Of all her native pride disrobes the land,  
 And meads lays waste before his sweeping hand;  
 While with the mounting sun the meadow glows,  
 The fading herbage round he loosely throws;  
 But if some sign portend a lasting show'r,  
 Th' experienced swain foresees the coming hour,  
 His sun-burnt hands the scatt'ring fork forsake,  
 And ruddy damsels ply the saving rake;  
 In rising hills the fragrant harvest grows,  
 And spreads along the field in equal rows.

Now when the height of heav'n bright Phœbus gains,  
 And level rays cleave wide the thirsty plains,  
 When heifers seek the shade and cooling lake,  
 And in the middle path-way basks the snake;  
 O lead me, guard me from the sultry hours,  
 Hide me, ye forests, in your closest bowers:  
 Where the tall oak his spreading arms entwines,  
 And with the beech a mutual shade combines;  
 Where flows the murmuring brook, inviting dreams,  
 Where bordering hazle overhangs the streams,  
 Whose rolling current, winding round and round,  
 With frequent falls makes all the wood resound;  
 Upon the mossy couch my limbs I cast,  
 And ev'n at noon the sweets of ev'ning taste.

Here I peruse the Mantuan's Georgic strains,  
 And learn the labours of Italian swains;  
 In ev'ry page I see new landscapes rise,  
 And all Hesperia opens to my eyes.  
 I wander o'er the various rural toil,  
 And know the nature of each different soil:  
 This waving field is gilded o'er with corn,  
 That spreading trees with blushing fruit adorn:

Here I survey the purple vintage grow,  
 Climb round the poles, and rise in graceful row :  
 Now I behold the steed curvet and bound,  
 And paw with restless hoof the smoking ground.

The careful insect 'midst his works I view,  
 Now from the flow'rs exhaust the fragrant dew :  
 With golden treasures load his little thighs,  
 And steer his distant journey through the skies ;  
 Some against hostile drones the hive defend ;  
 Others with sweets the waxen cells distend :  
 Each in the toil his destin'd office bears,  
 And in the little bulk a mighty soul appears.

Or when the ploughman leaves the task of day,  
 And trudging homeward whistles on the way ;  
 When the big udder'd cows with patience stand,  
 Waiting the stroakings of the damsel's hand ;  
 No warbling chears the woods ; the feather'd choir  
 To court kind slumbers to their sprays retire ;  
 When no rude gale disturbs the sleeping trees,  
 Nor aspen leaves confess the gentlest breeze ;  
 Engag'd in thought, to Neptune's bounds I stray,  
 To take my farewell of the parting day ;  
 Far in the deep the sun his glory hides,  
 A streak of gold the sea and sky divides :  
 The purple clouds their amber linings show,  
 And edg'd with flames rolls ev'ry wave below :  
 Here pensive I behold the fading light,  
 And o'er the distant billow lose my sight.

Now night in silent state begins to rise,  
 And twinkling orbs bestrow th' uncloudy skies ;  
 Her borrow'd lustre growing Cynthia lends,  
 And on the main a glittering path extends ;  
 Millions of worlds hang in the spacious air,  
 Which round their suns their annual circle steer,  
 Sweet contemplation elevates my sense,  
 While I survey the works of providence.  
 O could the muse in loftier strains rehearse  
 The glorious Author of the universe,  
 Who reins the winds, gives the vast ocean bounds,  
 And circumscribes the floating worlds their rounds,  
 My soul should overflow in songs of praise,  
 And my Creator's name inspire my lays !

The

## The HAPPINESS of a COUNTRY-LIFE.

[GAY.]

O Happy plains, remote from war's alarms,  
 And all the ravages of hostile arms !  
 And happy shepherds, who, secure from fear,  
 On open downs preserve your fleecy care !  
 Whose spacious barns groan with increasing store,  
 And whirling flails disjoint the cracking floor :  
 No barb'rous soldier, bent on cruel spoil,  
 Spreads desolation o'er your fertile soil ;  
 No trampling steed lays waste the ripen'd grain,  
 Nor crackling fires devour the promis'd gain :  
 No flaming beacons cast their blaze afar,  
 The dreadful signal of invasive war ;  
 No trumpet's clangor wounds the mother's ear,  
 And calls the lover from his swooning fair.

What happiness the rural maid attends,  
 In chearful labour while each day she spends !  
 She gratefully receives what heav'n has sent,  
 And, rich in poverty, enjoys content :  
 (Such happiness, and such unblemish'd fame,  
 Ne'er glad the bosom of the courtly dame)  
 She never feels the spleen's imagin'd pains,  
 Nor melancholy stagnates in her veins ;  
 She never loses life in thoughtless ease,  
 Nor on the velvet couch invites disease :  
 Her home-spun dress in simple neatness lies,  
 And for no glaring equipage she sighs ;  
 Her reputation, which is all her boast,  
 In a malicious visit ne'er was lost ;  
 No midnight masquerade her beauty wears,  
 And health, not paint, the fading bloom repairs.  
 If love's soft passion in her bosom reign,  
 An equal passion warms her happy swain ;  
 No home-bred jars her quiet state controul,  
 Nor watchful jealousy torments her soul ;  
 With secret joy she sees her little race  
 Hang on her breast, and her small cottage grace ;  
 The fleecy ball their busy fingers cull,  
 Or from the spindle draw the length'ning wool :  
 Thus flow her hours with constant peace of mind,  
 Till age the latest thread of life unwind.



Ye happy fields, unknown to noise and strife,  
 The kind rewarders of industrious life ;  
 Ye shady woods, where once I us'd to rove,  
 Alike indulgent to the muse and love ;  
 Ye murm'ring streams that in meanders roll,  
 The sweet composers of the pensive soul,  
 Farewell. — The city calls me from your bow'rs :  
 Farewell amusing thoughts and peaceful hours.

### The ADVANTAGES of WALKING.

The miserable FATE of a BEAU.

[ G A Y. ]

O Ye associate walkers, O my friends,  
 Upon your state what happiness attends !  
 What, tho' no coach to frequent visit rolls,  
 Nor for your shilling chairmen sling their poles ;  
 Yet still your nerves rheumatic pains defy,  
 Nor lazy jaundice dulls your saffron eye ;  
 No wasting cough-discharges sounds of death,  
 Nor wheezing asthma heaves in vain for breath ;  
 Nor from your restless couch is heard the groan  
 Of burning gout or sedentary stone.  
 Let others in the jolting coach confide,  
 Or in the leaky boat the Thames divide ;  
 Or, box'd within the chair, contemn the street,  
 And trust their safety to another's feet.  
 Still let me walk ; for oft the sudden gale  
 Ruffles the tide, and shifts the dang'rous sail.  
 Then shall the passenger too late deplore  
 The whelming billow, and the faithless oar ;  
 The drunken chairman in the kennel spurns,  
 The glasses shatters, and his charge o'erturns.  
 Who can recount the coach's various harms,  
 The legs disjointed, and the broken arms ?

I've seen a beau, in some ill fated hour,  
 When o'er the stones choak'd kennels swell the show'r,  
 In gilded chariot loll ; he with disdain  
 Views spatter'd passengers all drench'd in rain ;  
 With mud fill'd high, the rumbling cart draws near,  
 Now rule thy prancing steeds, lac'd charioteer !

D

The

The dustman lashes on with spiteful rage,  
 His ponderous spokes thy painted wheel engage,  
 Crush'd is thy pride, down falls the shrieking beau,  
 The slabby pavement crystal fragments strow,  
 Black floods of mire th' embroider'd coat disgrace,  
 And mud enwraps the honours of his face.  
 So when dread Jove the son of Phœbus hurl'd,  
 Scar'd with dark thunder, to the nether world;  
 The headstrong coursers tore the silver reins,  
 And the sun's beamy ruin gilds the plains.

## P A N A C E A:

OR, THE GRAND RESTORATIVE.

[GRAVES.]

**W**ELCOME to Baia's streams, ye sons of spleen,  
 Who rove from spa to spa—to shift the scene.  
 While round the streaming fount you idly throng,  
 Come, learn a wholesome secret from my song.

Ye fair, whose roses feel th' approaching frost,  
 And drops supply the place of spirits lost:  
 Ye 'squires, who rack'd with gout, at heav'n repine,  
 Condemn'd to water for excess in wine:  
 Ye portly cits, so corpulent and full,  
 Who eat and drink 'till appetite grows dull:  
 For whets and bitters then unstring the purse,  
 Whilst nature more oppress'd grows worse and worse:  
 Dupes to the craft of pill-prescribing leaches:  
 You nod or laugh at what the parson preaches:  
 Hear then a rhiming-quack, who spurns your wealth,  
 And gratis gives a sure receipt for health.  
 No more thus vainly rove o'er sea and land,  
 When, lo! a sovereign remedy's at hand;  
 'Tis temperance—stale cant!—'Tis fasting then;  
 Heav'n's antidote against the sins of men.  
 Foul luxury's the cause of all your pain:  
 To scour th' obstructed glands, abstain! abstain!  
 Fast and take rest, ye candidates for sleep,  
 Who from high food tormenting vigils keep:  
 Fast and be fat—thou starveling in a gown;  
 Ye bloated, fast—'twill surely bring you down.

Ye

# P R E C E P T O R.

50

Ye nymphs that pine o'er chocolate and rolls,  
Hence take fresh bloom, fresh vigour to your souls.  
Fast and fear not—you'll need no drop nor pill:  
Hunger *may* starve, excess is *sure* to kill.

## CLAUDIAN'S OLD MAN OF VERONA.

[COWLEY.]

**H**APPY the man, who his whole time doth bound  
Within th' inclosure of his little ground.  
Happy the man, whom the same humble place  
(Th' hereditary cottage of his race)  
From his first rising infancy has known,  
And by degrees sees gently bending down,  
With natural propension, to that earth  
Which both preserv'd his life, and gave him birth.  
Him no false distant lights, by fortune set,  
Could ever into foolish wand'rings get.  
He never dangers either saw or fear'd:  
The dreadful storms at sea he never heard.  
He never heard the shrill alarms of war,  
Or the worse noises of the lawyers' bar;  
No change of consuls marks to him the year,  
The change of seasons is his calendar.  
The cold and heat, winter and summer shows;  
Autumn by fruits, spring by flowers he knows.  
He measures time by land-marks, and has found  
For the whole day the dial of his ground.  
A neighbouring wood, born with himself, he sees,  
And loves his own contemporary trees.  
He has only heard of near Verona's name,  
And knows it, like the Indies, but by fame;  
Does with a like concernment notice take  
Of the Red-sea, and of Benacus' lake.  
Thus health and strength he to a third age enjoys,  
And sees a long posterity of boys.  
About the spacious world let others roam,  
The voyage, life, is longest made at home.

## On S O L I T U D E.

[COWLEY.]

I.

**H**AIL, old patrician trees, so great and good!  
Hail, ye plebeian underwood!

D 2

Where



Where the poetic birds rejoice,  
And for their quiet nests and plenteous food  
Pay with their grateful voice.

## II.

Hail, the poor muses' richest manor seat!  
Ye country houses and retreat,  
Which all the happy gods so love,  
That for you oft they quit their bright and great  
Metropolis above.

## III.

Here nature does a house for me erect;  
Nature the wisest architect,  
Who those fond artists does despise  
That can the fair and living trees neglect,  
Yet the dead timber prize.

## IV.

Here, let me, careless and unthoughtful lying,  
Hear the soft winds, above me flying,  
With all their wanton boughs dispute,  
And the more tuneful birds to both replying,  
Nor be myself, too, mute.

## V.

A silver stream shall rouse his waters near,  
Gilt with the sun-beams here and there,  
On whose enamell'd bank I'll walk,  
And see how prettily they smile, and hear  
How prettily they talk.

## VI.

Ah wretched and too solitary he,  
Who loves not his own company!  
He'll feel the weight oft many a day,  
Unless he call in sin or vanity  
To help to bear't away.

## VII.

Oh solitude, first state of human-kind!  
Which blest remain'd, till man did find  
Ev'n his own helper's company.  
As soon as two (alas!) together join'd,  
The serpent made up three.

## VIII.

Tho' God himself, through countless ages, thee  
His sole companion chose to be,  
Thee, sacred solitude, alone,  
Before the branchy head of number's tree  
Sprang from the trunk of one.

Thou

## IX.

Thou (tho' men think thine an unactive part)  
 Dost break and tame th' unruly heart,  
 Which else would know no settled pace,  
 Making it move well manag'd by thy art,  
 With swiftness and with grace.

## X.

Thou the faint beams of reason's scatter'd light  
 Dost, like a burning glass, unite,  
 Dost multiply the feeble heat,  
 And fortify the strength, till thou dost bright  
 And noble fires beget.

## XI.

Whilst this hard truth I teach, methinks, I see  
 The monster London laugh at me;  
 I should at thee too, foolish city;  
 If it were fit to laugh at misery;  
 But thy estate I pity.

## XII.

Let but thy wicked men from out thee go,  
 And all the fools that crowd thee so,  
 Even thou, who dost thy millions boast,  
 A village less than Islington will grow,  
 A solitude almost.

## The H E R M I T.

[PARNELL.]

**F**AR in a wild, unknown to public view,  
 From youth to age a rev'rend Hermit grew;  
 The moss his bed, the cave his humble cell,  
 His food the fruits, his drink the crystal well:  
 Remote from Man, with God he pass'd the days,  
 Pray'r all his business, all his pleasure praise.  
 A life so sacred, such serene repose,  
 Seem'd heav'n itself, 'till one suggestion rose;  
 That vice should triumph, virtue vice obey,  
 This sprung some doubt of providence's sway:  
 His hopes no more a certain prospect boast,  
 And all the tenour of his soul is lost:  
 So when a smooth expanse receives impress  
 Calm nature's image on its wat'ry breast,

Down bend the banks, the trees depending grow,  
 And skies beneath with answering colours glow :  
 But if a stone the gentle sea divide,  
 Swift ruffling circles curl on ev'ry side,  
 And glimm'ring fragments of a broken sun,  
 Banks, trees, and skies, in thick disorder run.

To clear this doubt, to know the world by sight,  
 To find if books, or swains, report it right ;  
 (For yet by swains alone the world he knew,  
 Whole feet came wand'ring o'er the nightly dew)  
 He quits his cell ; the pilgrim-staff he bore,  
 And fix'd the scallop in his hat before ;  
 Then with the sun a rising journey went,  
 Sedate to think, and watching each event.

The morn was wasted in the pathless grass,  
 And long and lonesome was the wild to pass ;  
 But when the *Southern* sun had warm'd the day,  
 A youth came posting o'er a crossing way ;  
 His rayment decent, his complexion fair,  
 And soft in graceful ringlets wav'd his hair.  
 Then near approaching, Father, hail ! he cry'd ;  
 And hail, my son ! the rev'rend sire reply'd ;  
 Words follow'd words, from question answer flow'd,  
 And talk of various kind deceiv'd the road ;  
 'Till each with other pleas'd, and loth to part,  
 While in their age they differ, join in heart :  
 Thus stands an aged elm in ivy bound,  
 Thus youthful ivy clasps an elm around.

Now sunk the sun ; the closing hour of day  
 Came onward, mantled o'er with sober grey ;  
 Nature in silence bid the world repose,  
 When near the road a stately palace rose :  
 There by the moon through ranks of trees they pass,  
 Whose verdure crown'd their sloping sides of grass.  
 It chanc'd the noble master of the dome  
 Still made his house the wand'ring stranger's home :  
 Yet still the kindness, from the thirst of praise,  
 Prov'd the vain flourish of expensive ease.  
 The pair arrive : the liv'ry'd servants wait ;  
 Their lord receives them at the pompous gate.  
 The table groans with costly piles of food,  
 And all is more than hospitably good.  
 Then led to rest, the day's long toil they drown,  
 Deep sunk in sleep, and silk, and heaps of down.



At length 'tis morn, and at the dawn of day  
Along the wide canals the *Zephyrs* play;  
Fresh o'er the gay parterres the breezes creep,  
And shake the neighb'ring wood to banish sleep.  
Up rise the guests, obedient to the call,  
An early banquet deck'd the splendid hall;  
Rich luscious wine a golden goblet grac'd,  
Which the kind master forc'd the guests to taste.  
Then, pleas'd and thankful, from the porch they go;  
And, but the landlord, none had cause of woe;  
His *Cup* was vanish'd; for in secret guise  
The younger guest purloin'd the glitt'ring prize.

As one who spies a serpent in his way,  
Glitt'ning and basking in the summer-ray,  
Disorder'd stops to shun the danger near,  
Then walks with faintness on, and looks with fear;  
So seem'd the sire, when, far upon the road,  
The shining spoil his wily partner show'd.  
He stopp'd with silence, walk'd with trembling heart,  
And much he wish'd, but durst not ask to part;  
Murmuring he lifts his eyes, and thinks it hard,  
That gen'rous actions meet a base reward.

While thus they pass, the sun his glory shrouds,  
The changing skies hang out their fable clouds;  
A sound in air presag'd approaching rain,  
And beasts to covert scud a-cross the plain.  
Warn'd by the signs, the wand'ring pair retreat  
To seek for shelter at a neighb'ring seat.  
'Twas built with turrets, on a rising ground,  
And strong, and large, and unimprov'd around;  
Its owner's temper, tim'rous and severe,  
Unkind and griping, caus'd a desert there.  
As near the *Miser's* heavy doors they drew,  
Fierce rising gusts with sudden fury blew,  
The nimble light'ning mix'd with show'rs began,  
And o'er their heads loud-rolling thunder-ran.  
Here long they knock, but knock or call in vain,  
Driv'n by the wind, and batter'd by the rain.  
At length some pity warm'd the master's breast,  
( 'Twas then his threshold first receiv'd a guest )  
Slow creaking turns the door with jealous care,  
And half he welcomes in the shiv'ring pair;  
One frugal faggot lights the naked walls,  
And nature's fervour through their limbs recalls :

Bread of the coarsest sort, with eager wine,  
 (Each hardly granted) serv'd them both to dine;  
 And when the tempest first appear'd to cease,  
 A ready warning bid them part in peace.

With still remark the pond'ring *Hermit* view'd,  
 In one so rich, a life so poor and rude;  
 And why should such (within himself he cry'd)  
 Lock the lost wealth a thousand want beside?  
 But what new marks of wonder soon take place  
 In ev'ry settling feature of his face!  
 When from his vest the young companion bore  
 That *Cup*, the gen'rous landlord own'd before,  
 And paid profusely with the precious bowl  
 The stinted kindness of this churlish soul.

But now the clouds in airy tumult fly,  
 The sun emerging opes an azure sky;  
 A fresher green the smelling leaves display,  
 And, glitt'ring as they tremble, cheer the day:  
 The weather courts them from the poor retreat,  
 And the glad master bolts the wary gate.

While hence they walk, the *Pilgrim's* bosom wrought  
 With all the travel of uncertain thought;  
 His partner's acts without their cause appear,  
 'Twas there a vice, and seem'd a madness here:  
 Detesting that, and pitying this he goes,  
 Lost and confounded with the various shows.

Now night's dim shades again involve the sky;  
 Again the wand'ers want a place to lie,  
 Again they search, and find a lodging nigh. }  
 The soil improv'd around, the mansion neat,  
 And neither poorly low, nor idly great:  
 It seem'd to speak its master's turn of mind,  
 Content, and not for praise, but virtue kind.

Hither the walkers turn with weary feet,  
 Then bless the mansion, and the master greet:  
 Their greeting fair, bestow'd with modest guise,  
 The courteous master hears, and thus replies:

Without a vain, without a grudging heart,  
 To him who gives us all, I yield a part;  
 From him you come, for him accept it here,  
 A frank and sober, more than costly cheer.  
 He spoke, and bid the welcome table spread,  
 Then talk'd of virtue till the time of bed,

When

When the grave household round his hall repair,  
Warn'd by a bell, and close the hours with pray'r.

At length the world renew'd by calm repose  
Was strong for toil, the dappled morn arose;  
Before the pilgrims part, the younger crept,  
Near the clos'd cradle where an infant slept,  
And writh'd his neck: the landlord's little pride,  
O strange return! grew black, and gasp'd, and dy'd.  
Horror of horrors! what! his only son!  
How look'd our hermit when the fact was done?  
Not hell, tho' hell's black jaws in sunder part,  
And breathe blue fire, could more assault his heart.

Confus'd, and struck with silence at the deed,  
He flies, but trembling fails to fly with speed.  
His steps the youth pursues; the country lay  
Perplex'd with roads, a servant show'd the way:  
A river cross'd the path; the passage o'er  
Was nice to find; the servant trod before;  
Long arms of oaks an open bridge supply'd,  
And deep the waves beneath the bending glide.  
The youth, who seem'd to watch a time to sin,  
Approach'd the careless guide, and thrust him in;  
Plunging he falls, and rising lifts his head,  
Then flashing turns, and sinks among the dead.

Wild, sparkling rage inflames the father's eyes,  
He bursts the bands of fear, and madly cries,  
Detested wretch! — but scarce his speech began,  
When the strange partner seem'd no longer man:  
His youthful face grew more serenely sweet;  
His robe turn'd white, and flow'd upon his feet;  
Fair rounds of radiant points invest his hair;  
Celestial odours breathe through purpled air;  
And wings, whose colours glitter'd on the day,  
Wide at his back their gradual plumes display.  
The form ethereal bursts upon his sight,  
And moves in all the majesty of light.

Though loud at first the pilgrim's passion grew,  
Sudden he gaz'd, and wist not what to do;  
Surprize in secret chains his words suspends,  
And in a calm his settling temper ends.  
But silence here the beauteous angel broke,  
(The voice of music ravish'd as he spoke.)

Thy pray'r, thy praise, thy life to vice unknown,  
In sweet memorial rise before the throne:



These charms success in our bright region find,  
And force an angel down to calm thy mind ;  
For this commission'd, I forsook the sky :  
Nay, cease to kneel—Thy fellow-servant I.

Then know the truth of government divine,  
And let these scruples be no longer thine.

The Maker justly claims that world he made,  
In this the right of Providence is laid ;  
Its sacred Majesty through all depends  
On using second means to work his ends :  
'Tis thus, withdrawn in state from human eye  
The pow'r exerts his attributes on high,  
Your actions uses, nor controuls your will,  
And tis the doubting sons of men be still.

What strange events can strike with more surprize,  
Than those which lately struck thy wond'ring eyes ?  
Yet, taught by these, confess th' Almighty just,  
And where you can't unriddle, learn to trust.

The *Great, Vain Man*, who far'd on costly food,  
Whose life was too luxurious to be good ;  
Who made his iv'ry-stands with goblets shine,  
And forc'd his guests to morning draughts of wine,  
Has, with the *Cup*, the graceless custom lost,  
And still he welcomes, but with less of cost.

The mean, suspicious *Wretch*, whose bolted door  
Ne'er mov'd in duty to the wand'ring poor ;  
With him I left the *Cup*, to teach his mind  
That heav'n can bless, if mortals will be kind.  
Conscious of wanting worth, he views the bowl,  
And feels compassion touch his grateful soul.  
Thus artists melt the sullen ore of lead,  
With heaping coals of fire upon its head ;  
In the kind warmth the metal learns to glow,  
And, loose from dross, the silver runs below.

Long had our pious *Friend* in virtue trod,  
But now the child half-wean'd his heart from God ;  
(Child of his age) for him he liv'd in pain,  
And measur'd back his steps to earth again.  
To what excesses had his dotage run ?  
But God, to save the father, took the son.  
To all but thee, in fits he seem'd to go,  
(And 'twas my ministry to deal the blow.)  
The poor fond parent, humbled in the dust,  
Now owns in tears the punishment was just.

But

But how had all his fortune felt a wrack,  
Had that false *Servant* sped in safety back?  
This night his treasur'd heaps he meant to steal,  
And what a fund of charity wou'd fail!

Thus Heav'n instructs thy mind: This trial o'er,  
Depart in peace, resign, and sin no more.

On founding pinions here the youth withdrew,  
The sage stood wond'ring, as the *Seraph* flew.

Thus look'd *Elisha*, when to mount on high  
His master took the chariot of the sky;

The fiery pomp ascending left the view;

The prophet gaz'd, and wish'd to follow too.

The bending Hermit here a pray'r begun,

*Lord, as in heav'n, on earth thy will be done.*

Then gladly turning, sought his ancient place,

And pass'd a life of piety and peace.

#### A FAIRY TALE, in the ancient English Stile.

[PARNELL.]

**I**N Britain's isle and Arthur's days,  
When midnight *Faeries* daunc'd the maze,  
Liv'd *Edwin* of the green;  
*Edwin*, I wis, a gentle youth,  
Endow'd with courage, sense and truth,  
Tho' badly shap'd he been.

His mountain-back mote well be said

To measure height against his head,

And lift itself above:

Yet spite of all that nature did

To make his uncouth form forbid,

This creature dar'd to love.

He felt the charms of *Edith's* eyes,

Nor wanted hope to gain the prize,

Could ladies look within;

But one Sir *Topaz* dress'd with art,

And, if a shape cou'd win a heart,

He had a shape to win.

*Edwin* (if right I read my song)

With slighted passion pac'd along

All in the moony light:

'Twas near an old enchanted court,  
Where sportive *Faeries* made resort  
To revel out the night.

His heart was drear, his hope was cross'd,  
'Twas late, 'twas far, the path was lost  
That reach'd the neighbour-town;  
With weary steps he quits the shades,  
Resolv'd the darkling dome he treads,  
And drops his limbs adown.

But scant he lays him on the floor,  
When hollow winds remove the door,  
A trembling rocks the ground:  
And (well I ween to count aright)  
At once an hundred tapers light  
On all the walls around.

Now sounding tongues assail his ear,  
Now sounding feet approachen near,  
And now the sounds encrease,  
And from the corner where he lay  
He sees a train profusely gay  
Come pranking o'er the place.

But (trust me *Gentles*!) never yet  
Was dight a masking half so neat,  
Or half so rich before;  
The country lent the sweet perfumes,  
The sea the pearl, the sky the plumes,  
The town its silken store.

Now whilst he gaz'd, a *Gallant* drest  
In flaunting robes above the rest,  
With awful accent cry'd;  
What *Mortal* of a wretched mind,  
Whose sighs infect the balmy wind,  
Has here presum'd to hide?

At this the *Swain*, whose vent'rous soul  
No fears of *Magick* art controul,  
Advanc'd in open sight;  
'Nor have I cause of dread, he said,  
'Who view (by no presumption led)  
'Your revels of the night.

'Twas



'Twas grief, for scorn of faithful love,  
 Which made my steps unweeting rove  
 'Amid the nightly dew.'  
 'Tis well, the *Gallant* cries again,  
 We *Faeries* never injure men  
 Who dare to tell us true.

Exalt thy love-dejected heart,  
 Be mine the task, or ere we part,  
 To make thee grief resign;  
 Now take the pleasure of thy chance;  
 Whilst I with *Mab* my partner daunce,  
 Be little *Mable* thine.

He spoke, and all a sudden there  
 Light musick floats in wanton air:

The *Monarch* leads the *Queen*:  
 The rest their *Faerie* partners found,  
 And *Mable* trimly tript the ground  
 With *Edwin* of the green.

The dauncing past, the board was laid,  
 And sicker such a feast was made  
 As heart and lip desire;  
 Withouten hands the dishes fly,  
 The glasses with a wish come nigh,  
 And with a wish retire.

But now to please the *Faerie king*,  
 Full every deal they laugh and sing,  
 And antick feats devise;  
 Some wind and tumble like an ape,  
 And other-some transmute their shape  
 In *Edwin's* wond'ring eyes.

'Till one at last that *Robin* hight,  
 (Renown'd for pinching maids by night)  
 As hent him up aloot;  
 And full against the beam he flung,  
 Where by the back the *Youth* he hung,  
 To sprawl unneath the roof.

From thence, "Reverse my charm, he cries,  
 "And let it fairly now suffice  
 "The gambol has been shewn."

But

But *Oberon* answers with a smile,  
 'Content thee, *Edwin*, for a while,  
 'The vantage is thine own!'

Here ended all the phantom-play;  
 They smelt the fresh approach of day,  
 And heard a cock to crow;  
 The whirling wind that bore the crowd  
 Has clap'd the door, and whistled loud,  
 To warn them all to go,

Then screaming all at once they fly,  
 And all at once the tapers die;  
 Poor *Edwin* falls to floor;  
 Forlorn his state, and dark the place,  
 Was never wight in like a case  
 Through all the land before.

But soon as dan *Apollo* rose,  
 Full jolly creature home he goes,  
 He feels his back the less.  
 His honest tongue and steady mind  
 Had rid him of the lump behind,  
 Which made him want success.

With lusty livelyhed he talks,  
 He seems a dauncing as he walks,  
 His story soon took wind;  
 And beauteous *Edith* sees the youth,  
 Endow'd with courage, sense, and truth,  
 Without a bunch behind.

The story told, Sir *Topaz* mov'd  
 (The youth of *Edith* erst approv'd)  
 To see the revel scene;  
 At close of eve he leaves his home,  
 And wends to find the ruin'd dome  
 All on the gloomy plain.

As there he bides, it so befell,  
 The wind came rustling down a dell,  
 A shaking seiz'd the wall:  
 Up spring the tapers as before,  
 The *Faeries* bragly foot the floor,  
 And musick fills the hall.

But *Certes* forely sunk with woe  
 Sir *Topaz* sees the *Elphin* show,  
 His spirits in him die :  
 When *Oberon* cries, ' A man is near,  
 ' A mortal passion, cleeped fear,  
 ' Hangs flapping in the sky.'

With that Sir *Topaz*, (hapless youth !)  
 In accents fault'ring ay for ruth  
 Intreats them pity graunt ;  
 For als he been a mister wight  
 Betray'd by wand'ring in the night  
 To tread the circled haunt.

' Ah losell vile ! at once they roar,  
 ' And little skill'd of *Faerie* lore,  
 ' Thy cause to come we know :  
 ' Now has thy kestrell courage fell ;  
 ' And *Faeries*, since a lie you tell,  
 ' Are free to work thee woe.'

Then *Will*, who bears the wispy fire  
 To trail the swains among the mire,  
 The caitive upward flung ;  
 There, like a tortoise in a thop,  
 He dangled from the chamber top,  
 Where whilome *Edwin* hung.

The revel now proceeds a-pace,  
 Deftly they frisk it o'er the place,  
 They sit, they drink, and eat :  
 The time with frolick mirth beguile,  
 And poor Sir *Topaz* hangs the while  
 ' Till all the rout retreat.

By this the stars began to wink,  
 They shriek, they fly, the tapers sink,  
 And down ydrops the *Knight*.  
 For never spell by *Faerie* laid  
 With strong enchantment bound a glade  
 Beyond the length of night.

Chill, dark, alone, adreed, he lay,  
 ' Till up the welkin rose the day,  
 Then deem'd the dole was o'er :



But wot ye well his harder lot?  
His feely back the *Bunch* has got  
Which *Edwin* lost afore.

This tale a *Sybil-Nurse* ared;  
She softly strok'd my youngling head,  
And when the tale was done,  
' Thus some are born, my son, (she cries)  
' With base impediments to rise,  
' And some are born with none.

' But virtue can itself advance  
' To what the fav'rite fools of chance  
' By fortune seem'd design'd;  
' Virtue can gain the odds of fate,  
' And from itself shake off the weight  
' Upon th' unworthy mind.'

The MISERY of a TOWN-LIFE, and the HAPPINESS of a COUNTRY-ONE; exemplified in the STORY of the TOWN-MOUSE and COUNTRY-MOUSE. Imitated from HORACE. [SWIFT and POPE.]

I'VE often wish'd that I had clear,  
For life, six hundred pounds a-year,  
A handsome house to lodge a friend,  
A river at my garden's end,  
A terras-walk, and half a rood  
Of land, set out to plant a wood.

Well, now I have all this and more,  
I ask not to increase my store;  
' But here a grievance seems to lie,  
' All this is mine but till I die;  
' I can't but think 'twould sound more clever,  
' To me and to my heirs for-ever.  
' If I ne'er got or lost a groat,  
' By any trick, or any fault;  
' And if I pray by reason's rules,  
' And not like forty other fools:  
' As thus, " Vouchsafe, Oh gracious Maker!  
" To grant me this and t'other acre:  
" Or, if it be thy will and pleasure,  
" Direct my plough to find a treasure:"

' But

' But only what my station fits,  
 ' And to be kept in my right wits,  
 ' Preserve, Almighty Providence !  
 ' Just what you gave me, competence :  
 ' And let me in these shades compose  
 ' Something in verse as true as prose ;  
 ' Remov'd from all th' ambitious scene,  
 ' Nor puff'd by pride, nor sunk by spleen.'

In short, I'm perfectly content,  
 Let me but live on this side Trent :  
 Nor cross the Channel twice a year,  
 To spend six months with statesmen here.

I must by all means come to town,  
 'Tis for the service of the crown.

" Lewis, the Dean will be of use,  
 " Send for him up, take no excuse."

The toil, the danger of the seas,  
 Great ministers ne'er think of these ;  
 Or let it cost five hundred pound,  
 No matter where the money's found,  
 It is but so much more in debt,  
 And that they ne'er consider'd yet.

" Good Mr. Dean go change your gown,

" Let my lord know you're come to town."

I hurry me in haste away,  
 Not thinking it is levee-day ;  
 And find his honour in a pound,  
 Hemm'd by a triple circle round,  
 Chequer'd with ribbons blue and green :  
 How should I thrust myself between ?

Some wag observes me thus perplex'd,  
 And smiling whispers to the next,

" I thought the Dean had been too proud,

" To jostle here among the croud."

Another, in a surly fit,  
 Tells me I have more zeal than wit,

" So eager to express your love,

" You ne'er consider whom you shove,

" But rudely press before a Duke."

I own, I'm pleas'd with this rebuke,  
 And take it kindly meant to show  
 What I desire the world should know.

I get a whisper, and withdraw ;  
 When twenty fools I never saw

Come

Come with petitions fairly penn'd,  
Desiring-I would stand their friend.

This humbly offers me his case—  
That begs my int'rest for a place—  
A hundred other men's affairs,  
Like bees, are humming in my ears.

"To-morrow my appeal comes on,  
"Without your help the cause is gone—

The duke expects my lord and you,  
About some great affair at two—

"Put my Lord Bolingbroke in mind,  
"To get my warrant quickly sign'd:

"Consider, 'tis my first request—  
Be satisfy'd, I'll do my best:

Then presently he falls to teaze,

"You may for certain if you please;

"I doubt not, if his lordship knew—

"And, Mr. Dean, one word from you.—

'Tis (let me see) three years and more,  
(October next it will be four)

Since Harley bid me first attend,  
And chose me for an humble friend;

Would take me in his coach to chat,

And question me of this and that;

As, "What's o'clock?" And, "How's the wind?"

"Whose chariot's that we left behind?"

Or gravely try to read the lines

Writ underneath the country signs;

Or, "Have you nothing new to-day

"From Pope, from Parnell, or from Gay?"

Such tattle often entertains

My lord and me as far as Staines,

As once a week we travel down

'To Windsor, and again to town,

Where all that passes *inter nos*,

Might be proclaim'd at Charing-cross.

Yet some, I know, with envy swell,

Because they see me us'd so well:

"How think you of our friend the Dean?

"I wonder what some people mean;

"My Lord and he are grown so great,

"Always together *tête à tête*;

"What, they admire him for his jokes—

"See but the fortune of some folks!"



There flies about a strange report  
Of some express arriv'd at Court;  
I'm stopp'd by all the fools I meet,  
And catechis'd in ev'ry street.

"You, Mr. Dean, frequent the Great;

"Inform us, will the Emp'ror treat?

"Or do the prints and papers lie?"

Faith, Sir, you know as much as I.

"Ah, Doctor, how you love to jest!

"'Tis now no secret"—I protest

'Tis one to me—"Then tell us, pray,

"When are the troops to have their pay?"

And tho' I solemnly declare

I know no more than my Lord Mayor,

They stand amaz'd, and think me grown

The closest mortal ever known.

Thus in a sea of folly tofs'd,

My choicest hours of life are lost;

Yet always wishing to retreat,

Oh, could I see my country seat!

There leaning near a gentle brook,

Sleep, or peruse some ancient book,

And there in sweet oblivion drown

Those cares that haunt the court and town.

O charming noons! and nights divine!

Or when I sup, or when I dine,

My friends above, my folks below,

Chatting and laughing all-a-row,

The beans and bacon set before 'em,

The grace-cup serv'd with all decorum:

Each willing to be pleas'd and please,

And ev'n the very dogs at ease.

Here no man prates of idle things,

How this or that Italian sings,

A neighbour's madness, or his spouse's,

Or what's in either of the houses:

But something much more our concern,

And quite a scandal not to learn:

Which is the happier, or the wiser,

A man of merit, or a miser?

Whether we ought to chuse our friends,

For their own worth, or our own ends?

What good, or better, we may call,

And what, the very best of all?

Our friend, Dan Prior, told (you know)  
 A tale extremely *à propos* :  
 Name a town life, and in a trice  
 He had a story of two mice.  
 Once on a time (so runs the fable)  
 A country-mouse, right hospitable,  
 Receiv'd a town mouse at his board,  
 Just as a farmer might a lord.  
 A frugal mouse, upon the whole,  
 Yet lov'd his friend, and had a soul,  
 Knew what was handsome, and would do't,  
 On just occasion, *coute qui coute*.  
 He brought him bacon (nothing lean)  
 Pudding, that might have pleas'd a dean ;  
 Cheese, such as men in Suffolk make,  
 But wish'd it Stilton for his sake ;  
 Yet, to his guest tho' no way sparing,  
 He eat himself the rind and paring.  
 Our courtier scarce could touch a bit,  
 But show'd his breeding and his wit ;  
 He did his best to seem to eat,  
 And cry'd " I vow you're mighty neat.  
 " But lord, my friend, this savage scene !  
 " For God's sake, come, and live with men :  
 " Consider, mice, like men, must die,  
 " Both small and great, both you and I :  
 " Then spend your life in joy and sport,  
 " (This doctrine, friend, I learn'd at court.)"  
 The veriest hermit in the nation  
 May yield, God knows, to strong temptation.  
 Away they come, thro' thick and thin,  
 To a tall house near Lincoln's-Inn :  
 ('Twas on the night of a debate,  
 When all their Lordships had sat late.)  
 Behold the place, where if a poet  
 Shin'd in description, he might show it ;  
 Tell how the moon-beam trembling falls,  
 And tips with silver all the walls ;  
 Palladian walls, Venetian doors,  
 Grottesco roofs, and stucco floors :  
 But let it, (in a word) be said,  
 The moon was up, and men a-bed,  
 The napkins white, the carpet red ;  
 The guests withdrawn had left the treat,  
 And down the mice sat, *tête à tête*.

Our courtier walks from dish to dish,  
 Tastes for his friend of fowl and fish :  
 Tells all their names, lays down the law,  
 “ *Que ça est bon ! Ah goutez ça !*  
 “ That jelly’s rich, this malmsey healing,  
 “ Pray dip your whiskers and your tail in.”  
 Was ever such a happy swain !  
 He stuffs and swills, and stuffs again.  
 “ I’m quite asham’d — ’tis mighty rude  
 “ To eat so much — but all’s so good.  
 “ I have a thousand thanks to give—  
 “ My Lord alone knows how to live.”  
 No sooner said, but from the hall  
 Rush chaplain, butler, dogs and all :  
 “ A rat, a rat ! clap to the door”—  
 The cat comes bouncing on the floor.  
 O for the heart of Homer’s mice,  
 Or gods to save them in a trice !  
 (It was by providence they think,  
 For your damn’d stucco has no chink.)  
 “ An’t please your honour, quoth the peasant,  
 “ This same desert is not so pleasant :  
 “ Give me again my hollow tree,  
 “ A crust of bread, and liberty !”

An ELEGY written in a COUNTRY CHURCH-YARD.

[ GRAY. ]

THE Curfew tolls the knell of parting day,  
 The lowing herd wind slowly o’er the lea,  
 The plowman homeward plods his weary way,  
 And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimm’ring landscape on the sight,  
 And all the air a solemn stillness holds ;  
 Save where the beetle wheels his drony flight,  
 And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds ;

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tow’r  
 The mopeing owl does to the moon complain  
 Of such, as wand’ring near her secret bow’r,  
 Molest her ancient, solitary reign.

Beneath



Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,  
Where heaves the turf in many a mould'ring heap,  
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,  
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,  
The swallow twitt'ring from the straw-built shed,  
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,  
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,  
Or busy housewife ply her ev'ning care,  
No children run to lisp their fire's return,  
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,  
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke :  
How jocund did they drive their team afield !  
How bow'd the woods beneath their sturdy stroke !

Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,  
Their homely joys and destiny obscure ;  
Nor Grandeur hear with a disdainful smile,  
The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of pow'r,  
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,  
Await alike th' inevitable hour :  
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye Proud, impute to These the fault,  
If Mem'ry o'er their Tomb no Trophies raise,  
Where thro' the long-drawn isle and fretted vault  
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn or animated bust  
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath ?  
Can Honour's voice provoke the silent dust,  
Or Flatt'ry soothe the dull cold ear of Death ?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid  
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire :  
Hands, that the rod of empire might have sway'd,  
Or wak'd to extasy the living lyre.

But

But knowledge to their eyes her ample page,  
Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll;  
Chill Penury repress'd their noble rage,  
And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene,  
The dark, unfathom'd caves of ocean bear;  
Full many a flow'r is born to blush unseen,  
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village-Hampden, that with dauntless breast  
The little Tyrant of his fields withstood;  
Some mute inglorious MILTON here may rest,  
Some CROMWELL guiltless of his country's blood.

Th' applause of list'ning senates to command,  
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,  
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,  
And read their hist'ry in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbad: nor circumscrib'd alone  
Their growing virtues, -but their crimes confin'd;  
Forbad to wade through slaughter to a throne,  
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind,

'The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,  
To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,  
Or heap the shrine of Luxury and Pride  
With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,  
Their sober wishes never learn'd to stray;  
Along the cool sequester'd vale of life  
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

Yet, ev'n these bones from insult to protect,  
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,  
With uncouth rhimes and shapeless sculpture deck'd,  
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their name, their years, spelt by th' unletter'd Muse,  
The place of fame and elegy supply:  
And many a holy text around she strews,  
That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who to dumb Forgetfulness a prey,  
This pleasing, anxious being e'er resign'd,  
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,  
Nor cast one longing, ling'ring look behind?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,  
Some pious drops the closing eye requires:  
Ev'n from the tomb the voice of Nature cries,  
Ev'n in our ashes live their wonted Fires.

For thee, who, mindful of th' unhonour'd Dead,  
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate,  
If chance, by lonely Contemplation led,  
Some kindred-Spirit shall inquire thy fate,

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,  
' Oft have we seen him, at the peep of dawn,  
' Brushing with hasty steps the dews away,  
' To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.

' There at the foot of yonder nodding beech,  
' That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,  
' His listless length at noon-tide would he stretch,  
' And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

' Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,  
' Mutt'ring his wayward fancies he would rove;  
' Now drooping, woeful-wan, like one forlorn,  
' Or craz'd with care, or cross'd in hopeless love.

' One morn I miss'd him on th' custom'd hill,  
' Along the heath, and near his fav'rite tree:  
' Another came; nor yet beside the rill,  
' Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he.

' The next with dirges due in sad array,  
' Slow through the church-way path we saw him borne.  
' Approach and read (for thou can'st read) the lay,  
' Grav'd on the stone beneath yon aged thorn.'

#### THE E P I T A P H.

**H**ERE rests his head upon the lap of Earth  
A Youth to Fortune and to Fame unknown:  
Fair Science frown'd not on his humble birth,  
And Melancholy mark'd him for her own.

Large



Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,  
 Heav'n did a recompence as largely send;  
 He gave to Mis'ry, all he had, a tear,  
 He gain'd from Heav'n ('twas all he wish'd) a friend.

No farther seek his merits to disclose,  
 Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,  
 (There they alike in trembling hope repose)  
 The bosom of his Father and his God.

## H Y M N TO ADVERSITY.

[ G R A Y . ]

**D**AUGHTER of Jove, relentless power,  
 Thou tamer of the human breast,  
 Whose iron-scourge and tort'ring hour  
 The bad affright, afflict the best!  
 Bound in thy adamantine chain  
 The proud are taught to taste of pain,  
 And purple tyrants vainly groan  
 With pangs unfelt before, unpitied and alone.

When first thy sire to send on earth  
 Virtue, his darling child, design'd,  
 To thee he gave the heav'nly birth,  
 And bade to form her infant-mind.  
 Stern, rugged nurse! thy rigid lore  
 With patience many a year she bore:  
 What sorrow was, thou bad'st her know,  
 And from her own she learn'd to melt at others' woe.

Scar'd at thy frown terrific, fly  
 Self-pleasing Folly's idle brood,  
 Wild Laughter, Noise, and thoughtless Joy,  
 And leave us leisure to be good.  
 Light they disperse, and with them go  
 The summer-friend, the flatt'ring foe;  
 By vain Prosperity receiv'd,  
 To her they vow their truth, and are again believ'd.

Wisdom in sable garb array'd,  
 Immers'd in rapt'rous thought profound,  
 And Melancholy, silent maid  
 With leaden eye, that loves the ground,

Still on thy solemn steps attend :  
 Warm Charity, the gen'ral friend,  
 With Justice to herself severe,  
 And Pity, dropping soft the sadly pleasing tear.

Oh, gently on thy suppliant's head,  
 Dread Goddess, lay thy chaste'ning hand !  
 Not in thy Gorgon-terrors clad,  
 Nor circled with the vengeful band,  
 (As by the impious thou art seen)  
 With thund'ring voice, and threat'ning mien,  
 With screaming Horror's funeral cry,  
 Despair, and fell Disease, and ghastly Poverty.

Thy form benign, oh Goddess, wear,  
 Thy milder influence impart,  
 Thy philosophic train be there  
 To soften, not to wound my heart.  
 The gen'rous spark extinct revive,  
 Teach me to love and to forgive,  
 Exact my own defects to scan,  
 What others are, to feel, and know myself a man.

### ODE on a distant Prospect of ETON COLLEGE.

[GRAY.]

**Y**E distant spires, ye antique towers,  
 That crown the wat'ry glade,  
 Where grateful science still adores  
 Her HENRY's holy shade ;  
 And ye that from the stately brow  
 Of WINDSOR's heights th' expanse below  
 Of grove, of lawn, of mead survey,  
 Whose turf, whose shade, whose flowers among  
 Wanders the hoary Thames along  
 His silver-winding way.

Ah happy hills, ah pleasing shade,  
 Ah fields belov'd in vain,  
 Where once my careless childhood stray'd,  
 A stranger yet to pain !  
 I feel the gales, that from ye blow,  
 A momentary bliss bestow,

As

As waving fresh their gladsome wing,  
 My weary soul they seem to soothe,  
 And, redolent of joys and youth,  
 To breathe a second spring.

Say, father THAMES, (for thou hast seen  
 Full many a sprightly race,  
 Disporting on thy margent green,  
 The paths of pleasure trace,) 1  
 Who foremost now delights to cleave  
 With pliant arms thy glassy wave?  
 The captive linnet which enthrall?  
 What idle progeny succeed  
 To chase the rolling circle's speed,  
 Or urge the flying ball?

While some on earnest business bent  
 Their murm'ring labours ply,  
 'Gainst graver hours, that bring constraint  
 To sweeten liberty:  
 Some bold adventurers disdain  
 The limits of their little reign,  
 And unknown regions dare descry,  
 Still as they run, they look behind,  
 They hear a voice in every wind,  
 And snatch a fearful joy.

Gay hope is theirs by fancy fed,  
 Less pleasing when possess'd;  
 The tear forgot as soon as shed,  
 The sun-shine of the breast:  
 Theirs buxom health of rosy hue,  
 Wild wit, invention ever-new,  
 And lively chear of vigour born;  
 The thoughtless day, the easy night,  
 The spirits pure, the slumbers light,  
 That fly th' approach of morn.

Alas, regardless of their doom,  
 The little victims play!  
 No sense have they of ills to come,  
 No care beyond to-day:  
 Yet see how all around them wait  
 The ministers of human fate,



And black misfortune's baleful train!  
 Ah, shew them where in ambush stand,  
 To seize their prey, the murth'rous band!  
 Ah, shew them they are men!

These shall the fury-passions tear,  
 The vultures of the mind,  
 Disdainful anger, pallid fear,  
 And shame that sculks behind;  
 Or pining love shall waste their youth,  
 Or jealousy with rankling tooth,  
 That inly gnaws the secret heart,  
 And envy wan, and faded care,  
 Grim-visag'd comfortless despair,  
 And sorrow's piercing dart.

Ambition this shall tempt to rise,  
 Then whirl the wretch from high,  
 To bitter scorn a sacrifice,  
 And grinning infamy.  
 The stings of falsehood those shall try,  
 And hard unkindness' alter'd eye,  
 That mocks the tear it forc'd to flow;  
 And keen remorse with blood defil'd,  
 And moody madness laughing wild  
 Amidst severest woe.

Lo, in the vale of years beneath  
 A grisly troop are seen,  
 The painful family of death,  
 More hideous than their queen:  
 This racks the joints, this fires the veins,  
 That every labouring sinew strains,  
 'Those in the deeper vitals rage:  
 Lo, poverty, to fill the band,  
 That numbs the soul with icy hand,  
 And slow-consuming age.

To each his sufferings: all are men,  
 Condemn'd alike to groan;  
 The tender for another's pain,  
 Th' unfeeling for his own.  
 Yet ah! why should they know their fate!  
 Since sorrow never comes too late,

And

And happiness too swiftly flies.  
Thought would destroy their paradise.  
No more; where ignorance is bliss,  
'Tis folly to be wise.

ODE on the DEATH of a FAVOURITE CAT,

DROWNED in a TUB of GOLD-FISHES.

[GRAY.]

I.

'T WAS on a lofty vase's side,  
Where China's gayest art had dy'd  
The azure flowers that blow;  
Demurest of the Tabby kind,  
The pensive Selima reclin'd,  
Gaz'd on the lake below.

II.

Her conscious tail her joy declar'd;  
The fair round face, the snowy beard,  
The velvet of her paws,  
The coat that with the tortoise vies,  
Her ears of jet, and emerald-eyes,  
She saw; and purr'd applause.

III.

Still had she gaz'd: but 'midst the tide,  
Two beauteous forms were seen to glide,  
The Genii of the stream;  
Their scaly armour's Tyrian hue  
Thro' richest purple to the view  
Betray'd a golden gleam.

IV.

The hapless nymph with wonder saw:  
A whisker first and then a claw,  
With many an ardent wish,  
She stretch'd in vain to reach the prize.  
What female heart can gold despise?  
What cat's averse to fish?

## V.

Presumptuous maid! with looks intent  
 Again she stretch'd, again she bent,  
 Nor knew the gulf between;  
 (Malignant Fate sat by and smil'd)  
 The slipp'ry verge her feet beguil'd,  
 She tumbled headlong in.

## VI.

Eight times emerging from the flood  
 She mew'd to ev'ry wat'ry god,  
 Some speedy aid to send.  
 No Dolphin came, no Nereid stirr'd:  
 Nor cruel Tom, nor Susan heard.  
 A fav'rite has no friend!

## VII.

From hence, ye Beauties, undeceiv'd,  
 Know, one false step is ne'er retriev'd;  
 And be with caution bold.  
 Not all that tempts your wand'ring eyes  
 And heedless hearts, is lawful prize;  
 Nor all, that glisters, gold.

## A D V I C E to a L A D Y.

[Lord LYTTLETON.]

**T**HE counsels of a friend, *Belinda*, hear,  
 Too roughly kind to please a lady's ear,  
 Unlike the flatt'ries of a lover's pen,  
 Such truths as women seldom learn from men.  
 Nor think I praise you ill, when thus I show  
 What female vanity might fear to know;  
 Some merit's mine, to dare to be sincere,  
 But greater your's, sincerity to bear.

Hard is the fortune that your sex attends;  
 Women, like Princes, find no real friends:  
 All who approach them their own ends pursue:  
 Lovers and ministers are never true.  
 Hence oft from reason heedless beauty strays,  
 And the most trusted guide the most betrays:  
 Hence by fond dreams of fancy'd pow'r amus'd,  
 When most you tyrannize, you're most abus'd.

What



What is your sex's earliest, latest care,  
 Your heart's supreme ambition? To be fair:  
 For this the toiler ev'ry thought employs,  
 Hence all the toils of dress, and all the joys:  
 For this, hands, lips, and eyes are put to school,  
 And each instructed feature has its rule:  
 And yet how few have learnt, when this is giv'n,  
 Not to disgrace the partial boon of heav'n?  
 How few with all their pride of form can move?  
 How few are lovely, that were made for love?  
 Do you, my Fair, endeavour to possess  
 An elegance of mind, as well as dress;  
 Be that your ornament, and know to please  
 By graceful nature's unaffected ease.

Nor make to dang'rous wit a vain pretence,  
 But wisely rest content with modest sense;  
 For wit, like wine, intoxicates the brain,  
 Too strong for feeble woman to sustain;  
 Of those who claim it, more than half have none,  
 And half of those who have it, are undone.

Be still superior to your sex's arts,  
 Nor think dishonesty a proof of parts;  
 For you the plainest is the wisest rule;  
 A cunning woman is a knavish fool.

Be good yourself, nor think another's shame  
 Can raise your merit, or adorn your fame.

Virtue is amiable, mild, serene,  
 Without, all beauty, and all peace within;  
 The honour of a prude is rage and storm,  
 'Tis ugliness in its most frightful form:  
 Fiercely it stands defying gods and men,  
 As fiery monsters guard a giant's den.

Seek to be good, but aim not to be great,  
 A woman's noblest station is retreat;  
 Her fairest virtues fly from public sight,  
 Domestic worth, that shuns too strong a light.

To rougher man ambition's task resign:  
 'Tis ours in senates or in courts to shine,  
 To labour for a sunk corrupted state,  
 Or dare the rage of envy, and be great.

One only care *your* gentle breasts should move,  
Th' important business of your life is love;  
To this great point direct your constant aim,  
This makes your happiness, and this your fame.

Be never cool reserve with passion join'd;  
With caution chuse; but then be fondly kind.  
The selfish heart, that but by halves is giv'n,  
Shall find no place in love's delightful heav'n;  
Here sweet extremes alone can truly bless,  
The virtue of a lover is excess.  
A maid unask'd may own a well-plac'd flame,  
Not loving *first*, but loving *wrong*, is shame.

Contemn the little pride of giving pain,  
Nor think that conquest justifies disdain;  
Short is the period of insulting pow'r;  
Offended *Cupid* finds his vengeful hour,  
Soon will resume the empire which he gave,  
And soon the tyrant shall become the slave.

Blest is the maid, and worthy to be blest,  
Whose soul, entire by him she loves possess't,  
Feels ev'ry vanity in fondness lost,  
And asks no pow'r, but that of pleasing most:  
Her's is the bliss in just return to prove  
The honest warmth of undissembled love;  
For her, inconstant man might cease to range,  
And gratitude forbid desire to change.

But lest harsh care the lover's peace destroy,  
And roughly blight the tender buds of joy,  
Let reason teach what passion fain would hide,  
That Hymen's bands by prudence should be ty'd.  
Venus in vain the wedded pair would crown,  
If angry fortune on their union frown:  
Soon will the flatt'ring dream of bliss be o'er,  
And cloy'd imagination cheat no more.  
Then waking to the sense of lasting pain,  
With mutual tears the nuptial couch they stain;  
And that fond love, which should afford relief,  
Does but increase the anguish of their grief;  
While both could easier their own sorrows bear,  
Than the sad knowledge of each other's care.

Yet may you rather feel that virtuous pain,  
 Than sell your violated charms for gain;  
 Than wed the wretch whom you despise, or hate  
 For the vain glare of useless wealth or state.

Ev'n in the happiest choice, where fav'ring heav'n  
 Has equal love, and easy fortune giv'n,  
 Think not, the husband gain'd, that all is done;  
 The prize of happiness must still be won;  
 And oft, the careless find it to their cost,  
 The *Lover* in the *Husband* may be lost;  
 The *Graces* might alone his heart allure;  
 They and the *Virtues* meeting must secure.

Let ev'n your *Prudence* wear the pleasing dress  
 Of care for *him*, and anxious *tenderness*.  
 From kind concern about his weal or woe,  
 Let each domestic duty seem to flow:  
 The *Household-Sceptre* if he bids you bear,  
 Make it your pride his *servant* to appear;  
 Endearing thus the common acts of life,  
 The *Mistress* still shall charm him in the *Wife*;  
 And wrinkled age shall unobserv'd come on,  
 Before his eye perceives one beauty gone:  
 Ev'n o'er your cold, and ever-sacred urn,  
 His constant flame shall unextinguish'd burn.

Thus I, *Belinda*, would your charms improve,  
 And form your heart to all the arts of love.  
 The task were harder to secure my own  
 Against the pow'r of those already known;  
 For well you twist the secret chains that bind  
 With gentle force the captivated mind;  
 Skill'd every soft attraction to employ,  
 Each flatt'ring hope, and each alluring joy:  
 I own your genius, and from you receive  
 The rules of pleasing, which to you I give.

### The LADY'S LOOKING-GLASS.

[P R I O R.]

C E L I A and I the other day  
 Walk'd o'er the sand-hills to the sea;  
 The setting sun adorn'd the coast,  
 His beams entire, his fierceness lost;

E s

And



And, on the surface of the deep,  
 The winds lay only not asleep:  
 The nymph did like the scene appear,  
 Serenely pleasant, calmly fair;  
 Soft fell her words, as flew the air.  
 With secret joy I heard her say,  
 That she would never miss one day  
 A walk so fine, a sight so gay.

But, oh the change! the winds grew high;  
 Impending tempests charge the sky;  
 The light'ning flies, the thunder roars,  
 And big waves lash the frighten'd shores.  
 Struck with the horror of the sight,  
 She turns her head, and wings her flight;  
 And trembling vows, she'll ne'er again  
 Approach the shore, or view the main.

Once more at least look back, said I;  
 Thyself in that large glass descry:  
 When thou art in good-humour drest,  
 When gentle reason rules thy breast,  
 The sun upon the calmest sea  
 Appears not half so bright as thee:  
 'Tis then that with delight I rove  
 Upon the boundless depth of love;  
 I bless my chain, I hand my oar,  
 Nor think on all I left on shore.

But when vain doubt and groundless fear  
 Do *Celia's* lovely bosom tear;  
 When the big lip and wat'ry eye  
 Tell me the rising storm is nigh;  
 'Tis then thou art yon angry main,  
 Deform'd by winds, and dash'd by rain;  
 And the poor failor, that must try  
 Its fury, labours less than I.

Shipwreck'd, in vain to land I make,  
 While love and fate still drive me back;  
 Forc'd to doat on thee thy own way,  
 I chide thee first, and then obey.  
 Wretched when from thee, vex'd when nigh  
 I with thee, or without thee, die.

# PRECEPTOR.

## The GARLAND.

[PRIOR.]

THE pride of every grove I chose,  
The violet sweet, and lily fair,  
The dappled pink, and blushing rose,  
To deck my charming *Cloe's* hair.

At morn the nymph vouchsaf'd to place  
Upon her brow the various wreath;  
The flow'rs less blooming than her face,  
The scent less fragrant than her breath.

The flow'rs she wore along the day;  
And ev'ry nymph and shepherd said,  
That in her hair they look'd more gay,  
Than glowing in their native bed.

Undress'd at ev'ning, when she found  
Their odours lost, their colours past,  
She chang'd her look, and on the ground  
Her garland and her eye she cast.

That eye dropt sense distinct and clear,  
As any muse's tongue could speak;  
When from its lid a pearly tear  
Ran trickling down her beauteous cheek.

Dissembling what I knew too well,  
My love, my life, said I, explain  
This change of humour: pr'ythee tell,  
That falling tear—What does it mean?

She sigh'd; she smil'd; and to the flow'rs  
Pointing, the lovely moralist said:  
See! Friend, in some few fleeting hours,  
See yonder what a change is made.

Ah me! the blooming pride of *May*,  
And that of beauty are but one:  
At morn both flourish bright and gay,  
Both fade at ev'ning, pale, and gone.

At dawn poor *Stella* danc'd and sung;  
The am'rous youth around her bow'd:  
At night her fatal knell was rung;  
I saw, and kiss'd her in her shroud.

Such as she is, who dy'd to-day,  
Such I, alas! may be to-morrow;  
Go, *Damon*, bid thy muse display  
The justice of thy *Cloe's* sorrow.

## The various EFFECTS of PRIDE.

[YOUNG.]

OF folly, vice, disease, men proud we see;  
 And (stranger still!) of blockhead's flattery,  
 Whose praise defames; as if a fool should mean  
 By spitting on your face to make it clean.

Nor is't enough all hearts are swoln with *pride*,  
 Her *pow'r* is mighty, as her *realm* is wide.  
 What can she not perform? The love of fame  
 Made bold *Alphonsus* his Creator blame,  
*Empedocles* hurl'd down the burning steep,  
 And (stranger still!) made *Alexander* weep.  
 Nay it holds *Delia* from a second bed,  
 Tho' her lov'd lord has four half-months been dead.

This passion with a *pimple* have I seen  
 Retard a cause, and give a judge the spleen.  
 By *this* inspir'd (O ne'er to be forgot)  
 Some lords have learn'd to *spell*, and some to *knot*.  
 It makes *Globose* a speaker in the house;  
 He hems, and is deliver'd of his mouse.  
 It makes *dear self* on well-bred tongues prevail,  
 And *I* the *little hero* of each tale.

Sick with the *love of fame* what throngs pour in,  
 Unpeople *court*, and leave the *senate* thin!  
 My growing subject seems but just begun,  
 And, chariot-like, I kindle as I run.  
 Aid me, great *Homer*! with thy *Epic* rules  
 To take a catalogue of *British* fools.  
 Satire! had I thy *Darset's* force divine,  
 A knave, or fool, should perish in each line;  
 Tho' for the first all *Westminster* should plead,  
 And for the last all *Gresham* intercede.

Begin. Who first the *catalogue* shall grace?  
 To *quality* belongs the highest place.  
 My lord comes forward, forward let him come!  
 Ye vulgar! at your peril give him room;  
 He stands for *fame* on his forefather's feet,  
 By heraldry prov'd *valiant* or *discreet*.  
 With what a decent pride he throws his eyes  
 Above the man by *three descents* less wise?

If



If virtues at his noble hand you crave,  
 You bid him raise his fathers from the grave.  
 Men should press forward in fame's glorious chace,  
 Nobles look *backward*, and so lose the race.

Let high birth triumph ! what can be more great ?  
 Nothing—but merit in a low estate.

To virtue's humblest son let none prefer  
 Vice, tho' descended from the conqueror.  
 Shall men, like *figures*, pass for high, or base,  
 Slight, or important, only by their place ?  
 Titles are marks of *honest* men, and *wise* ;  
 The fool, or knave, that wears a title, *lies*.

They that on glorious ancestors enlarge,  
 Produce their *debt*, instead of their *discharge*.  
*Dorset*, let those who proudly boast their line,  
 Like thee, in worth hereditary shine.

### CHARACTER of a FOX-HUNTER.

[Y O U N G.]

**T**HE *squire* is proud to see his courser strain,  
 Or well-breath'd beagles sweep along the plain.  
 Say, dear *Hippolitus* (whose drink is ale,  
 Whose erudition is a *Christmas-tale*,  
 Whose mistress is saluted with a smack,  
 And friend receiv'd with thumps upon the back)  
 When thy sleek gelding nimbly leaps the mound,  
 And *Ringwood* opens on the tainted ground,  
 Is That thy praise ? Let *Ringwood's* fame alone,  
 Just *Ringwood* leaves each animal his own,  
 Nor envies when a gipsy you commit,  
 And shake the clumsy *bench* with country wit ;  
 When you the dullest of dull things have said,  
 And then ask pardon for the *jest* you made.

### CHARACTER of a FLORIST.

[Y O U N G.]

**W**ARM in pursuit of foxes, and renown,  
*Hippolitus* demands the *Sylvan* crown ;  
 But *Florio's* fame, the product of a shower,  
 Grows in his garden, an illustrious flower !

Why

Why teems the earth? why melt the vernal skies?  
 Why shines the sun? to make *Paul Diack* rise.  
 From morn to night has *Florio* gazing stood,  
 And wonder'd how the gods could be so good.  
 What shape? what hue? was ever Nymph so fair?  
 He dotes! he dies! he too is rooted there.  
 O solid bliss! which nothing can destroy  
 Except a cat, bird, snail, or idle boy.  
 In fame's full bloom lies *Florio* down at night,  
 And wakes next day a most inglorious Wight.  
 The Tulip's dead! see thy fair Sister's fate,  
 O C——, and be kind e'er 'tis too late.

Nor are those enemies I mention'd all;  
 Beware, O Florist, thy ambition's fall.  
 A friend of mine indulg'd this noble flame;  
 A Quaker serv'd him; *Adam* was his name.  
 To one lov'd Tulip oft the master went,  
 Hung o'er it, and whole days in rapture spent;  
 But came, and miss'd it one ill-fated hour:  
 He rag'd! he roar'd! "What *Demon* cropt my flower?"  
 Serene, quoth *Adam*, "Lo! 'twas crush'd by me;  
 "Fall'n is the *Baal* to which thou bow'dst thy knee."

### CHARACTER of a FOP and of a SLOVEN.

[YOUNG.]

THESE all their care expend on outward show  
 For wealth, and fame; for fame alone the *Beau*.  
 Of late at *White's* was young *Florello* seen,  
 How blank his look? how discompos'd his mien?  
 So hard it proves in grief sincere to feign!  
*Sunk* were his spirits; for his coat was plain.

Next day his breast regain'd its wonted peace,  
 His health was mended with a *silver lace*.  
 A curious artist long inur'd to toils  
 Of gentler sort, with combs, and fragrant oils,  
 Whether by chance, or by some God inspir'd,  
 So toucht his curls, his mighty soul was fir'd.  
 The well-swoln ties an equal homage claim,  
 And either shoulder has its share of fame;  
 His sumptuous *watch-case*, tho' conceal'd it lies,  
 Like a good conscience, solid joy supplies.

He



He only thinks himself (so far from vain!)  
*Stanhope* in wit, in breeding, *Deloraine*.  
 Whene'er by seeming chance he throws his eye  
 On mirrors flushing with his *Tyrian* dye,  
 With how sublime a transport leaps his heart!  
 But fate ordains that dearest friends must part,  
 In active measures, brought from *France*, he wheels,  
 And triumphs, conscious of his learned heels.

So have I seen, on some bright summer's day,  
 A calf of genius debonnaire, and gay,  
 Dance on the bank, as if inspir'd by fame,  
 Fond of the pretty fellow in the stream.

*Morose* is sunk with shame, whene'er surpriz'd  
 In Linen clean, or *Peruke* undisguis'd.  
 No sublunary chance his vestments fear,  
 Valu'd like *Leopards*, as their spots appear.  
 A fam'd *Sur-tout* he wears, which once was blue,  
 And his foot swims in a capacious shoe.  
 One day his wife (for who can wives reclaim?)  
 Levell'd her barbarous needle at his fame;  
 But open force was vain; by night she went,  
 And, while he slept, surpriz'd the darling rent;  
 Where yawn'd the frize is now become a doubt,  
 And glory at one entrance quite shut out.\*

He scorns *Florella*, and *Florello* him,  
 This hates the filthy creature, that the *prim*:  
 Thus in each other both these fools despise  
 Their own dear selves, with undiscerning eyes;  
 Their methods various, but alike their aim:  
 The *slowen*, and the *sapling* are the same.

## CHARACTER of a LEVEE-HUNTER.

[Y O U N G.]

**N**O T gaudy butterflies are *Lico's* game;  
 But, in effect, his chace is much the same;  
 Warm in pursuit, he *levées* all the great,  
 Stanch to the foot of *rattle*, and *estate*.  
 Where-e'er their *Lordships* go, they never find  
 Or *Lico*, or their shadows, lag behind:  
 He sets them sure, where-e'er their *Lordships* run,  
 Close at their elbows, as a *morning-dun*:



As if their grandeur, by contagion, wrought,  
And *fame* was, like a *fever*, to be caught:  
But after seven years dance from place to place,  
The \* *Dane* is more familiar with his Grace.

Who'd be a *crutch* to prop a rotten peer;  
Or living *pendant*, dangling at his ear,  
For ever whisp'ring secrets, which were blown  
For months before, by trumpets, through the town?  
Who'd be a *glass*, with flattering grinace,  
Still to reflect the temper of his face;  
Or happy *pin* to stick upon his sleeve,  
When my Lord's gracious, and vouchsafes it leave;  
Or *cushion*, when his heaviness shall please  
To loll, or *thump* it for his better ease;  
Or a vile *butt*, for noon or night bespoken,  
When the peer *rashly* swears he'll club his joke?  
Who'd shake with laughter, tho' he could not find  
His Lordship's jest; or, if his nose broke wind,  
For blessings to the Gods profoundly bow,  
That can cry *chimney-sweep*, or drive a *plough*?  
With terms like these how mean the Tribe that *close*?  
Scarce meaner They, who terms, like these, *impose*.

AFFECTATION of DELICACY ridiculed.

[YOUNG.]

THE languid lady next appears in state,  
Who was not born to carry her own weight;  
She lolls, reels, staggers, 'till some foreign aid  
To her own stature lifts the feeble maid.  
Then, if ordain'd to so *severe* a doom,  
She, by just stages, *journeys* round the room:  
But knowing her own weakness, she despairs  
To scale the *Alps*——that is, ascend the *stairs*.  
*My fan!* let others say who laugh at toil;  
*Fan! hood! glove! scarf!* is her *laconick* style;  
And that is spoke with such a dying fall,  
That *Betty* rather *sees* than hears the call:  
The motion of her lips, and meaning eye  
Piece out th' Idea her faint words deny.  
O listen with attention most profound!  
Her voice is but the shadow of a sound:  
And help! O help! her spirits are so dead,  
One hand scarce lifts the other to her head.

\* A Danish Dog.

If,

If, there, a stubborn pin it triumphs o'er,  
 She pants! she sinks away! and is no more.  
 Let the robust, and the gigantic *carve*,  
 Life is not worth so much, she'd rather *starve*;  
 But *chew* she must herself; ah cruel fate!  
 That *Rosalinda* can't by *proxy* eat.

### The EMPTINESS of RICHES.

[YOUNG.]

CAN gold calm *passion*, or make *reason* shine?  
 Can we dig *peace*, or *wisdom* from the mine?  
 Wisdom to gold prefer, for 'tis much less  
 To make our *fortune*, than our *happiness*;  
 That happiness which great ones often see,  
 With rage and wonder, in a low degree,  
 Themselves unblest: the poor are *only* poor;  
 But what are they who *droop* amid their store!  
 Nothing is meaner than a wretch of *state*;  
 The *happy* only are the truly *great*.  
 Peasants enjoy like appetites with Kings,  
 And those best satisfied with cheapest things.  
 Could both our *Indies* buy but *one* new *sense*,  
 Our envy wou'd be due to large expence;  
 Since not, those pomps, which to the great belong,  
 Are but poor arts to mark them from the throng.  
 See, how they beg an alms of flattery!  
 They languish! oh support them with a *lye*!  
 A *decent* competence we fully taste;  
 It strikes our *sense*, and gives a constant feast:  
*More*, we perceive by dint of *thought* alone.  
 The rich must labour to possess *their own*,  
 To feel their great abundance; and request  
 Their humble friends to *help* them to be blest;  
 To *see* their treasures, *hear* their glory told,  
 And *aid* the wretched impotence of gold.

But some great souls, and touch'd with warmth divine,  
 Give gold a *price*, and teach its *beams* to *shine*.  
 All hoarded treasure they repute a load,  
 Nor think their wealth *their own*, till well bestow'd.  
 Grand *reservoirs* of public happiness,  
 Thro' *secret* streams diffusively they bless;  
 And while their bounties glide conceal'd from view,  
 Relieve our wants, and spare our blushes too.

On



## On PROCRASTINATION.

[YOUNG.]

**B**E wise to-day ; 'tis madness to defer ;  
 Next day the fatal precedent will plead ;  
 Thus on, till wisdom is push'd out of life.

Procrastination is the thief of time ;

Year after year it steals, till all are fled,

And to the mercies of a moment leaves

The vast concerns of an eternal scene.

Of man's miraculous mistakes, this bears

The palm, " That all men are about to live,"

For ever on the brink of being born.

All pay themselves the compliment to think

They, one day, shall not drivel ; and their pride

On this reverſion takes up ready praise ;

At least, their own ; their future selves applauds ;

How excellent that life they ne'er will lead !

Time lodg'd in their own hands is Folly's vails ;

'That lodg'd in Fate's, to Wisdom they consign ;

The thing they can't but purpose, they postpone ;

'Tis not in Folly, not to scorn a fool ;

And scarce in human wisdom to do more.

All Promise is poor dilatory man,

And that thro' ev'ry stage. When young, indeed,

In full content we, sometimes, nobly rest,

Un-anxious for ourselves ; and only wish

As duteous sons, our fathers were more wise.

At thirty man suspects himself a fool ;

Knows it at forty, and reforms his plan ;

At fifty chides his infamous delay,

Pushes his prudent purpose to resolve ;

In all the magnanimity of thought

Resolves, and re-resolves ; then dies the same.

And why ? Because he thinks himself immortal.

All men think all men mortal, but themselves ;

Themselves, when some alarming shock of fate

Strikes through their wounded hearts the sudden dread ;

But their hearts wounded, like the wounded air,

Soon close ; where past the shaft, no trace is found.



## On the BEING of a GOD.

[YOUNG.]

**R**ETIRE;—the world shut out;—Thy thoughts  
 call home;—  
 Imagination's airy wing repress;—  
 Lock up thy senses;—Let no passion stir;—  
 Wake all to Reason;—Let her reign alone;—  
 Then, in thy Soul's deep silence, and the depth  
 Of Nature's silence, midnight, thus inquire,  
 As I have done.——

What am I? and from whence?—I nothing know,  
 But that I am; and since I am, conclude  
 Something eternal: had there e'er been nought,  
 Nought still had been: Eternal there must be.—  
 But what eternal?—Why not human race?  
 And ADAM's ancestors without an end?—  
 That's hard to be conceiv'd; since ev'ry link  
 Of that long-chain'd succession is so frail;  
 Can ev'ry part depend, and not the whole?  
 Yet grant it true; new difficulties rise;  
 I'm still quite out at sea; nor see the shore.  
 Whence earth, and these bright orbs?—Eternal too?—  
 Grant matter was eternal; still these orbs  
 Would want some other father;—Much design  
 Is seen in all their motions, all their makes;  
 Design implies intelligence, and art:  
 That can't be from themselves—or man; that art  
 Man scarce can comprehend, could man bestow?  
 And nothing greater, yet allow'd than man.  
 Who, motion, foreign to the smallest grain,  
 Shot thro' vast masses of enormous weight?  
 Who bid brute matter's restive lump assume  
 Such various forms, and gave it wings to fly?  
 Has matter innate motion? Then each atom,  
 Asserting its indisputable right  
 To dance, would form an universe of dust:  
 Has matter none? Then whence these glorious forms,  
 And boundless flights, from shapeless, and repos'd?  
 Has matter more than motion? Has it thought,  
 Judgment, and genius? Is it deeply learn'd  
 In Mathematics? Has it fram'd such laws,  
 Which, but to guess, a NEWTON made immortal?

If

If art, to form; and counsel, to conduct;  
 And that with greater far, than human skill,  
 Resides not in each block;—a GODHEAD reigns.  
 And, if a GOD there is, that GOD how great!—

The IGNORANCE of MAN, with regard to the  
 GENERAL LAWS of the UNIVERSE, a Reason  
 why he should be contented with his PRESENT  
 STATE. [POPE.]

SAY, first, of God above, or man below,  
 What can we reason, but from what we know!  
 Of man, what see we but his station here,  
 From which to reason, or to which refer?  
 Thro' worlds unnumber'd tho' the God be known,  
 'Tis ours to trace him only in our own.

He, who through vast immensity can pierce,  
 See worlds on worlds compose one universe,  
 Observe how system into system runs,  
 What other planets circle other suns,  
 What vary'd being peoples ev'ry star,  
 May tell why heav'n has made us as we are.  
 But of this frame the bearings and the ties,  
 The strong connections, nice dependencies,  
 Gradations just, has thy pervading soul  
 Look'd thro'? or can a part contain the whole?

Is the great chain, that draws all to agree,  
 And drawn supports, upheld by God, or thee?  
 Presumptuous man! the reason would'st thou find,  
 Why form'd so weak, so little, and so blind?  
 First, if thou canst, the harder reason guess,  
 Why form'd no weaker, blinder, and no less?  
 Ask of thy mother earth, why oaks are made  
 Taller and stronger than the weeds they shade?  
 Or ask of yonder argent fields above,  
 Why Jove's satellites are less than Jove?

Of systems possible, if 'tis confess'd  
 That wisdom infinite must form the best;  
 Where all must full or not coherent be,  
 And all that rises, rise in due degree;  
 Then, in the scale of reas'ning life, 'tis plain,  
 There must be somewhere, such a rank as man:  
 And all the question, (wrangle e'er so long)  
 Is only this, if God has plac'd him wrong?

Respecting



Respecting man, whatever wrong we call,  
 May, must be right, as relative to all.  
 In human works, tho' labour'd on with pain,  
 A thousand movements scarce one purpose gain;  
 In God's, one single can its end produce;  
 Yet serves to second too some other use.  
 So man, who here seems principal alone,  
 Perhaps acts second to some sphere unknown,  
 Touches some wheel, or verges to some goal;  
 'Tis but a part we see, and not a whole.

When the proud steed shall know why man restrains  
 His fiery course, or drives him o'er the plains;  
 When the dull ox, why now he breaks the clod,  
 Is now a victim, and now Egypt's god:  
 Then shall man's pride and dulness comprehend  
 His actions', passions', being's use and end;  
 Why doing, suffering, check'd, impell'd; and why  
 This hour a slave, the next a deity.

Then say not man's imperfect, heav'n in fault;  
 Say rather, man's as perfect as he ought:  
 His knowledge measur'd to his state and place;  
 His time a moment, and a point his space.  
 If to be perfect in a certain sphere,  
 What matter, soon or late, or here, or there?  
 The blest to-day is as completely so,  
 As who began a thousand years ago.

Our HAPPINESS partly owing to our IGNORANCE  
 of FUTURE EVENTS, partly to our HOPE of a  
 FUTURE STATE. [POPE.]

**H**EAUV'N from all creatures hides the book of fate,  
 All but the page prescrib'd, their present state:  
 From brutes what men, from men what spirits know:  
 Or who could suffer being here below?  
 The lamb thy riot dooms to bleed to-day,  
 Had he thy reason, would he skip and play?  
 Pleas'd to the last, he crops the flow'ry food,  
 And licks the hand just rais'd to shed his blood.  
 Oh blindness to the future! kindly giv'n,  
 That each may fill the circle mark'd by heav'n:  
 Who sees with equal eye, as God of all,  
 A hero perish, or a sparrow fall,

Atoms



Atoms or systems into ruin hurl'd,  
And now a bubble burst, and now a world.

Hope humbly then ; with trembling pinions soar ;  
Wait the great teacher death ; and God adore.  
What future bliss, he gives not thee to know,  
But gives that hope to be thy blessing now.  
Hope springs eternal in the human breast :  
Man never Is, but always To be blest :  
The soul, uneasy, and confin'd from home,  
Rests and expatiates in a life to come.

Lo, the poor Indian ! whose untutor'd mind  
Sees God in clouds, or hears him in the wind ;  
His soul, proud science never taught to stray  
Far as the solar walk, or milky way ;  
Yet simple nature to his hope has giv'n,  
Behind the cloud-topt hill, an humbler heav'n ;  
Some safer world in depth of woods embrac'd,  
Some happier island in the wat'ry waste,  
Where slaves once more their native land behold,  
No fiends torment, no Christians thirst for gold.  
To be, contents his natural desire,  
He asks no angel's wing, no seraph's fire ;  
But thinks, admitted to that equal sky,  
His faithful dog shall bear him company.

The UNREASONABLENESS of our COMPLAINTS  
against PROVIDENCE. [POPE.]

WHAT would this Man ? Now upward will he soar,  
And little less than Angel, would be more ;  
Now looking downwards, just as griev'd appears,  
To want the strength of bulls, the fur of bears.  
Made for his use all creatures if he call,  
Say what their use, had he the pow'rs of all ;  
Nature to these, without profusion, kind,  
The proper organs, proper pow'rs assign'd ;  
Each seeming want compensated of course,  
Here with degrees of swiftness, there of force ;  
All in exact proportion to the state ;  
Nothing to add, and nothing to abate.  
Each beast, each insect, happy in its own :  
Is Heav'n unkind to Man, and Man alone ?  
Shall he alone, whom rational we call,  
Be pleas'd with nothing, if not blest with all ?

The bliss of Man (could Pride that blessing find)  
 Is not to act or think beyond mankind;  
 No pow'rs of body, or of soul to share,  
 But what his nature and his state can bear.  
 Why has not Man a microscopic eye?  
 For this plain reason, man is not a fly.  
 Say what the use, were finer optics giv'n,  
 T' inspect a mite, not comprehend the heav'n?  
 Or touch, if tremblingly alive all o'er,  
 To smart and agonize at ev'ry pore?  
 Or quick effluvia darting thro' the brain,  
 Die of a rose in aromatic pain?  
 If nature thunder'd in his op'ning ears,  
 And stunn'd him with the music of the spheres,  
 How would he wish that Heav'n had left him still  
 The whisp'ring Zephyr, and the purling rill?  
 Who finds not Providence all good and wise,  
 Alike in what it gives, and what denies?

ORDER and SUBORDINATION prevail through  
 all the WORKS of GOD, which form one entire  
 WHOLE. [POPE.]

**F**AR as Creation's ample range extends,  
 The scale of sensual, mental pow'rs ascends:  
 Mark how it mounts to Man's imperial race,  
 From the green myriads in the peopled grass:  
 What modes of sight betwixt each wide extreme,  
 The mole's dim curtain, and the lynx's beam:  
 Of smell, the headlong lioness between,  
 And hound sagacious on the tainted green:  
 Of hearing, from the life that fills the flood,  
 To that which warbles through the vernal wood?  
 The spider's touch, how exquisitely fine?  
 Feels at each thread, and lives along the line:  
 In the nice bee, what sense so subtly true  
 From pois'nous herbs extracts the healing dew?  
 How instinct varies in the grov'ling swine,  
 Compar'd, half-reas'ning elephant, with thine!  
 'Twixt that, and reason, what a nice barrier?  
 For ever sep'rate, yet for ever near!  
 Remembrance and reflection how ally'd;  
 What thin partitions sense from thought divide?  
 And middle natures, how they long to join,  
 Yet never pass th' insuperable line!

Without this just gradation, could they be  
 Subjected, these to those, or all to thee?  
 The pow'rs of all subdu'd by thee alone,  
 Is not thy Reason all these pow'rs in one?

See, thro' this air, this ocean, and this earth,  
 All matter quick, and bursting into birth.  
 Above, how high, progressive life may go!  
 Around, how wide! how deep extend below!  
 Vast chain of being! which from God began,  
 Natures æthereal, human, angel, man,  
 Beast, bird, fish, insect, what no eye can see,  
 No glass can reach; from infinite to thee,  
 From thee to nothing.—On superior pow'rs  
 Were we to press, inferior might on ours;  
 Or in the full creation leave a void,  
 Where, one step broken, the great scale's destroy'd:  
 From Nature's chain whatever link you strike,  
 Tenth, or ten thousandth, breaks the chain alike.

And, if each system in gradation roll  
 Alike essential to th' amazing whole,  
 The least confusion but in one, not all  
 That system only, but the whole must fall.  
 Let earth unbalanc'd from her orbit fly,  
 Planets and suns run lawless thro' the sky;  
 Let ruling angels from their spheres be hurl'd,  
 Being on being wreck'd, and world on world;  
 Heav'n's whole foundations to their centre nod,  
 And nature tremble to the throne of God:  
 All this dread ORDER break—for whom? for thee?  
 Vile worm!—oh Madness! Pride! Impiety!

What if the foot, ordain'd the dust to tread,  
 Or hand, to toil, aspir'd to be the head?  
 What if the head, the eye, or ear repin'd  
 To serve mere engines to the ruling Mind?  
 Just as absurd for any part to claim  
 To be another, in this gen'ral frame:  
 Just as absurd, to mourn the tasks or pains  
 The great directing Mind of all ordains.

All are but parts of one stupendous whole,  
 Whose body Nature is, and God the soul;  
 That, chang'd thro' all, and yet in all the same;  
 Great in the earth, as in th' æthereal frame;  
 Warms in the sun, refreshes in the breeze,  
 Glows in the stars, and blossoms in the trees,



Lives thro' all life, extends thro' all extent,  
 Spreads undivided, operates unspent;  
 Breathes in our soul, informs our mortal part,  
 As full, as perfect, in a hair as heart;  
 As full, as perfect, in vile Man that mourns,  
 As the rapt Seraph that adores and burns:  
 To him no high, no low, no great, no small;  
 He fills, he bounds, connects, and equals all.

Cease then, nor ORDER Imperfection name:  
 Our proper blis depends on what we blame.  
 Know thy own point: This kind, this due degree  
 Of blindness, weakness, Heav'n bestows on thee.  
 Submit.—In this, or any other sphere,  
 Secure to be as blest as thou canst bear:  
 Safe in the hand of one disposing Pow'r,  
 Or in the natal, or the mortal hour.  
 All Nature is but Art unknown to thee;  
 All Chance, Direction, which thou canst not see;  
 All Discord, Harmony, not understood;  
 All partial Evil, universal Good:  
 And, spite of Pride, in erring Reason's spite,  
 One truth is clear, WHATEVER IS, IS RIGHT.

The different OFFICES of REASON and SELF-  
 LOVE. [POPE.]

**T**WO Principles in human nature reign;  
 Self-love, to urge, and Reason, to restrain;  
 Nor this a good, nor that a bad we call,  
 Each works its end, to move or govern all:  
 And to their proper operation, still,  
 Ascribe all Good, to their improper, Ill.

Self-love, the spring of motion, acts the soul;  
 Reason's comparing balance rules the whole.  
 Man, but for that, no action could attend,  
 And, but for this, were active to no end:  
 Fix'd like a plant on his peculiar spot,  
 To draw nutrition, propagate, and rot:  
 Or, meteor-like, flame lawless thro' the void,  
 Destroying others, by himself destroy'd.

Most strength the moving principle requires;  
 Active its task, it prompts, impels, inspires.  
 Sedate and quiet the comparing lies,  
 Form'd but to check, delib'rate, and advise.

Self-love, still stronger, as its objects nigh;  
 Reason's at distance, and in prospect lie:  
 That sees immediate good by present sense;  
 Reason, the future and the consequence.  
 Thicker than arguments, temptations throng,  
 At best more watchful this, but that more strong.  
 The Action of the stronger to suspend  
 Reason still use, to Reason still attend.  
 Attention, habit and experience gains;  
 Each strengthens Reason, and Self-love restrains.  
 Let subtle school-men teach these friends to fight,  
 More studious to divide than to unite;  
 And Grace and Virtue, Sense and Reason split,  
 With all the rash dexterity of wit.  
 Wits, just like Fools, at war about a name,  
 Have full as oft no meaning, or the same.  
 Self-love and Reason to one end aspire,  
 Pain their aversion, Pleasure their desire;  
 But greedy That, its object would devour,  
 This taste the honey, and not wound the flow'r:  
 Pleasure, or wrong or rightly understood,  
 Our greatest evil, or our greatest good.

## On the P A S S I O N S.

[POPE.]

**M**ODES of Self-love the Passions we may call:  
 'Tis real good, or seeming, moves them all:  
 But since not ev'ry good we can divide,  
 And reason bids us for our own provide:  
 Passions, tho' selfish, if their means be fair,  
 List under Reason, and deserve her care;  
 Those that, imparted, court a nobler aim,  
 Exalt their kind, and take some Virtue's name.

In lazy Apathy let Stoics boast  
 Their Virtue fix'd; 'tis fix'd as in a frost;  
 Contracted all, retiring to the breast;  
 But strength of mind is Exercise, not Rest:  
 The rising tempest puts in act the soul,  
 Parts it may ravage, but preserves the whole.  
 On life's vast ocean diversely we sail,  
 Reason the card, but passion is the gale;  
 Nor God alone in the still calm we find,  
 He mounts the storm, and walks upon the wind.

Passions,

Passions, like elements, tho' born to fight,  
 Yet, mix'd and soften'd, in his work unite :  
 These 'tis enough to temper and employ ;  
 But what composes Man, can Man destroy ?  
 Suffice that Reason keep to Nature's road,  
 Subject, compound them, follow her and God.  
 Love, Hope, and Joy, fair pleasure's smiling train,  
 Hate, Fear, and Grief, the family of pain ;  
 These mixt with art, and to due bounds confin'd,  
 Make and maintain the balance of the mind :  
 The lights and shades, whose well-accorded strife  
 Gives all the strength and colour of our life.

Pleasures are ever in our hands or eyes ;  
 And, when in act they cease, in prospect rise :  
 Present to grasp, and future still to find,  
 The whole employ of body and of mind.  
 All spread their charms, but charm not all alike ;  
 On diff'rent senses, diff'rent objects strike ;  
 Hence diff'rent Passions more or less inflame,  
 As strong or weak, the organs of the frame ;  
 And hence one MASTER-PASSION in the breast,  
 Like Aaron's serpent, swallows up the rest.

As man, perhaps, the moment of his breath,  
 Receives the lurking principle of death ;  
 The young disease, that must subdue at length,  
 Grows with his growth, and strengthens with his  
 strength :

So, cast and mingled with his very frame,  
 The mind's disease, its RULING PASSION came ;  
 Each vital humour, which should feed the whole,  
 Soon flows to this in body and in soul :  
 Whatever warms the heart, or fills the head,  
 As the mind opens, and its functions spread,  
 Imagination plies her dang'rous art,  
 And pours it all upon the peccant part.

Nature its mother, Habit is its nurse ;  
 Wit, Spirit, Faculties, but make it worse ;  
 Reason itself but gives it edge and pow'r ;  
 As Heav'n's blest beam turns vinegar more sour.

We, wretched subjects tho' to lawful sway,  
 In this weak queen, some fav'rite still obey :  
 Ah ! if she lend not arms, as well as rules,  
 What can she more than tell us we are fools ?



Teach us to mourn our nature, not to mend,  
 A sharp accuser, but a helpless friend !  
 Or from a judge turn pleader, to persuade  
 The choice we make, or justify it made ;  
 Proud of an easy conquest all along,  
 She but removes weak passions for the strong :  
 So, when small humours gather to a gout,  
 The doctor fancies he has driv'n them out.

Yes, Nature's road must ever be preferr'd ;  
 Reason is here no guide, but still a guard ;  
 'Tis her's to rectify, not overthrow,  
 And treat this passion more as friend than foe :  
 A mightier pow'r the strong direction sends,  
 And sev'ral men impels to sev'ral ends :  
 Like varying winds by other passions tost,  
 This drives them constant to a certain coast.  
 Let pow'r or knowledge, gold or glory, please,  
 Or (oft more strong than all) the love of ease ;  
 Thro' life 'tis follow'd, ev'n at life's expence ;  
 The merchant's toil, the sage's indolence,  
 The monk's humility, the hero's pride,  
 All, all alike, find Reason on their side.

Th' eternal art, educing good from ill,  
 Grafts on this passion our best principle :  
 'Tis thus the mercury of man is fix'd,  
 Strong grows the virtue with his nature mix'd ;  
 The dross cements what else were too refin'd,  
 And in one int'rest body acts with mind.

As fruits, ungrateful to the planter's care,  
 On savage stocks inserted, learn to bear :  
 The surest virtues thus from passions shoot,  
 Wild Nature's vigor working at the root.  
 What crops of wit and honesty appear  
 From spleen, from obstinacy, hate, or fear !  
 See anger, zeal and fortitude supply ;  
 Ev'n av'rice, prudence ; sloth, philosophy ;  
 Lust, thro' some certain strainers well refin'd,  
 Is gentle love, and charms all womankind ;  
 Envy, to which th' ignoble mind's a slave,  
 Is emulation in the learn'd or brave ;  
 Nor virtue, male or female, can we name,  
 But what will grow on pride, or grow on shame.

Thus Nature gives us (let it check our pride)  
 The virtue nearest to our vice ally'd :

Reason

Reason the byas turns to good from ill,  
 And Nero reigns a Titus, if he will.  
 The fiery soul, abhorr'd in Catiline,  
 In Decius charms, in Curtius is divine:  
 The same ambition can destroy or save,  
 And makes a patriot as it makes a knave.

This light and darkness, in our chaos join'd,  
 What shall divide? The God within the mind.

Extremes in Nature equal ends produce,  
 In man they join to some mysterious use;  
 Tho' each by turns the other's bounds invade,  
 As, in some well-wrought picture, light and shade,  
 And oft so mix, the difference is too nice  
 Where ends the Virtue, or begins the Vice.

Fools! who from hence into the notion fall,  
 That Vice or Virtue there is none at all.  
 If white and black blend, soften, and unite  
 A thousand ways, is there no black or white?  
 Ask your own heart, and nothing is so plain;  
 'Tis to mistake them costs the time and pain.

Vice is a monster of so frightful mien,  
 As, to be hated, needs but to be seen;  
 Yet seen too oft, familiar with her face,  
 We first endure, then pity, then embrace.  
 But where th' extreme of vice, was ne'er agreed:  
 Ask where's the North? at York, 'tis on the Tweed;  
 In Scotland at the Orcades; and there  
 At Greenland, Zembla, or the Lord knows where.  
 No creature owns it in the first degree,  
 But thinks his neighbour further gone than he;  
 Ev'n those, who dwell beneath its very zone,  
 Or never feel the rage, or never own;  
 What happier natures shrink at with affright,  
 The hard inhabitant contends is right.

Virtuous and vicious, ev'ry man must be,  
 Few in th' extreme, but all in the degree;  
 The rogue and fool by fits is fair and wise:  
 And ev'n the best, by fits, what they despise.  
 'Tis but by parts we follow good or ill;  
 For, vice or virtue, self directs it still;  
 Each individual seeks a sev'ral goal;  
 But HEAV'N's great view is one, and that the whole:  
 That counter-works each folly and caprice;  
 That disappoints th' effect of ev'ry vice;

That happy frailties to all ranks apply'd;  
 Shame to the virgin, to the matron pride,  
 Fear to the statesman, rashness to the chief,  
 To kings presumption, and to crowds belief:  
 That Virtue's ends from vanity can raise,  
 Which seeks no int'rest, no reward but praise;  
 And build on wants, and on defects of mind,  
 The joy, the peace, the glory of mankind.

Heav'n forming each on other to depend,  
 A master, or a servant, or a friend,  
 Bids each on other for assistance call,  
 'Till one man's weakness grows the strength of all.  
 Wants, frailties, passions, closer still ally  
 The common int'rest, or endear the tie.  
 To these we owe true friendship, love sincere,  
 Each home-felt joy that life inherits here:  
 Yet from the same we learn, in its decline,  
 Those joys, those loves, those int'rests to resign;  
 Taught half by reason, half by mere decay,  
 To welcome death, and calmly pass away.

Whate'er the passion, knowledge, fame, or pelf,  
 Not one will change his neighbour with himself.  
 The learn'd is happy nature to explore,  
 The fool is happy that he knows no more;  
 The rich is happy in the plenty giv'n,  
 The poor contents him with the care of Heav'n.  
 See the blind beggar dance, the cripple sing,  
 The sot a hero, lunatic a king;  
 The starving chemist in his golden views  
 Supremely blest, the poet in his muse.

See some strange comfort ev'ry state attend,  
 And pride bestow'd on all, a common friend:  
 See some fit passion ev'ry age supply,  
 Hope travels thro', nor quits us when we die.

Behold the child, by nature's kindly law,  
 Pleas'd with a rattle, tickled with a straw:  
 Some livelier play-thing gives his youth delight,  
 A little louder, but as empty quite:  
 Scarfs, garters, gold, amuse his riper stage,  
 And beads and pray'r-books are the toys of age:  
 Pleas'd with this bauble still, as that before;  
 'Till tir'd he sleeps, and Life's poor play is o'er.  
 Mean-while Opinion gilds with varying rays  
 Those painted clouds that beautify our days;



Each want of happiness by Hope supply'd,  
 And each vacuity of sense by Pride:  
 These build as fast as knowledge can destroy;  
 In folly's cup still laughs the bubble, joy;  
 One prospect lost, another still we gain;  
 And not a vanity is giv'n in vain;  
 Ev'n mean Self-love becomes, by force divine,  
 The scale to measure others' wants by thine.  
 See! and confess, one comfort still must rise;  
 'Tis this, Tho' Man's a fool, yet God is wise.

The whole UNIVERSE one SYSTEM of SOCIETY.

[P O P E.]

**L**OOK round our World; behold the chain of Love  
 Combining all below and all above.  
 See plastic Nature working to this end,  
 The single atoms each to other tend,  
 Attract, attracted to, the next in place  
 Form'd and impell'd its neighbour to embrace.  
 See Matter next, with various life endu'd,  
 Press to one centre still, the gen'ral Good.  
 See dying vegetables life sustain,  
 See life dissolving vegetate again;  
 All forms that perish other forms supply,  
 (By turns we catch the vital breath, and die)  
 Like bubbles on the sea of Matter borne,  
 They rise, they break, and to that sea return.  
 Nothing is foreign; Parts relate to whole;  
 One all-extending, all-preserving Soul  
 Connects each being, greatest with the least;  
 Made Beast in aid of Man, and Man of Beast;  
 All serv'd, all serving: nothing stands alone;  
 The chain holds on, and where it ends, unknown.  
 Has God, thou fool, work'd solely for thy good,  
 Thy joy, thy pastime, thy attire, thy food?  
 Who for thy table feeds the wanton fawn,  
 For him as kindly spread the flow'ry lawn:  
 Is it for thee the lark ascends and sings?  
 Joy tunes his voice, joy elevates his wings.  
 Is it for thee the linnet pours his throat?  
 Loves of his own and raptures swell the note.

The bounding steed, you pompously bestride,  
 Shares with his lord the pleasure and the pride.  
 Is thine alone the seed that strews the plain?  
 The birds of heav'n shall vindicate their grain.  
 Thine the full harvest of the golden year?  
 Part pays, and justly, the deserving steer:  
 The hog, that plows not, nor obeys thy call,  
 Lives on the labours of this lord of all.

Know, Nature's children shall divide her care;  
 The fur that warms a monarch, warm'd a bear.  
 While Man exclaims, "See all things for my use!"  
 "See man for mine!" replies a pamper'd goose:  
 And just as short of reason He must fall,  
 Who thinks all made for one, not one for all.

### The STATE of NATURE.

[POPE.]

**N**OR think, in NATURE'S STATE they blindly trod;  
 The state of Nature was the reign of God:  
 Self-love and Social at her birth began,  
 Union the bond of all things, and of Man.  
 Pride then was not; nor Arts, that Pride to aid;  
 Man walk'd with beast, joint tenant of the shade;  
 The same his table, and the same his bed;  
 No murder cloath'd him, and no murder fed.  
 In the same temple, the resounding wood,  
 All vocal beings hymn'd their equal God:  
 The shrine with gore unstain'd, with gold undrest,  
 Unbrib'd, unbloody, stood the blameless priest:  
 Heav'n's Attribute was Universal Care,  
 And man's prerogative, to rule, but spare.  
 Ah! how unlike the man of times to come!  
 Of half that live the butcher and the tomb;  
 Who, foe to Nature, hears the gen'ral groan,  
 Murders their species, and betrays his own.  
 But just disease to luxury succeeds,  
 And ev'ry death its own avenger breeds;  
 The fury-passions from that blood began,  
 And turn'd on Man, a fiercer savage, Man.

REASON instructed by INSTINCT in the Invention  
 of Arts, and in Forms of Society. [POPE.]

**S**EE him from Nature rising slow to Art!  
 To copy Instinct then was Reason's part;

Thus

Thus then to Man the voice of Nature spake—

- " Go, from the Creatures thy instructions take :
- " Learn from the birds what food the thickets yield ;
- " Learn from the beasts the physic of the field :
- " Thy arts of building from the bee receive ;
- " Learn of the mole to plow, the worm to weave ;
- " Learn of the little Nautilus to sail,
- " Spread the thin oar, and catch the driving gale.
- " Here too all forms of social union find,
- " And hence let Reason, late, instruct Mankind :
- " Here subterranean works and cities see ;
- " There towns ærial on the waving tree.
- " Learn each small People's genius, policies,
- " The Ants' republic, and the realm of Bees ;
- " How those in common all their wealth bestow,
- " And Anarchy without confusion know ;
- " And these for ever, tho' a Monarch reign,
- " Their sep'rate cells and properties maintain.
- " Mark what unvary'd laws preserve each state,
- " Laws wise as Nature, and as fix'd as Fate.
- " In vain thy Reason finer webs shall draw,
- " Entangle Justice in her net of Law,
- " And right too rigid, harden into wrong ;
- " Still for the strong too weak, the weak too strong.
- " Yet go ! and thus o'er all the creatures sway,
- " Thus let the wiser make the rest obey ;
- " And for those Arts mere Instinct could afford,
- " Be crown'd as Monarchs, or as Gods ador'd."

Great Nature spoke ; obervant Man obey'd ;

Cities were built, Societies were made :

Here rose one little state ; another near

Grew by like means, and join'd, thro' love or fear.

Did here the trees with ruddier burdens bend,

And there the streams in purer rills descend ?

What War could ravish, Commerce could bestow,

And he return'd a friend who came a foe :

Converse and Love mankind might strongly draw,

When Love was Liberty, and Nature Law.

Thus States were form'd ; the name of King unknown,

'Till common int'rest plac'd the sway in one.

'Twas VIRTUE ONLY (or in arts or arms,

Diffusing blessings, or averting harms)

The same which in a Sire the Sons obey'd,

A Prince the Father of a People made.



*The GIFTS of FORTUNE unequally distributed:  
Happiness does not consist in the superabundance of these,  
but in HEALTH, PEACE, and COMPETENCE.*

**O**RDER is Heav'n's first law ; and this confess,  
Some are, and must be, greater than the rest,  
More rich, more wise ; but who infers from hence  
That such are happier, shocks all common sense.  
Heav'n to Mankind impartial we confess,  
If all are equal in their Happiness :

But mutual wants this Happiness increase ;  
All Nature's difference keeps all Nature's peace.  
Condition, circumstance is not the thing ;  
Bliss is the same in subject or in king,  
In who obtain defence, or who defend,  
In him who is, or him who finds a friend :  
Heav'n breathes thro' ev'ry member of the whole  
One common blessing, as one common soul.  
But Fortune's gifts if each alike possess,  
And each were equal, must not all contest ?

If then to all Men Happiness was meant,  
God in Externals could not place Content.

Fortune her gifts may variously dispose,  
And these be happy call'd, unhappy those ;  
But Heav'n's just balance equal will appear,  
While those are plac'd in Hope, and these in Fear :  
Not present good or ill, the joy or curse,  
But future views of better, or of worse.

Oh sons of earth ! attempt ye still to rise,  
By mountains pil'd on mountains, to the skies ?  
Heav'n still with laughter the vain toil surveys,  
And buries madmen in the heaps they raise.

Know, all the good that individuals find,  
Or God and Nature meant to mere Mankind,  
Reason's whole pleasure, all the joys of sense,  
Lie in three words, Health, Peace, and Competence.  
But Health consists with Temperance alone,  
And Peace, oh Virtue ! Peace is all thy own.  
The good or bad the gifts of Fortune gain ;  
But these less taste them, as they worse obtain.  
Say, in pursuit of profit or delight,  
Who risk the most, that take wrong means, or right ?  
Of Vice or Virtue, whether blest or curst,  
Which meets contempt, or which compassion first ?

Count

Count all th' advantage prosp'rous Vice attains,  
'Tis but what Virtue flies from and disdains:  
And grant the bad what happiness they wou'd,  
One they must want, which is, to pass for good.

HONOUR consists in acting our PART well.

[P O P E.]

**H**ONOUR and shame from no Condition rise:  
Act well your part, there all the honour lies.  
Fortune in Men has some small difference made,  
One flaunts in rags, one flutters in brocade;  
The cobbler apron'd, and the parson gown'd,  
The friar hooded, and the monarch crown'd.  
"What differ more (you cry) than crown and cowl?"  
I'll tell you, friend! a wise man and a fool.  
You'll find, if once the monarch acts the monk,  
Or, cobbler-like, the parson will be drunk,  
Worth makes the man, and want of it the fellow;  
The rest is all but leather and prunella.

VIRTUE the sole Foundation of HAPPINESS.

[P O P E.]

**K**NOW then this truth (enough for Man to know)  
"Virtue alone is happiness below."  
The only point where human bliss stands still,  
And tastes the good without the fall to ill;  
Where only Merit constant pay receives,  
Is blest in what it takes, and what it gives;  
The joy unequall'd, if its end it gain,  
And if it lose, attended with no pain:  
Without satiety, tho' e'er so blest'd,  
And but more relish'd as the more distress'd:  
The broadest mirth, unfeeling Folly wears,  
Less pleasing far than Virtue's very tears:  
Good, from each object, from each place acquir'd,  
For ever exercis'd, yet never tir'd;  
Never elated, while one man's oppress'd;  
Never dejected, while another's blest'd;  
And where no wants, no wishes can remain,  
Since but to wish more Virtue, is to gain.

See the sole bliss Heav'n could on all bestow!  
Which who but feels can taste, but thinks can know:

Yet poor with fortune, and with learning blind,  
 The bad must miss, the good, untaught, will find;  
 Slave to no sect, who takes no private road,  
 But looks through Nature, up to Nature's God:  
 Pursues that Chain which links th' immense design,  
 Joins heav'n and earth, and mortal and divine;  
 Sees, that no Being any bliss can know,  
 But touches some above, and some below;  
 Learns, from this union of the rising Whole,  
 The first, last purpose of the human soul;  
 And knows where Faith, Law, Morals, all began,  
 All end, in LOVE OF GOD, and LOVE OF MAN.  
 For him alone, Hope leads from goal to goal,  
 And opens still, and opens on his soul;  
 'Till lengthen'd on to FAITH, and unconfin'd,  
 It pours the bliss that fills up all the mind.  
 He sees, why Nature plants in Man alone  
 Hope of known bliss, and Faith in bliss unknown:  
 (Nature, whose dictates to no other kind  
 Are giv'n in vain, but what they seek they find)  
 Wife is her present; she connects in this  
 His greatest Virtue with his greatest Bliss;  
 At once his own bright prospect to be blest,  
 And strongest motive to assist the rest.

Self-love thus push'd to social, to divine,  
 Gives thee to make thy neighbour's blessing thine.  
 Is this too little for the boundless heart?  
 Extend it, let thy enemies have part:  
 Grasp the whole worlds of Reason, Life, and Sense,  
 In one close system of Benevolence:  
 Happier as kinder, in whate'er degree,  
 And height of bliss but height of charity.

God loves from whole to parts: but human soul  
 Must rise from individual to the whole.  
 Self-love but serves the virtuous mind to wake,  
 As the small pebble stirs the peaceful lake;  
 The centre mov'd, a circle strait succeeds,  
 Another still, and still another spreads;  
 Friend, parent, neighbour, first it will embrace;  
 His country next; and next all human race;  
 Wide and more wide, th' o'erflowings of the mind  
 Take ev'ry creature in, of ev'ry kind;  
 Earth smiles around, with boundless bounty blest,  
 And Heav'n beholds its image in his breast.



CHARACTERS are given according to the RANK  
of MEN in the WORLD. [POPE.]

'TIS from high life high characters are drawn ;  
A faint in crape is twice a faint in lawn ;  
A judge is just, a chanc'llor juster still ;  
A gownman, learn'd ; a bishop, what you will ;  
Wife, if a minister ; but, if a king,  
More wife, more learn'd, more just, more ev'ry thing.  
Court-virtues bear, like gems, the highest rate,  
Born where Heav'n's influence scarce can penetrate :  
In life's low vale, the soil the virtues like,  
They please as beauties, here as wonders strike.  
Tho' the same sun with all-diffusive rays  
Blush in the rose, and in the di'mond blaze,  
We prize the stronger effort of his pow'r,  
And justly set the gem above the flow'r.

EXAMPLES of the STRENGTH of the RULING  
PASSION in the HOUR of DEATH. [POPE.]

" O DIOUS ! in woollen ! 'twould a saint provoke,  
(Were the last words that poor Narcissa spoke)  
" No, let a charming chintz, and Brussels lace  
" Wrap my cold limbs, and shade my lifeless face :  
" One would not, sure, be frightful when one's dead—  
" And—Betty—give this cheek a little red."

The courtier smooth, who forty years had shin'd  
An humble servant to all human kind,  
Just brought out this, when scarce his tongue could stir,  
" If—where I'm going—I could serve you, Sir ?"

" I give and I devise (old Euclio said,  
And sigh'd) " my lands and tenements to Ned."  
Your money, Sir ?—" My money, Sir, what all ?  
" Why,—if I must—(then wept) I give it Paul."  
The manor, Sir ?—" The manor ! hold, he cry'd,  
" Not that,—I cannot part with that"—and dy'd.

And you ! brave COBHAM, to the latest breath  
Shall feel your ruling passion strong in death :  
Such in those moments as in all the past,  
" Oh, save my country, Heav'n !" shall be your last.

ADVICE

The POETICAL  
ADVICE to the FAIR SEX.

[POPE.]

**A**H! friend! to dazzle let the vain design;  
To raise the thought, and touch the heart be thine!  
That charm shall grow, while what fatigues the ring  
Flaunts and goes down, an unregarded thing:  
So when the sun's broad beam has tir'd the light,  
All mild ascends the moon's more sober light,  
Serene in virgin modesty she shines,  
And unobserv'd the glaring orb declines.

Oh! blest with temper, whose unclouded ray  
Can make to-morrow chearful as to-day:  
She, who can love a sister's charms, or hear  
Sighs for a daughter with unwounded ear;  
She who ne'er answers till a husband cools,  
Or, if she rules him, never shews she rules;  
Charms by accepting, by submitting sways,  
Yet has her humour most, when she obeys;  
Let fops or fortune fly which way they will,  
Disdains all loss of tickets or codille;  
Spleen, vapours, or small-pox, above them all,  
And mistress of herself, tho' China fall.

The MAN of ROSS.

[POPE.]

**B**UT all our praises why should lords engross?  
Rise, honest muse! and sing the MAN of Ross:  
Pleas'd Vaga echoes thro' her winding bounds,  
And rapid Severn hoarse applause resounds.  
Who hung with woods yon mountain's sultry brow?  
From the dry rock who bade the waters flow;  
Not to the skies in useless columns tost,  
Or in proud falls magnificently lost,  
But clear and artless, pouring thro' the plain  
Health to the sick, and solace to the swain?  
Whose cause-way parts the vale with shady rows?  
Whose seats the weary traveller repose?  
Who taught that Heav'n-directed spire to rise?  
"The MAN of Ross," each lisping babe replies.  
Behold the market-place with poor o'erspread!  
The MAN of Ross divides the weekly bread:  
He feeds yon alms-house, neat, but void of state,  
Where age and want sit smiling at the gate;

Him

Him portion'd maids, apprentic'd orphans blest,  
 The young who labour, and the old who rest.  
 Is any sick? the MAN of ROSS relieves,  
 Prescribes, attends, the med'cine makes, and gives.  
 Is there a variance? enter but his door,  
 Baulk'd are the courts, and contest is no more.  
 Despairing quacks with curses fled the place,  
 And vile attornies, now an uselefs race.

Thrice happy man! enabled to pursue  
 What all so wish, but want the pow'r to do!  
 Oh say! what sums that gen'rous hand supply?  
 What mines to swell that boundlefs charity?

Of debts and taxes, wife and children clear,  
 This man possefs—five hundred pounds a year.  
 Blush, grandeur, blush! proud courts, withdraw your  
 blaze!

Ye little stars! hide your diminish'd rays.

And what? no monument, infcription, stone?  
 His race, his form, his name almost unknown?

Who builds a church to God, and not to fame,  
 Will never mark the marble with his name:  
 Go, search it there, where to be born and die,  
 Of rich and poor makes all the history;  
 Enough, that virtue fill'd the space between;  
 Prov'd by the ends of being, to have been.

## O n V E R S I F I C A T I O N.

[P O P E.]

**B**UT most by numbers judge a poet's song;  
 And smooth or rough, with them, is right or wrong:  
 In the bright muse tho' thousand charms conspire,  
 Her voice is all these tuneful fools admire;  
 Who haunt Parnassus but to please their ear,  
 Not mend their minds; as some to church repair,  
 Not for the doctrine, but the music there.  
 These equal syllables alone require,  
 Tho' oft the ear the open vowels tire;  
 While expletives their feeble aid do join;  
 And ten low words oft creep in one dull line:  
 While they ring round the same unvary'd chimes,  
 With sure returns of still expected rhymes;  
 Where-e'er you find "the cooling western breeze,"  
 In the next line, it "whispers thro' the trees:"

If



If crystal streams "with pleasing murmurs creep,"  
 The reader's threaten'd (not in vain) with "sleep:"  
 Then, at the last and only couplet fraught  
 With some unmeaning thing they call a thought,  
 A needless Alexandrine ends the song,  
 That, like a wounded snake, drags its slow length along.  
 Leave such to tune their own dull rhymes, and know  
 What's roundly smooth, or languishingly slow;  
 And praise the easy vigour of a line,  
 Where Denham's strength, and Waller's sweetness join.  
 True ease in writing comes from art, not chance,  
 As those move easiest who have learn'd to dance.  
 'Tis not enough no harshness gives offence,  
 The sound must seem an echo to the sense:  
 Soft is the strain when zephyr gently blows,  
 And the smooth stream in smoother numbers flows;  
 But when loud surges lash the sounding shore,  
 The hoarse, rough verse should like the torrent roar:  
 When Ajax strives some rock's vast weight to throw,  
 The line too labours, and the words move slow;  
 Not so, when swift Camilla scours the plain,  
 Flies o'er th' unbending corn, and skims along the main.  
 Hear how Timotheus' vary'd lays surprise,  
 And bid alternate passions fall and rise!  
 While, at each change, the son of Libyan Jove  
 Now burns with glory, and then melts with love;  
 Now his fierce eyes with sparkling fury glow,  
 Now sighs steal out, and tears begin to flow:  
 Persians and Greeks like turns of nature sound,  
 And the world's victor stood subdu'd by sound!  
 The pow'r of music all our hearts allow,  
 And what Timotheus was, is Dryden now.

### The Parting of HECTOR and ANDROMACHE.

[POPE'S HOMER'S ILIAD.]

**H**ECTOR, this heard, return'd without delay;  
 Swift thro' the town he trod his former way,  
 Through streets of palaces, and walks of state;  
 And met the mourner at the Scæan Gate.  
 With haste to meet him sprung the joyful fair,  
 His blameless wife, Aëtion's wealthy heir:

(Cilician

(Cilician Thebè great Aëtion sway'd,  
 And Hippoplacus' wide-extended shade)  
 The nurse stood near, in whose embraces prest  
 His only hope hung smiling at her breast,  
 Whom each soft charm and early grace adorn,  
 Fair as the new-born star that gilds the morn.  
 To this lov'd infant Hector gave the name  
 Scamandrius, from Scamander's honour'd stream;  
 Aftyanax the Trojans call'd the boy,  
 From his great father, the defence of Troy.  
 Silent the warrior smil'd, and pleas'd resign'd  
 To tender passions all his mighty mind.  
 His beauteous princess cast a mournful look,  
 Hung on his hand, and then dejected spoke;  
 Her bosom labour'd with a boding sigh,  
 And the big tear stood trembling in her eye.

Too daring prince! ah whither dost thou run;  
 Ah too forgetful of thy wife and son!  
 And think'st thou not how wretched we shall be,  
 A widow I, an helpless orphan he!  
 For sure such courage length of life denies,  
 And thou must fall, thy virtue's sacrifice.  
 Greece in her single heroes strove in vain;  
 Now hosts oppose thee, and thou must be slain!  
 Oh grant me, gods! e'er Hector meets his doom,  
 All I can ask of Heav'n, an early tomb!

So shall my days in one sad tenour run,  
 And end with sorrows as they first begun.  
 No parent now remains my grief to share,  
 No father's aid, no mother's tender care.  
 The fierce Achilles wrapt our walls in fire,  
 Laid Thebè waste, and slew my warlike sire!  
 His fate compassion in the victor bred;  
 Stern as he was, he yet rever'd the dead,  
 His radiant arms preserv'd from hostile spoil,  
 And laid him decent on the fun'ral pile;  
 Then rais'd a mountain, where his bones were burn'd;  
 The mountain-nymphs the rural tomb adorn'd;  
 Jove's sylvan daughters bade their elms bestow  
 A barren shade, and in his honour grow.

By the same arm my seven brave brothers fell;  
 In one sad day beheld the gates of hell:  
 While the fat herds and snowy flocks they fed;  
 Amid their fields the hapless heroes bled!

My

My mother liv'd to bear the victor's bands,  
 The Queen of Hippoplacia's filvan lands :  
 Redeem'd too late, she scarce beheld again  
 Her pleasing empire and her native plain,  
 When ah ! oppress'd by life-consuming woe,  
 She fell a victim to Dianā's bow.

Yet while my Hector still survives, I see  
 My father, mother, brethren, all in thee :  
 Alas ! my parents, brothers, kindred, all  
 Once more will perish, if my Hector fall.  
 Thy wife, thy infant, in thy danger share :  
 Oh prove a husband's and a father's care !  
 That quarter most the skilful Greeks annoy,  
 Where yon' wild fig-trees join the wall of Troy :  
 Thou, from this tow'r, defend the important post ;  
 There Agamemnon points his dreadful host,  
 That pass Tydides, Ajax, strive to gain,  
 And there the vengeful Spartan fires his train.  
 Thrice our bold foes the fierce attack have giv'n,  
 Or led by hopes, or dictated from Heav'n.  
 Let others in the field their arms employ,  
 But stay my Hector here, and guard his Troy.

The Chief reply'd : that post shall be my care,  
 Nor that alone, but all the works of war.  
 How would the sons of Troy, in arms renown'd,  
 And Troy's proud dames, whose garments sweep the  
 ground,

Attain the lustre of my former name,  
 Should Hector basely quit the field of fame ?  
 My early youth was bred to martial pains,  
 My soul impels me to th' embattl'd plains :  
 Let me be foremost to defend the throne,  
 And guard my father's glories, and my own.

Yet come it will, the day decreed by fates :  
 (How my heart trembles while my tongue relates !)  
 The day when thou, imperial Troy ! must bend,  
 And see thy warriors fall, thy glories end.  
 And yet no dire presage so wounds my mind,  
 My mother's death, the ruin of my kind,  
 Not Priam's hoary hairs defil'd with gore,  
 Not all my brothers gasping on the shore ;  
 As thine, Andromache ! thy griefs I dread ;  
 I see thee trembling, weeping, captive led !



In Argive looms our battles to design,  
 And woes of which so large a part was thine !  
 To bear the victor's hard commands, or bring  
 The weight of waters from Hyperia's spring.  
 There, while you groan beneath the load of life,  
 They cry, behold the mighty Hector's wife !  
 Some haughty Greek, who lives thy tears to see,  
 Embitters all thy woes, by naming me.

The thoughts of glory past, and present shame,  
 A thousand griefs shall waken at the name :  
 May I be cold before that dreadful day,  
 Press'd with a load of monumental clay !  
 Thy Hector, wrapt in everlasting sleep,  
 Shall neither hear thee sigh, nor see thee weep.

Thus having spoke, th' illustrious chief of Troy  
 Stretch'd his fond arms to clasp the lovely boy.  
 The babe clung crying to his nurse's breast,  
 Scar'd at the dazzling helm, and nodding crest.  
 With secret pleasure each fond parent smil'd,  
 And Hector hasted to relieve his child,  
 The glitt'ring terrours from his brows unbound,  
 And plac'd the beaming helmet on the ground.  
 Then kiss'd the child, and lifting high in air,  
 Thus to the gods preferr'd a father's pray'r.

O thou ! whose glory fills th' æthereal throne,  
 And all ye deathless pow'rs ! protect my son !  
 Grant him, like me, to purchase just renown,  
 To guard the Trojans, to defend the crown,  
 Against his country's foes the war to wage,  
 And rise the Hector of the future age !  
 So when triumphant from successful toils  
 Of heroes slain he bears the reeking spoils,  
 Whole hosts may hail him with deserv'd acclaim,  
 And say, this chief transcends his father's fame :  
 While pleas'd amidst the gen'ral shouts of Troy,  
 His mother's conscious heart o'erflows with joy.

He spoke, and fondly gazing on her charms,  
 Restor'd the pleasing burthen to her arms ;  
 Soft on her fragrant breast the babe she laid,  
 Hush'd to repose, and with a smile survey'd.  
 The troubl'd pleasure soon chafis'd by fear,  
 She mingl'd with a smile a tender tear.  
 The softn'd chief with kind compassion view'd,  
 And dry'd the falling drops, and thus pursu'd.

Andromache !

Andromache! my soul's far better part,  
 With what untimely sorrows heaves thy heart?  
 No hostile hand can antedate my doom,  
 Till fate condemns me to the silent tomb.  
 Fix'd is the term of all the race of earth;  
 And such the hard condition of our birth,  
 No force can then resist, no flight can save;  
 All sink alike, the fearful and the brave.  
 No more—but hasten to thy tasks at home,  
 There guide the spindle, and direct the loom:  
 Me glory summons to the martial scene,  
 The field of combat is the sphere for men.  
 Where heroes war, the foremost place I claim,  
 The first in danger as the first in fame.

Thus having said, the glorious chief resumes  
 His tow'ry helmet, black with shading plumes,  
 His princess parts with a prophetic sigh,  
 Unwilling parts, and oft reverts her eye  
 That stream'd at ev'ry look: then moving slow,  
 Sought her own palace, and indulg'd her woe.  
 There, while her tears deplor'd the godlike man,  
 Thro' all her train the soft infection ran,  
 The pious maids their mingled sorrows shed,  
 And mourn the living Hector, as the dead.

### ODE for MUSIC on ST. CECILIA's DAY.

[P O P E.]

**D**ESCEND, ye nine! descend and sing;  
 The breathing instruments inspire,  
 Wake into voice each silent string,  
 And sweep the sounding lyre!  
     In a sadly-pleasing strain,  
     Let the warbling lute complain:  
     Let the loud trumpet sound,  
     'Till the roofs all around  
     The shrill echoes rebound:  
 While in more lengthen'd notes and slow,  
 The deep, majestic, solemn organs blow.  
 Hark! the numbers, soft and clear,  
 Gently steal upon the ear;  
 Now louder, and yet louder rise,  
 And fill with spreading sounds the skies;

Exulting

Exulting in triumph now swell the bold notes,  
 In broken air, trembling, the wild music floats ;  
     'Till, by degrees, remote and small,  
     The strains decay,  
     And melt away,  
 In a dying, dying fall.

By Music, minds an equal temper know,  
 Nor swell too high, nor sink too low.  
 If in the breast tumultuous joys arise,  
 Music her soft, assuasive voice applies ;  
     Or, when the soul is press'd with cares,  
     Exalts her in enlivening airs.  
 Warriors she fires with animated sounds ;  
 Pours balm into the bleeding lover's wounds :  
     Melancholy lifts her head,  
     Morpheus rouses from his bed,  
     Sloth unfolds her arms and wakes,  
     Lift'ning envy drops her snakes ;  
 Intestine war no more our passions wage,  
 And giddy factions hear away their rage.

But when our country's cause provokes to arms,  
 How martial music every bosom warms !  
 So when the first bold vessel dar'd the seas,  
 High on the stern the Thracian rais'd his strain,  
     While Argo saw her kindred trees  
     Descend from Pelion to the main.  
     Transported demi-gods stood round,  
     And men grew heroes at the sound,  
     Inflam'd with glory's charms :  
 Each chief his sev'nfold shield display'd,  
 And half unsheath'd the shining blade :  
 And seas, and rocks, and skies rebound  
     To arms, to arms, to arms !

But when thro' all th' infernal bounds,  
 Which flaming Phlegeton surrounds,  
     Love, strong as Death, the Poet led  
     To the pale nations of the dead,  
 What sounds were heard,  
 What scenes appear'd,



O'er all the dreary coasts !  
 Dreadful gleams,  
 Dismal screams,  
 Fires that glow,  
 Shrieks of woe,  
 Sullen moans,  
 Hollow groans,  
 And cries of tortur'd ghosts !  
 But hark ! he strikes the golden lyre ;  
 And see, the tortur'd ghosts respire,  
 See, shady forms advance !  
 Thy stone, O Syfiphus, stands still,  
 Ixion rests upon his wheel,  
 And the pale spectres dance !  
 The furies sink upon their iron beds,  
 And snakes uncurl'd hang list'ning round their heads.

By the streams that ever flow,  
 By the fragrant winds that blow  
 O'er th' Elysian flow'rs ;  
 By those happy souls who dwell  
 In yellow meads of Asphodel,  
 Or Amaranthine bow'rs ;  
 By the hero's armed shades,  
 Glitt'ring thro' the gloomy glades ;  
 By the youths that dy'd for love,  
 Wand'ring in the myrtle grove,  
 Restore, restore Eurydice to life :  
 Oh take the husband, or return the wife !  
 He sung, and hell consented  
 To hear the Poet's prayer :  
 Stern Proserpine relented,  
 And gave him back the fair.  
 Thus song could prevail  
 O'er death, and o'er hell,  
 A conquest how hard, and how glorious !  
 Tho' fate had fast bound her  
 With Styx nine times round her,  
 Yet music and love were victorious.

But soon, too soon the lover turns his eyes :  
 Again she falls, again she dies, she dies !  
 How wilt thou now the fatal sisters move !  
 No crime was thine, if 'tis no crime to love.

Now

Now under hanging mountains,  
Beside the falls of fountains,  
Or where Hebrus wanders,  
Rolling in Mæanders,

All alone,

Unheard, unknown,

He makes his moan;

And calls her ghost,

For ever, ever, ever lost!

Now with Furies surrounded,

Despairing, confounded,

He trembles, he glows,

Amidst Rhodope's snows:

See, wild as the winds, o'er the desert he flies;

Hark! Hæmus resounds with the Bacchanals cries—

Ah see, he dies!

Yet ev'n in death Eurydice he sung,

Eurydice still trembled on his tongue,

Eurydice the woods,

Eurydice the floods,

Eurydice the rocks and hollow mountains rung.

Music the fiercest grief can charm,

And fate's severest rage disarm;

Music can soften pain to ease,

And make despair and madness please:

Our joys below it can improve,

And antedate the bliss above.

This the divine Cecilia found,

And to her Maker's praise confin'd the sound.

When the full organ joins the tuneful quire,

Th' immortal pow'rs incline their ear:

Borne on the swelling notes our souls aspire,

While solemn airs improve the sacred fire;

And angels lean from heav'n to hear.

Of Orpheus now no more let poets tell,

To bright Cecilia greater power is giv'n;

His numbers rais'd a shade from hell,

Hers lift the soul to heav'n.

# ALEXANDER's FEAST; or the POWER of MUSIC:

AN ODE ON ST. CECILIA'S DAY. [DRYDEN.]

'T WAS at the royal feast, for Persia won,  
By Philip's warlike son:

Aloft in awful ftate  
 The god-like hero fate  
 On his imperial throne :

His valiant peers were plac'd around ;  
 Their brows with rofes and with myrtle bound :  
 So fhould desert in arms be crown'd,  
 The lovely Thais by his fide  
 Sat, like a blooming eastern bride,  
 In flow'r of youth and beauty's pride.  
 Happy, happy, happy pair !  
 None but the brave,  
 None but the brave,  
 None but the brave deserves the fair.

Timotheus plac'd on high,  
 Amid the tuneful quire,  
 With flying fingers touch'd the lyre :  
 The trembling notes afcend the fky,  
 And heav'nly joys infpire.

The fong began from Jove ;  
 Who left his blifsful feats above,  
 Such is the pow'r of mighty love !  
 A dragon's fiery form bely'd the god :  
 Sublime on radiant fpires he rode,  
 When he to fair Olympia prefs'd,

And ftamp'd an image of himfelf, a fov'reign of the world.  
 The lift'ning crowd admire the lofty found ;  
 A prefent deity, they fhout around :  
 A prefent deity, the vaulted roofs rebound :  
 With ravish'd ears  
 The monarch hears,  
 Affumes the god,  
 Affects to nod,  
 And feems to fhake the fpheres.

The praife of Bacchus, then, the fweet mufician fung ;  
 Of Bacchus ever fair, and ever young :  
 The jolly god in triumph comes ;  
 Sound the trumpets, beat the drums ;  
 Flush'd with a purple grace  
 He fhews his honeft face.



Now give the hautboys breath ; he comes, he comes !

Bacchus, ever fair and young,  
 Drinking joys did first ordain :  
 Bacchus' blessings are a treasure,  
 Drinking is the soldier's pleasure ;  
 Rich the treasure,  
 Sweet the pleasure ;  
 Sweet is pleasure after pain.

Sooth'd with the sound the king grew vain ;  
 Fought all his battles o'er again ;  
 And thrice he routed all his foes ; and thrice he slew the slain.

The master saw the madness rise ;  
 His glowing cheeks, his ardent eyes :  
 And while he heav'n and earth defy'd,  
 Chang'd his hand and check'd his pride.  
 He chose a mournful muse  
 Soft pity to infuse :  
 He sung Darius great and good,  
 By too severe a fate,  
 Fall'n, fall'n, fall'n, fall'n,  
 Fall'n from his high estate,  
 And welt'ring in his blood :  
 Deserted at his utmost need,  
 By those his former bounty fed,  
 On the bare earth expos'd he lies,  
 With not a friend to close his eyes.  
 With down-cast look the joyless victor sat,  
 Revolving in his alter'd soul  
 The various turns of fate below ;  
 And now and then a sigh he stole ;  
 And tears began to flow.

The mighty master smil'd to see  
 That love was in the next degree :  
 'Twas but a kindred sound to move ;  
 For pity melts the mind to love.  
 Softly sweet in Lydian measures,  
 Soon he sooth'd his soul to pleasures.  
 War, he sung, is toil and trouble ;  
 Honour but an empty bubble ;  
 Never ending, still beginning,  
 Fighting still, and still destroying :  
 If the world be worth thy winning,  
 Think, O, think it worth enjoying !

G

Lovely

Lovely Thais sits beside thee,  
 Take the good the gods provide thee.  
 The many rend the skies with loud applause;  
 Solove was crown'd, but music won the cause.  
 The prince, unable to conceal his pain,  
 Gaz'd on the fair  
 Who caus'd his care,  
 And sigh'd and look'd, sigh'd and look'd,  
 Sigh'd and look'd, and sigh'd again:  
 At length, with love and wine at once oppress'd,  
 The vanquish'd victor sunk upon her breast.  
 Now strike the golden lyre again;  
 A louder yet, and yet a louder strain.  
 Break his bands of sleep asunder,  
 And rouse him, like a rattling peal of thunder.  
 Hark, hark, the horrid sound  
 Has rais'd up his head;  
 As awak'd from the dead,  
 And amaz'd, he stares around.  
 Revenge, revenge, Timotheus cries,  
 See the furies arise,  
 See the snakes that they rear,  
 How they hiss in their hair,  
 And the sparkles that flash from their eyes!  
 Behold a ghastly band,  
 Each a torch in his hand!  
 These are Grecian ghosts, that in battle were slain,  
 And unbury'd remain  
 Inglorious on the plain:  
 Give the vengeance due  
 To the valiant crew:  
 Behold how they toss their torches on high,  
 How they point to the Persian abodes,  
 And glitt'ring temples of their hostile gods.  
 The princes applaud, with a furious joy;  
 And the king seiz'd a flambeau, with zeal to destroy;  
 Thais led the way,  
 To light him to his prey,  
 And, like another Helen, fir'd another Troy.  
 Thus long ago,  
 Ere heaving bellows learn'd to blow,  
 While organs yet were mute,  
 Timotheus, to his breathing flute

And

And sounding lyre,  
 Could swell the soul to rage, or kindle soft desire.  
 At last divine Cecilia came,  
 Inventress of the vocal frame;  
 The sweet enthusiast, from her sacred store,  
 Enlarg'd the former narrow bounds,  
 And added length to solemn sounds,  
 With nature's mother-wit, and arts unknown before.  
 Let old Timotheus yield the prize,  
 Or both divide the crown;  
 He rais'd a mortal to the skies,  
 She drew an angel down.

DESCRIPTION of a BATTLE, illustrated by a  
 sublime Comparison. [ADDISON.]

BUT O, my muse, what numbers wilt thou find  
 To sing the furious troops in battle join'd!  
 Methinks I hear the drum's tumultuous sound  
 The victors' shouts and dying groans confound,  
 The dreadful burst of cannon rend the skies,  
 And all the thunder of the battle rise.  
 'Twas then great *Marlbro's* mighty soul was prov'd,  
 That, in the flock of charging hosts unmov'd,  
 Amidst confusion, horror, and despair,  
 Examin'd all the dreadful scenes of war:  
 In peaceful thought the field of death survey'd,  
 To fainting squadrons sent the timely aid,  
 Inspir'd repuls'd battalions to engage,  
 And taught the doubtful battle where to rage.  
 So when an angel, by divine command,  
 With rising tempests shakes a guilty land,  
 Such as of late o'er pale *Britannia* past,  
 Calm and serene he drives the furious blast;  
 And, pleas'd th' Almighty's orders to perform,  
 Rides in the whirlwind, and directs the storm.

The first ONSET of a BATTLE, illustrated by a  
 noble Comparison. [POPE'S HOMER'S ILLIAD.]

FIX'D at his post was each bold Ajax found,  
 With well-rang'd squadrons strongly circled round:  
 So close their order, so dispos'd their fight,  
 As Pallas' self might view with fix'd delight;



Or, had the God of war inclin'd his eyes,  
 The God of war had own'd a just surprize.  
 A chosen phalanx, firm, resolv'd as fate,  
 Descending Hector and his battle wait.  
 An iron scene gleams dreadful o'er the fields,  
 Armour in armour lock'd, and shields in shields,  
 Spears lean on spears, on targets targets throng,  
 Helms stuck to helms, and man drove man along.  
 The floating plumes unnumber'd wave above,  
 As when an earthquake stirs the nodding grove;  
 And, levell'd at the skies with pointing rays,  
 Their brandish'd lances at each other blaze.

Thus breathing death, in terrible array,  
 The close-compacted legions urg'd their way:  
 Fierce they drove on, impatient to destroy;  
 Troy charg'd they first, and Hector first of Troy.  
 As from some mountain's craggy forehead torn,  
 A rock's round fragment flies, with fury borne,  
 (Which from the stubborn stone a torrent rends)  
 Precipitate the pond'rous mass descends:  
 From steep to steep the rolling ruin bounds;  
 At ev'ry shock the crackling wood resounds;  
 Still gath'ring force, it smokes; and, urg'd amain,  
 Whirls, leaps, and thunders down, impetuous to the plain:  
 There stops—So Hector: Their whole force he prov'd,  
 Resistless when he rag'd, and when he stopt unmov'd.

#### TO THE KING ON HIS NAVY.

[WALLER.]

WHERE-E'ER thy navy spreads her canvas-wings,  
 Homage to thee, and peace to all she brings;  
 The French and Spaniard, when thy flags appear,  
 Forget their hatred, and consent to fear.  
 So Jove from Ida did both hosts survey,  
 And, when he pleas'd to thunder, part the fray.  
 Ships heretofore in seas like fishes sped,  
 The mightiest still upon the smallest fed;  
 Thou on the deep imposest nobler laws,  
 And, by that justice, hast remov'd the cause  
 Of those rude tempests, which, for rapine sent,  
 Too oft, alas! involv'd the innocent.  
 Now shall the ocean, as thy Thames, be free  
 From both those fates, of storms, and piracy;

But

But we most happy, who can fear no force  
 But winged troops, or Pegasean horse.  
 'Tis not so hard for greedy foes to spoil  
 Another nation, as to touch our soil.  
 Should nature's self invade the world again,  
 And o'er the centre spread the liquid main,  
 Thy pow'r were safe; and her destructive hand  
 Wou'd but enlarge the bounds of thy command:  
 Thy dreadful fleet would style thee Lord of all,  
 And ride in triumph o'er the drowned ball:  
 Those tow'rs of oak o'er fertile plains might go,  
 And visit mountains where they once did grow.

The world's restorer once could not endure,  
 That finish'd Babel should those men secure,  
 Whose pride design'd that fabric to have stood  
 Above the reach of any second flood.  
 To thee his chosen more indulgent, he  
 Dares trust such power with so much piety.

### On the INVENTION of LETTERS.

**T**ELL me what genius did the art invent,  
 The lively image of the voice to paint;  
 Who first the secret how to colour sound,  
 And to give shape to reason, wisely found;  
 With bodies how to cloath ideas, taught;  
 And how to draw a picture of a thought:  
 Who taught the hand to speak, the eye to hear  
 A silent language roving far and near;  
 Whose softest noise out-strips loud thunder's sound,  
 And spreads her accents through the world's vast round:  
 A voice heard by the deaf, spoke by the dumb,  
 Whose echo reaches long, long time to come;  
 Which dead men speak as well as those alive—  
 Tell me what genius did this art contrive?

### The A N S W E R.

**T**HE noble art to Cadmus owes its rise,  
 Of painting words, and speaking to the eyes;  
 He first in wond'rous magic fetters bound  
 The airy voice, and stop'd the flying sound:  
 The various figures by his pencil wrought,  
 Gave colour, form, and body to the thought.

## The ENTHUSIAST ; or the LOVER of NATURE.

[J. WARTON.]

**Y**E green rob'd Dryads, oft' at dusky eve  
 By wond'ring shepherds seen, to forests brown,  
 To unfrequented meads, and pathless wilds,  
 Lead me from gardens deck'd with art's vain pomps.  
 Can gilt alcoves, can marble-mimick gods,  
 Parterres embroider'd, obelisks, and urns  
 Of high relief: can the long, spreading lake,  
 Or vista lessening to the sight; can Stow  
 With all her Attick fanes, such raptures raise,  
 As the thrush-haunted copse, where lightly leaps  
 The fearful fawn the rustling leaves along,  
 And the brisk squirrel sports from bough to bough,  
 While from an hollow oak, whose naked roots  
 O'erhang a pensive rill, the busy bees  
 Hum drowsy lullabies? The bards of old,  
 Fair Nature's friends, sought such retreats, to charm  
 Sweet Echo with their songs; oft' too they met  
 In summer-evenings, near sequester'd bow'rs,  
 Or mountain-nymph, or muse, and eager learn'd  
 The moral strains she taught to mend mankind.  
 As to a secret grot *Ægeria* stole  
 With patriot *Numa*, and in silent night  
 Whisper'd him sacred laws, he list'ning sat  
 Rapt with her virtuous voice, old *Tyber* lean'd  
 Attentive on his urn, and hush'd his waves.  
 Rich in her weeping country's spoils *Verfailles*  
 May boast a thousand fountains, that can cast  
 The tortur'd waters to the distant heav'ns;  
 Yet let me choose some pine-top'd precipice  
 Abrupt and shaggy, whence a foamy stream,  
 Like *Anio*, tumbling roars; or some bleak heath,  
 Where straggling stand the mournful juniper,  
 Or yew-tree scath'd; while in clear prospect round,  
 From the grove's bosom spires emerge, and smok  
 In bluish wreaths ascends, ripe harvests wave,  
 Low, lonely cottages, and ruin'd tops  
 Of Gothic battlements appear, and streams  
 Beneath the sun-beams twinkle.—The shrill lark,  
 That wakes the wood-man to his early task,

Or



Or love-sick Philomel, whose luscious lays  
Soothe lone night-wanderers, the moaning dove  
Pitied by listening milk-maid, far excel  
The deep-mouth'd viol, the soul-lulling lute,  
And battle-breathing trumpet. Artful sounds!  
That please not like the choristers of air,  
When first they hail th' approach of laughing May.

Can Kent design like Nature? Mark where Thames  
Plenty and pleasure pours thro' \* Lincoln's meads;  
Can the great artist, tho' with taste supreme  
Endu'd, one beauty to this Eden add?  
Tho' he, by rules unfetter'd, boldly scorns  
Formality and method, round and square  
Disdaining, plans irregularly great.

Creative Titian, can thy vivid strokes,  
Or thine, O graceful Raphael, dare to vie  
With the rich tints that paint the breathing mead?  
The thousand-colour'd tulip, violet's bell  
Snow-clad and meek, the vermil-tinctur'd rose,  
And golden crocus?—Yet with these the maid,  
Phillis or Phoebe, at a feast or wake,  
Her jetty locks enamels; fairer she,  
In innocence and home-spun vestments dress'd,  
Than if cœrulean sapphires at her ears  
Shone pendent, or a precious diamond-cross  
Heav'd gently on her panting bosom white.

Yon' shepherd idly stretch'd on the rude rock,  
Listening to dashing waves, and sea-mews' clang  
High hovering o'er his head, who views beneath  
The dolphin dancing o'er the level brine,  
Feels more true bliss than the proud Admiral,  
Amid his vessels bright with burnish'd gold  
And silken streamers, tho' his lordly nod  
Ten thousand war-worn mariners revere.  
And great Æneas † gaz'd with more delight  
On the rough mountain shagg'd with horrid shades,  
(Where cloud-compelling Jove, as fancy dream'd,  
Descending shook his direful Ægis black)  
Than if he enter'd the high Capitol  
On golden columns rear'd, a conquer'd world  
Exhausted to enrich its stately head.  
More pleas'd he slept in poor Evander's cott

G 4

On

\* The earl of Lincoln's terrace at Weybridge, in Surry.  
† Æneid VIII.

On shaggy skins, lull'd by sweet nightingales,  
 Than if a Nero, in an age refin'd,  
 Beneath a gorgeous canopy had plac'd  
 His rōyal guest, and bade his minstrels sound  
 Soft slumb'rous Lydian airs, to soothe his rest.

\* Happy the first of men, ere yet confin'd  
 To smoaky cities; who in sheltering groves,  
 Warm caves, and deep-sunk vallies liv'd and lov'd,  
 By cares unwounded; what the sun and showers,  
 And genial earth untillag'd could produce,  
 They gather'd grateful, or the acorn brown,  
 Or blushing berry; by the liquid lapse  
 Of murm'ring waters call'd to slake their thirst,  
 Or with fair nymphs their sun-brown limbs to bathe;  
 With nymphs who fondly clasp'd their fav'rite youths,  
 Unaw'd by shame, beneath the beechen shade,  
 Nor wiles, nor artificial coyness knew.  
 Then doors and walls were not; the melting maid  
 Nor frowns of parents fear'd, nor husband's threats;  
 Nor had curs'd gold their tender hearts allur'd:  
 Then beauty was not venal. Injur'd love,  
 O whither, god of raptures, art thou fled?  
 While avarice waves his golden wand around,  
 Abhor'd magician, and his costly cup  
 Prepares with baneful drugs, t' enchant the souls  
 Of each low-thoughted fair to wed for gain.

In earth's first infancy (as sung the † bard,  
 Who strongly painted what he boldly thought)  
 Tho' the fierce north oft smote with iron whip  
 Their shiv'ring limbs, tho' oft the bristly boar  
 Or hungry lion 'woke them with their howls,  
 And scar'd them from their moss-grown caves to rove  
 Houseless and cold in dark tempestuous nights;  
 Yet were not myriads in embattel'd fields  
 Swept off at once, nor had the raging seas  
 O'erwhelm'd the found'ring bark and shrieking crew;  
 In vain the glassy ocean smil'd to tempt  
 The jolly sailor unsuspecting harm;  
 For commerce ne'er had spread her swelling sails,  
 Nor had the wond'ring Nereids ever heard  
 The dashing oar: then famine, want, and pine,  
 Sunk to the grave their fainting limbs; but us  
 Diseaseful dainties, riot and excess,

And

\* See Lucretius, lib. 5.

† Lucretius,

And feverish luxury destroy. In brakes,  
 Or marshes wild unknowingly they crop'd  
 Herbs of malignant juice; to realms remote  
 While we for pow'rful poisons madly roam,  
 From ev'ry noxious herb collecting death.  
 What tho' unknown to those primeval fires  
 The well-arch'd dome, peopled with breathing forms  
 By fair Italia's skilful hand, unknown  
 The shapely column, and the crumbling busts  
 Of awful ancestors in long descent?  
 Yet why should man mistaken deem it nobler  
 To dwell in palaces, and high-roof'd halls,  
 Than in God's forests, architect supreme!  
 Say, is the Persian carpet, than the field's  
 Or meadow's mantle gay, more richly wov'n;  
 Or softer to the votaries of ease  
 Than bladed grass perfum'd with dew-drop flow'rs?  
 O taste corrupt! that luxury and pomp,  
 In specious names of polish'd manners veil'd,  
 Should proudly banish Nature's simple charms!  
 All-beauteous nature! by thy boundless charms  
 Oppress'd, O where shall I begin thy praise,  
 Where turn th' ecstatick eye, how ease my breast  
 That pants with wild astonishment and love!  
 Dark forests, and the op'ning lawn, refresh'd  
 With ever-gushing brooks, hill, meadow, dale,  
 The balmy bean-field, the gay-clover'd close,  
 So sweetly interchang'd, the lowing ox,  
 The playful lamb, the distant water-fall  
 Now faintly heard, now swelling with the breeze,  
 The sound of pastoral reed from hazel-bower,  
 The choral birds, the neighing steed, that snuffs  
 His dappled mate, stung with intense desire,  
 The ripen'd orchard when the ruddy orbs  
 Betwixt the green leaves blush, the azure skies,  
 The chearful sun that thro' earth's vitals pours  
 Delight and health and heat; all, all conspire,  
 To raise, to soothe, to harmonize the mind,  
 To lift, on wings of praise, to the great Sire  
 Of being and of beauty, at whose nod  
 Creation started from the gloomy vault  
 Of dreary Chaos, while the griesly king  
 Murmur'd to feel his boisterous power confin'd.



What are the lays of artful Addison,  
 Coldly correct, to Shakespear's warblings wild?  
 Whom on the winding Avon's willow'd banks  
 Fair Fancy found, and bore the smiling babe  
 To a close cavern: (still the shepherds shew  
 The sacred place, whence with religious awe  
 They hear, returning from the field at eve,  
 Strange whisp'rings of sweet music thro' the air)  
 Here, as with honey gather'd from the rock,  
 She fed the little prattler, and with songs  
 Oft' sooth'd his wond'ring ears, with deep delight  
 On her soft lap he sat, and caught the sounds.

Oft near some crowded city would I walk,  
 Listening the far-off noises, rattling cars,  
 Loud shouts of joy, sad shrieks of sorrow, knells  
 Full slowly tolling, instruments of trade,  
 Striking mine ears with one deep-swellling hum.  
 Or wand'ring near the sea, attend the sounds  
 Of hollow winds, and ever-beating waves.  
 Ev'n when wild tempests swallow up the plains,  
 And Boreas' blasts, big hail, and rains combine  
 To shake the groves and mountains, would I sit,  
 Pensively musing on th' outrageous crimes  
 That wake heav'n's vengeance: at such solemn hours,  
 Dæmons and goblins thro' the dark air shriek,  
 While Hecat, with her black-brow'd sisters nine,  
 Rides o'er the earth, and scatters woes and death.  
 Then too, they say, in drear Ægyptian wilds  
 The lion and the tiger prowl for prey  
 With roarings loud! the list'ning traveller  
 Starts fear-struck, while the hollow-echoing vaults  
 Of pyramids increase the deathful sounds.

But let me never fail in cloudless nights,  
 When silent Cynthia in her silver car  
 Thro' the blue concave slides, when shine the hills,  
 Twinkle the streams, and woods look tipt with gold,  
 To seek some level mead, and there invoke  
 Old Midnight's sister, Contemplation sage,  
 (Queen of the rugged brow, and stern-fix'd eye)  
 To lift my soul above this little earth,  
 This folly-fetter'd world: to purge my ears,  
 That I may hear the rolling planet's song,  
 And tuneful turning spheres: if this be barr'd,  
 The little Fayes that dance in neighbouring dales,

Sipping

Sipping the night-dew, while they laugh and love,  
 Shall charm me with ærial notes.—As thus  
 I wander musing, lo, what awful forms  
 Yonder appear! sharp-ey'd Philosophy  
 Clad in dun robes, an eagle on his wrist,  
 First meets my eye; next, virgin Solitude  
 Serene, who blushes at each gazer's sight;  
 Then Wisdom's hoary head, with crutch in hand,  
 Trembling, and bent with age; last Virtue's self  
 Smiling, in white array'd, who with her leads  
 Sweet Innocence, that prattles by her side,  
 A naked boy!—Harra's'd with fear I stop,  
 I gaze, when Virtue thus—'Whoe'er thou art,  
 'Mortal, by whom I deign to be beheld  
 'In these my midnight-walks; depart, and say  
 'That henceforth I and my immortal train  
 'Forsake Britannia's isle; who fondly stoops  
 'To vice, her favourite paramour.'—She spoke,  
 And as she turn'd, her round and rosy neck,  
 Her flowing train, and long ambrosial hair,  
 Breathing rich odours, I enamour'd view.

O who will bear me then to western climes,  
 (Since Virtue leaves our wretched land) to fields  
 Yet unpolled with Iberian swords:  
 The isles of innocence, from mortal view  
 Deeply retir'd, beneath a plantane's shade,  
 Where Happiness and Quiet sit enthron'd,  
 With simple Indian swains, that I may hunt  
 The boar and tiger thro' Savannahs wild,  
 Thro' fragrant deserts, and thro' citron-groves.  
 There fed on dates and herbs, would I despise  
 The far-fetch'd cates of Luxury, and hoards  
 Of narrow-hearted Avarice; nor heed  
 The distant din of the tumultuous world.  
 So when rude whirlwinds rouse the roaring main,  
 Beneath fair Thetis sits, in coral caves,  
 Serenely gay, nor sinking sailors' cries  
 Disturb her sportive nymphs, who round her form  
 The light fantastic dance, or for her hair  
 Weave rosy crowns, or with according lutes  
 Grace the soft warbles of her honied voice.

The POETICAL  
ODE TO FANCY.

[J. WHARTON.]

**O** PARENT of each lovely Muse,  
Thy spirit o'er my soul diffuse,  
O'er all my artless songs preside,  
My footsteps to thy temple guide,  
To offer, at thy turf-built shrine,  
In golden cups no costly wine,  
No murder'd fatling of the flock,  
But flowers and honey from the rock.

O Nymph, with loosely-flowing hair,  
With buskin'd leg, and bosom bare,  
Thy waist with myrtle-girdle bound,  
Thy brows with Indian feathers crown'd,  
Waving in thy snowy hand  
An all-commanding magic wand,  
Of pow'r to bid fresh gardens blow  
'Mid cheerless Lapland's barren snow,  
Whose rapid wings thy flight convey  
Thro' air, and over earth and sea,  
While the vast various landskip lies  
Conspicuous to thy piercing eyes.  
O lover of the desert, hail!  
Say, in what deep and pathless vale,  
Or on what hoary mountain's side,  
'Mid falls of water you reside,  
'Mid broken rocks, a rugged scene,  
With green and grassy dales between,  
'Mid forests dark of aged oak,  
Ne'er echoing with the woodman's stroke,  
Where never human art appear'd,  
Nor e'en one straw-roof'd cot was rear'd,  
Where Nature seems to sit alone,  
Majestic on a craggy throne;  
Tell me the path, sweet wand'rer, tell,  
To thy unknown sequester'd cell,  
Where woodbines cluster round the door,  
Where shells and moss o'erlay the floor,  
And on whose top an hawthorn blows,  
Amid whose thickly-woven boughs  
Some nightingale still builds her nest,  
Each evening warbling thee to rest:

Then



Then lay me by the haunted stream,  
 Rapt in some wild, poetic dream,  
 In converse while methinks I rove  
 With Spenser thro' a fairy grove;  
 Till suddenly awoke, I hear  
 Strange whisper'd music in my ear,  
 And my glad soul in bliss is drown'd  
 By the sweetly-soothing sound.

Me, Goddess, by the right-hand lead,  
 Sometimes thro' the yellow mead,  
 Where Joy and white-rob'd Peace resort,  
 And Venus keeps her festive court,  
 Where Mirth and Youth each evening meet,  
 And lightly trip with nimble feet,  
 Nodding their lily-crowned heads:  
 Where Laughter rose-lip'd Hebe leads;  
 Where Echo walks steep hills among,  
 List'ning to the shepherd's song.

Yet not these flow'ry fields of joy  
 Can long my pensive mind employ:  
 Haste, Fancy, from these scenes of folly,  
 To meet the matron Melancholy,  
 Goddess of the tearful eye,  
 That loves to fold her arms and sigh!  
 Let us with silent footsteps go  
 To charnels and the house of woe,  
 To Gothic churches, vaults, and tombs,  
 Where each sad night some virgin comes,  
 With throbbing breast, and faded cheek,  
 Her promis'd bridegroom's urn to seek;  
 Or to some Abby's mould'ring tow'rs,  
 Where, to avoid cold wintry show'rs,  
 The naked beggar shiv'ring lies,  
 While whistling tempests round her rise,  
 And trembles lest the tott'ring wall  
 Should on her sleeping infants fall.

Now let us louder strike the lyre,  
 For my heart glows with martial fire,  
 I feel, I feel, with sudden heat,  
 My big tumultuous bosom beat;  
 The trumpet's clangors pierce mine ear,  
 A thousand widows' shrieks I hear,  
 Give me another horse, I cry,  
 Lo! the base Gallic squadrons fly;

Whence

Whence is this rage? — What spirit, say,  
 To battle hurries me away?  
 'Tis Fancy, in her fiery car,  
 Transports me to the thickest war,  
 There whirls me o'er the hills of slain,  
 Where Tumult and Destruction reign;  
 Where mad with pain the wounded steed  
 Tramples the dying and the dead:  
 Where giant-Terror stalks around,  
 With sullen joy surveys the ground,  
 And pointing to th' ensanguin'd field  
 Shakes his dreadful Gorgon-shield!

O guide me from this horrid scene,  
 To high-arch'd walks and alleys green,  
 Which lovely Laura seeks, to shun  
 The fervours of the mid-day sun;  
 The pangs of absence, O remove,  
 For thou canst place me near my love,  
 Canst fold in visionary bliss,  
 And let me think I steal a kiss.

When young-ey'd Spring profusely throws  
 From her green lap the pink and rose;  
 When the soft turtle of the dale  
 To Summer tells her tender tale,  
 When Autumn cooling caverns seeks,  
 And stains with wine his jolly cheeks,  
 When Winter, like poor pilgrim old,  
 Shakes his silver beard with cold,  
 At ev'ry season let my ear  
 Thy solemn whispers, Fancy, hear.

O warm, enthusiastic maid,  
 Without thy pow'rful, vital aid,  
 That breathes an energy divine,  
 That gives a soul to ev'ry line,  
 Ne'er may I strive with lips profane  
 To utter an unhallow'd strain,  
 Nor dare to touch the sacred string,  
 Save when with smiles thou bid'st me sing:

O hear our prayer, O hither come  
 From thy lamented Shakespear's tomb,  
 On which thou lov'st to sit at eve,  
 Musing o'er thy darling's grave;  
 O Queen of numbers, once again  
 Animate some chosen swain,

Who

Who fill'd with unexhausted fire,  
 May boldly strike the sounding lyre,  
 May rise above the rhyming throng,  
 And with some new, unequal'd song  
 O'er all our list'ning passions reign,  
 O'erwhelm our souls with joy and pain;  
 With terror shake, with pity move,  
 Rouze with revenge, or melt with love.  
 O deign t' attend his ev'ning walk,  
 With him in groves and grottos talk:  
 Teach him to scorn with frigid art  
 Feebly to touch th' unraptur'd heart;  
 Like light'ning, let his mighty verse  
 The bosom's inmost foldings pierce:  
 With native beauties win applause,  
 Beyond cold critics' studied laws:  
 O let each Muse's fame increase,  
 O bid Britannia rival Greece!

## L' A L L E G R O.

[MILTON.]

**H**ENCE loathed Melancholy,  
 Of Cerberus, and blackest midnight born,  
 In Stygian cave forlorn  
 'Mongst horrid shapes, and shrieks, and sights unholy;  
 Find out some uncouth cell,  
 Where brooding darkness spreads his jealous wings,  
 And the night-raven sings;  
 There under ebon shades, and low-brow'd rocks,  
 As ragged as thy locks,  
 In dark Cimmerian desert ever dwell.  
 But come thou goddess fair and free,  
 In heav'n yclep'd Euphrosyne,  
 And by men heart-easing Mirth,  
 Whom lovely Venus at a birth  
 With two sister Graces more  
 To ivy-crowned Bacchus bore;  
 Or whether (as some sages sing)  
 The frolic wind that breathes the spring,  
 Zephyr with Aurora playing,  
 As he met her once a maying,  
 There on beds of violets blue,  
 And fresh-blown roses wash'd in dew,



Fill'd her with thee a daughter fair,  
So buxom, blithe, and debonair.

Haste thee, nymph, and bring with thee  
Jest and youthful jollity,

Quips and cranks, and wanton wiles,  
Nods, and becks, and wreathed smiles,

Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,  
And love to live in dimple fleck ;

Sport that wrinkled care derides,  
And Laughter holding both his sides.

Come, and trip it as you go

On the light fantastic toe ;

And in thy right-hand lead with thee

The mountain-nymph, sweet Liberty ;

And if I give thee honour due,

Mirth, admit me of thy crew,

To live with her, and live with thee,

In unreprieved pleasures free :

To hear the lark begin his flight,

And singing startle the dull night,

From his watch-tow'r in the skies,

Till the dappled dawn doth rise ;

Then to come in spite of sorrow,

And at my window bid good-morrow,

Through the sweet-briar, or the vine,

Or the twisted eglantine :

While the cock with lively din

Scatters the rear of darkness thin,

And to the stack, or the barn-door,

Stoutly struts his dames before :

Oft list'ning how the hounds and horn

Chearly rouse the slumb'ring morn,

From the side of some hoar hill,

Through the high wood echoing shrill :

Sometime walking not unseen

By hedge-row elms, on hillocks green,

Right against the eastern gate,

Where the great sun begins his state,

Rob'd in flames, and amber light,

The clouds in thousand liveries dight :

While the plow-man near at hand

Whistles o'er the furrow'd land,

And the milkmaid singeth blithe,

And the mower whets his scythe,

And every shepherd tells his tale  
Under the hawthorn in the dale.

Straight mine eye hath caught new pleasures,  
Whilst the landskip round it measures ;  
Ruffet lawns, and fallows gray,  
Where the nibbling flocks do stray ;  
Mountains on whose barren breast  
The labouring clouds do often rest ;  
Meadows trim with daisies pied :  
Shallow brooks, and rivers wide :  
Towers and battlements it sees  
Bosom'd high in tufted trees,  
Where perhaps some beauty lies,  
The Cynosure of neighbouring eyes.  
Hard by a cottage-chimney smokes,  
From betwixt two aged oaks,  
Where Corydon and Thyrsis met,  
Are at their savoury dinner set  
Of herbs, and other country-messes,  
Which the neat-handed Phyllis dresses ;  
And then in haste her bower she leaves,  
With Thestylis to bind his sheaves ;  
Or, if the earlier season lead,  
To the tann'd haycock in the mead.

Sometimes with secure delight  
The upland hamlets will invite,  
When the merry bells ring round,  
And the jocund rebecks sound  
To many a youth, and many a maid,  
Dancing in the chequer'd shade ;  
And young and old come forth to play  
On a sunshine holiday,  
Till the live-long day-light fail ;  
Then to the spicy nut-brown ale,  
With stories told of many a feat,  
How Fairy Mab the junkets eat ;  
She was pincht, and pull'd, she said,  
And he by friars' lantern led ;  
Tells how the drudging Goblin swet,  
To earn his cream-bowl duly set,  
When in one night, ere glimpse of morn,  
His shadowy flail hath thresh'd the corn,  
That ten day-labourers could not end,  
Then lies him down the lubbar fiend,

And

And stretch'd out all the chimney's length,  
 Basks at the fire his hairy strength;  
 And crop-full out of doors he flings,  
 Ere the first cock his matten rings.  
 Thus done the tales, to bed they creep,  
 By whispering winds soon lull'd asleep.

Tow' red cities please us then,  
 And the busy hum of men,  
 Where throngs of knights and barons bold,  
 In weeds of peace high triumphs hold,  
 With store of ladies, whose bright eyes  
 Rain influence, and judge the prize  
 Of wit or arms, while both contend  
 To win her grace, whom all commend.  
 There let Hymen oft appear  
 In saffron robe, with taper clear,  
 And pomp, and feast, and revelry,  
 With mask, and antique pageantry,  
 Such sights as youthful poets dream  
 On summer eves by haunted stream.  
 Then to the well-trod stage anon,  
 If Johnson's learned sock be on,  
 Or sweetest Shakespear, fancy's child,  
 Warble his native wood-notes wild.

And ever against eating cares,  
 Lap me in soft Lydian airs,  
 Married to immortal verse,  
 Such as the meeting soul may pierce  
 In notes, with many a winding bout  
 Of linked sweetness long drawn out,  
 With wanton heed, and giddy cunning,  
 The melting voice thro' mazes running;  
 Untwisting all the chains that tie  
 The hidden soul of Harmony:  
 That Orpheus' self may heave his head  
 From golden slumber on a bed  
 Of heap'd Elysian flowers, and hear  
 Such strains as would have won the ear  
 Of Pluto, to have quite set free  
 His half-regain'd Eurydice.

These delights if thou canst give,  
 Mirth, with thee I mean to live.



## I L P E N S E R O S O.

[MILTON.]

**H**ENCE vain deluding joys,  
The brood of folly without father bred !  
How little you bested,

Or fill the fixed mind with all your toys !  
Dwell in some idle brain,  
And fancies fond with gaudy shapes possess,  
As thick and numberless

As the gay motes that people the sun-beams,  
Or likest hovering dreams,

The fickle pensioners of Morpheus' train.

But hail thou Goddess, sage and holy,  
Hail divinest Melancholy,

Whose faintly visage is too bright  
To hit the sense of human sight ;

And therefore to our weaker view

O'erlaid with black, staid wisdom's hue ;

Black, but such as in esteem,

Prince Memnon's sister might beseem,

Or that starr'd Ethiop queen that strove

To set her beauty's praise above

The sea-nymphs, and their pow'rs offended :

Yet thou art higher far descended.

Thee bright-hair'd Vesta long of yore

To solitary Saturn bore ;

His daughter she (in Saturn's reign

Such mixture was not held a stain)

Oft, in glimmering bowers and glades,

He met her, and in secret shades

Of woody Ida's inmost grove,

While yet there was no fear of Jove.

Come, pensive nun, devout and pure,

Sober, stedfast, and demure,

All in a robe of darkest grain,

Flowing with majestic train,

And sable stole of cypress-lawn,

Over thy decent shoulders drawn.

Come, but keep thy wonted state,

With ev'n step, and musing gait,

And looks commercing with the skies,

Thy rapt soul sitting in thine eyes :

There

There held in holy passion still,  
 Forget thyself to marble, till  
 With a sad leaden downward cast,  
 Thou fix them on the earth as fast.  
 And join with thee calm Peace, and Quiet,  
 Spare Fast, that oft with gods doth diet,  
 And hears the Muses in a ring,  
 Ay round about Jove's altar sing;  
 And add to these retired Leisure,  
 That in trim gardens takes his pleasure.  
 But first, and chiefest, with thee bring  
 Him that yon soars on golden wing,  
 Guiding the fiery-wheeled throne,  
 The Cherub Contemplation:  
 And the mute silence hift along,  
 'Less Philomel will deign a song  
 In her sweetest, saddest plight,  
 Smoothing the rugged brow of night,  
 While Cynthia checks her dragon-yoke,  
 Gently o'er the accustom'd oak;  
 Sweet bird that shunn'st the noise of folly,  
 Most musical, most melancholy!  
 Thee, chauntress, oft the woods among,  
 I woo to hear thy ev'ning song:  
 And missing thee, I walk unseen  
 On the dry smooth-shaven green,  
 To behold the wand'ring moon,  
 Riding near her highest noon,  
 Like one that had been led astray  
 Through the heav'n's wide pathless way;  
 And oft, as if her head she bow'd,  
 Stooping through a fleecy cloud.  
 Oft on a plat of rising ground,  
 I hear the far-off Curfew sound,  
 Over some wide-water'd shore,  
 Swinging slow with sullen roar.  
 Or if the air will not permit,  
 Some still removed place will fit,  
 Where glowing embers through the room  
 Teach light to counterfeit a gloom,  
 Far from all resort of mirth,  
 Save the cricket on the hearth,  
 Or the belman's drowzy charm,  
 To bless the doors from nightly harm.

Or let my lamp, at midnight hour,  
 Be seen in some high lonely tow'r,  
 Where I may oft out-watch the Bear,  
 With thrice-great Hermes, or unsphere  
 The spirit of Plato, to unfold  
 What worlds, or what vast regions hold  
 The immortal mind that hath forsook  
 Her mansion in this fleshly nook :  
 And of those Dæmons that are found  
 In fire, air, flood, or under ground,  
 Whose power hath a true consent  
 With planet, or with element.

Sometime let gorgeous Tragedy  
 In scepter'd pall come sweeping by,  
 Presenting Thebes, or Pelop's line,  
 Or the tale of Troy divine,  
 Or what (though rare) of later age  
 Ennobl'd hath the buskin'd stage.

But, O sad virgin, that thy power  
 Might raise Musæus from his bower,  
 Or bid the soul of Orpheus sing  
 Such notes as, warbled to the string,  
 Drew iron tears down Pluto's cheek,  
 And made hell grant what love did seek.  
 Or call up him that left half-told  
 The story of Cambuscan bold,  
 Of Camball, and of Algarife,  
 And who had Canace to wife,  
 That own'd the virtuous ring and glass,  
 And of the wond'rous horse of brass,  
 On which the Tartar king did ride ;  
 And if aught else great bards beside  
 In sage and solemn tunes have sung,  
 Of tourneys and of trophies hung,  
 Of forests, and enchantments drear,  
 Where more is meant than meets the ear.

Thus, night, oft see me in thy pale career,  
 Till civil-suited morn appear,  
 Not trick'd and flounce'd as she was wont  
 With the Attick boy to hunt,  
 But kerchief'd in a comely cloud,  
 While rocking winds are piping loud,  
 Or usher'd with a shower still,  
 When the gulf has blown his fill,

Ending



Ending on the rustling leaves,  
With minute drops from off the eaves.

And when the sun begins to fling  
His flaming beams, me, Goddess, bring  
To arched walks of twilight groves,  
And shadows brown that Sylvan loves  
Of pine, or monumental oak,  
Where the rude ax, with heaved stroke,  
Was never heard the nymphs to daunt,  
Or fright them from their hallow'd haunt.  
There in close covert by some brook,  
Where no profaner eye may look,  
Hide me from day's garish eye,  
While the bee with honied thigh,  
That at her flow'ry work doth sing,  
And the waters murmuring,  
With such concert as they keep,  
Entice the dewy-feather'd sleep :  
And let some strange mysterious dream  
Wave at his wings in airy stream  
Of lively portraiture display'd,  
Softly on my eye-lids laid.  
And as I wake, sweet music breathe,  
Above, about, or underneath,  
Sent by some spirit to mortals good,  
Or th' unseen Genius of the wood.

But let my due feet never fail  
To walk the studious cloysters pale,  
And love the high embowed roof,  
With antique pillars massy proof,  
And storied windows richly dight,  
Casting a dim religious light.  
There let the pealing organ blow  
To the full-voiced quire below,  
In service high, and anthems clear,  
As may with sweetness, thro' mine ear,  
Dissolve me into extasies,  
And bring all heav'n before mine eyes.

And may at last my weary age  
Find out the peaceful hermitage,  
The hairy gown and mossy cell,  
Where I may sit and rightly spell  
Of ev'ry star that heav'n doth shew,  
And every herb that sips the dew :

Till

Till old experience do attain  
 To something like prophetic strain.  
 These pleasures, Melancholy, give,  
 And I with thee will choose to live.

## The W I S H.

[GREEN.]

**C**ONTENTMENT, parent of delight,  
 So much a stranger to our sight,  
 Say, goddess, in what happy place  
 Mortals behold thy blooming face;  
 Thy gracious auspices impart,  
 And for thy temple choose my heart.  
 They, whom thou deignest to inspire,  
 Thy science learn, to bound desire;  
 By happy alchymy of mind  
 They turn to pleasure all they find;  
 They both disdain in outward mien  
 The grave and solemn garb of Spleen,  
 And meretricious arts of dress,  
 To feign a joy, and hide distress:  
 Unmov'd when the rude tempest blows,  
 Without an opiate they repose;  
 And cover'd by your shield, defy  
 The whizzing shafts, that round them fly:  
 Nor meddling with the gods' affairs,  
 Concern themselves with distant cares;  
 But place their bliss in mental rest,  
 And feast upon the good possess'd.

Forc'd by soft violence of pray'r,  
 The blithsome goddess sooths my care,  
 I feel the deity inspire,  
 And thus she models my desire.  
 Two hundred pounds half-yearly paid,  
 Annuity securely made,  
 A farm some twenty miles from town,  
 Small, tight, salubrious, and my own;  
 Two maids, that never saw the town,  
 A serving-man not quite a clown,  
 A boy to help to tread the mow,  
 And drive, while t'other holds the plough;  
 A chief of temper form'd to please,  
 Fit to converse, and keep the keys;

And .

And better to preserve the peace,  
 Commission'd by the name of niece;  
 With understandings of a size  
 To think their master very wise.  
 May heav'n (its all I wish for) send  
 One genial room to treat a friend,  
 Where decent cup-board, little plate,  
 Display benevolence, not state.  
 And may my humble dwelling stand  
 Upon some chosen spot of land:  
 A pond before full to the brim,  
 Where cows may cool, and geese may swim:  
 Behind, a green like velvet neat,  
 Soft to the eye, and to the feet;  
 Where od'rous plants in evening fair  
 Breathe all around ambrosial air;  
 From Eurus, foe to kitchen-ground,  
 Fenc'd by a slope with bushes crown'd,  
 Fit dwelling for the feather'd throng,  
 Who pay their quit-rents with a song;  
 With op'ning views of hill and dale,  
 Which sense and fancy too regale,  
 Where the half-cirque, which vision bounds,  
 Like amphitheatre furrounds:  
 And woods impervious to the breeze,  
 Thick phalanx of embodied trees,  
 From hills through plains in dusk array  
 Extended far, repel the day.  
 Here stillness, height, and solemn shade  
 Invite, and contemplation aid:  
 Here nymphs from hollow oaks relate  
 The dark decrees and will of fate,  
 And dreams beneath the spreading beech  
 Inspire, and docile fancy teach,  
 While soft as breezy breath of wind,  
 Impulses rustle through the mind:  
 Here Dryads, scorning Phoebus' ray,  
 While Pan melodious pipes away,  
 In measur'd motions frisk about,  
 'Till old Silenus puts them out.  
 There see the clover, pea, and bean,  
 Vie in variety of green;  
 Fresh pastures speckled o'er with sheep,  
 Brown fields their fallow sabbaths keep,

Plump



# P R E C E P T O R.

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Plump Ceres golden tresses wear,  
And poppy top-knots deck her hair,  
And silver streams through meadows stray,  
And Naiads on the margin play,  
And lesser nymphs on side of hills  
From play-thing urns pour down the rills.

Thus shelter'd, free from care and strife,

May I enjoy a calm through life;

See faction, safe in low degree,

As men at land see storms at sea,

And laugh at miserable elves,

Not kind so much as to themselves,

Curs'd with such souls of base alloy,

As can possess, but not enjoy;

Debarr'd the pleasure to impart

By av'rice, sphincter of the heart,

Who wealth, hard-earn'd by guilty cares,

Bequeath untouch'd to thankless heirs.

May I, with look ungloom'd by guile,

And wearing Virtue's liv'ry smile,

Prone the distressed to relieve,

And little trespasses forgive,

With income not in Fortune's pow'r,

And skill to make a busy hour,

With trips to town life to amuse,

To purchase books, and hear the news,

To see old friends, brush off the clown,

And quicken taste at coming down,

Unhurt by sickness' blasting rage,

And slowly mellowing in age,

When Fate extends its gathering gripe,

Fall off like fruit grown fully ripe,

Quit a worn being without pain,

In hope to blossom soon again.

## ELEGY to a YOUNG NOBLEMAN leaving the UNIVERSITY. [MASON.]

**E**RE yet, ingenuous youth, thy steps retire  
From Cam's smooth margin, and the peaceful vale,  
Where Science call'd thee to her studious quire,  
And met thee musing in her cloysters' pale;  
O! let thy friend (and may he boast the name)  
Breathe from his artless reed one parting lay;

H

A lay

A lay like this thy early virtues claim,  
 And this let voluntary friendship pay.  
 Yet know, the time arrives, the dangerous time,  
 When all those virtues, opening now so fair,  
 Transplanted to the world's tempestuous clime,  
 Must learn each passion's boist'rous breath to bear.  
 There, if Ambition pestilent and pale,  
 Or Luxury should taint their vernal glow;  
 If cold Self-interest, with her chilling gale,  
 Should blast th' unfolding blossoms ere they blow;  
 If mimic hues, by Art, or Fashion spread,  
 Their genuine, simple colouring should supply;  
 O! with them may these laureate honours fade;  
 And with them (if it can) my friendship die.  
 —And do not blame, if, tho' thyself inspire,  
 Cautious I strike the panegyric string;  
 The muse full oft pursues a meteor-fire,  
 And, vainly vent'rous, soars on waxen wing.  
 Too actively awake at Friendship's voice,  
 The poet's bosom pours the fervent strain,  
 Till sad reflection blames the hasty choice,  
 And oft invokes oblivion's aid in vain.  
 Go then, my friend, nor let thy candid breast  
 Condemn me, if I check the plausible string;  
 Go to the wayward world; compleat the rest;  
 Be, what the purest muse would wish to sing.  
 Be still thyself; that open path of truth,  
 Which led thee here, let manhood firm pursue;  
 Retain the sweet simplicity of youth,  
 And, all thy virtue dictates, dare to do.  
 Still scorn, with conscious pride, the mask of art;  
 On vice's front let fearful caution lour,  
 And teach the diffident, discreeter part  
 Of knaves that plot, and fools that fawn for power.  
 So, round thy brow when age's honours spread,  
 When Death's cold hand unstrings thy MASON's lyre,  
 When the green turf lies lightly on his head,  
 Thy worth shall some superior bard inspire:  
 He, to the amplest bounds of Time's domain,  
 On Rapture's plume shall give thy name to fly;  
 For trust, with rev'rence trust this Sabine strain:  
 "The Muse forbids the virtuous man to die."

SHEEP-SHEARING: SONG on that Occasion:  
Sheep-shearing Feast and Merriments.

[DYER.]

**N**OW, jolly swains, the harvest of your cares  
Prepare to reap, and seek the sounding caves  
Of high Brigantium\*, where, by ruddy flames,  
Vulcan's strong sons, with nervous arm, around  
The steady anvil, and the glaring mass,  
Clatter their heavy hammers down by turns,  
Flatt'ning the steel; from their rough hands receive  
The sharpen'd instrument, that from the flock  
Severs the fleece. If verdant elder spreads  
Her silver flow'rs; if humble daisies yield  
To yellow crow-foot, and luxuriant grass,  
Gay shearing-time approaches. First, howe'er,  
Drive to the double fold, upon the brim  
Of a clear river, gently drive the flock,  
And plunge them one by one into the flood:  
Plung'd in the flood, not long the struggler sinks,  
With his white flakes, that glisten thro' the tide;  
The sturdy rustic, in the middle wave,  
Awaits to seize him rising; one arm bears  
His lifted head above the limpid stream,  
While the full clammy fleece the other laves  
Around, laborious, with repeated toil;  
And then resigns him to the sunny bank,  
Where, bleating loud, he shakes his dripping locks.

Shear them the fourth or fifth return of morn,  
Lest touch of busy fly-blows wound their skin:  
Thy peaceful subjects without murmur yield  
Their yearly tribute: 'tis the prudent part  
To cherish and be gentle, while ye strip  
The downy vesture from their tender sides,  
Press not too close; with caution turn the points;  
And from the head in reg'lar rounds proceed:  
But speedy, when ye chance to wound, with tar  
Prevent the wingy swarm and scorching heat;  
And careful house them, if the low'ring clouds  
Mingle their stores tumultuous: through the gloom  
Then thunder oft with pond'rous wheels rolls loud,  
And breaks the crystal urns of heav'n: adown  
Falls streaming rain. Sometimes among the steeps

\* The caves of Brigantium—the forges of Sheffield in Yorkshire, where the shepherd's shears and all edge-tools are made.



Of Cambrian glades, (pity the Cambrian glades)  
 Fast tumbling brooks on brooks enormous swell,  
 And sudden overwhelm their vanish'd fields:  
 Down with the flood away the naked sheep,  
 Bleating in vain, are borne, and straw-built huts,  
 And rifted trees, and heavy enormous rocks,  
 Down with the rapid torrent to the deep.

At shearing-time, along the lively vales,  
 Rural festivities are often heard:  
 Beneath each blooming arbour all is joy  
 And lusty merriment: while on the grass  
 The mingled youth in gaudy circles sport,  
 We think the golden age again return'd,  
 And all the fabled Dryades in dance,  
 Leering they bound along, with laughing air,  
 To the shrill pipe, and deep remurm'ring cords,  
 Of th' ancient harp, or tabor's hollow sound.

While th' old apart, upon a bank reclin'd,  
 Attend the tuneful carol, softly mixt  
 With ev'ry murmur of the sliding wave,  
 And ev'ry warble of the feather'd choir;  
 Music of paradise! which still is heard,  
 When the heart listens; still the views appear  
 Of the first happy garden, when content  
 To nature's flow'ry scenes directs the sight.  
 Yet we abandon those Elysian walks,  
 Then idly for the lost delight repine:  
 As greedy mariners, whose desp'rate sails  
 Skim o'er the billows of the foamy flood,  
 Fancy they see the less'ning shores retire,  
 And sigh a farewell to the sinking hills.

Could I recall those notes, which once the Muse  
 Heard at a shearing, near the woody sides  
 Of blue-top'd Wreakin\*. Yet the carols sweet,  
 Through the deep maze of the memorial cell,  
 Faintly remurmur. First arose in song  
 Hoar-headed DAMON, venerable swain,  
 The soothest shepherd of the flow'ry vale.

" This is no vulgar scene: no palace-roof  
 " Was e'er so lofty, nor so nobly rise  
 " Their polish'd pillars, as these aged oaks,  
 " Which o'er our fleecy wealth and harmless sports  
 " Thus have expanded wide their shelt'ring arms,

" Thrice

\* Wreakin, a high hill in Shropshire.

- " Thrice told an hundred summers. Sweet content,  
 " Ye gentle shepherds, pillow us at night."  
 " Yes, tuneful DAMON, for our cares are short,  
 " Rising and falling with the chearful day,"  
 COLIN reply'd, " and pleasing weariness  
 " Soon our unaching heads to sleep inclines.  
 " Is it in cities so? where, poets tell,  
 " The cries of sorrow sadden all the streets,  
 " And the diseases of intemperate wealth.  
 " Alas, that any ills from wealth should rise!  
 " May the sweet nightingale on yonder spray,  
 " May this clear stream, these lawns, those snow-white  
     lambs,  
 " Which, with a pretty innocence of look,  
 " Skip on the green, and race in little troops;  
 " May that great lamp, which sinks behind the hills,  
 " And streams around variety of lights,  
 " Recall them erring: this is DAMON's wish.  
 " Huge Breaden's \* stony summit once I climb'd  
 " After a kidding: DAMON, what a scene!  
 " What various views unnumber'd spread beneath!  
 " Woods, tow'rs, vales, caves, dells, cliffs, and torrent  
     floods;  
 " And here and there, between the spiry rocks,  
 " The broad, flat sea. Far nobler prospects these,  
 " Than gardens, black with smok, in dusty towns,  
 " Where stenchy vapours often blot the sun:  
 " Yet, flying from his quiet, thither crowds  
 " Each greedy wretch for tardy-rising wealth,  
 " Which comes too late; that courts the taste in vain,  
 " Or nauseates with distempers. Yes, ye rich,  
 " Still, still be rich, if thus ye fashion life;  
 " And piping, careless, silly shepherds we,  
 " We silly shepherds, all intent to feed  
 " Our snowy flocks, and wind the flecky fleece."  
 " Deem not, howe'er, our occupation mean,"  
 DAMON reply'd, " while the SUPREME accounts  
 " Well of the faithful shepherd, rank'd alike  
 " With king and priest: they also shepherds are;  
 " For so th' All-seeing stiles them, to remind  
 " Elated man, forgetful of his charge."  
 " But haste, begin the rites: see purple Eve  
 " Stretches her shadows: all ye nymphs and swains,

\* Breaden, a hill on the borders of Montgomeryshire.

" Hither assemble. Pleas'd with honours due,  
 " SABRINA, guardian of the crystal flood,  
 " Shall bless our cares, when she by moonlight clear  
 " Skims o'er the dales, and eyes our sleeping folds:  
 " Or in hoar caves, around Plynlymmon's brow,  
 " Where precious minerals dart their purple gleams,  
 " Among her sisters she reclines; the lov'd  
 " Vaga \*, profuse of graces, Ryddol \* rough,  
 " Blithe Ystwith \*, and Clevedoc \* swift of foot;  
 " And mingles various seeds of flow'rs, and herbs,  
 " In the divided torrents, ere they burst  
 " Thro' the dark clouds, and down the mountain roll.  
 " Nor taint-worm shall infect the yeaning herds,  
 " Nor penny-grass, nor spearwort's pois'nous leaf."

He said: with light fantastic toe, the nymphs  
 Thither assembled, thither ev'ry swain;  
 And o'er the dimpled stream a thousand flow'rs,  
 Pale lilies, roses, violets, and pinks,  
 Mix'd with the greens of burnet, mint, and thyme,  
 And trefoil, sprinkled with their sportive arms.

Such custom holds along th' irriguous vales,  
 From Wreakin's brow to rocky Dolvoryn †,  
 Sabrina's early haunt, ere yet she fled  
 The search of Guendolen, her stepdame proud,  
 With envious hate enrag'd. The jolly chear,  
 Spread on a mossy bank, untouch'd abides,  
 Till cease the rites: and now the mossy bank  
 Is gayly circl'd, and the jolly chear  
 Dispers'd in copious measure; early fruits,  
 And those of frugal store, in husk or rind;  
 Steep'd grain, and curdled milk with dulcet cream  
 Soft temper'd, in full merriment they quaff,  
 And cast about their gibes; and some apace  
 Whistle to roundelays: their little ones  
 Look on delighted: while the mountain-woods,  
 And winding vallies, with the various notes  
 Of pipe, sheep, kine, and birds, and liquid brooks,  
 Unite their echoes: near at hand the wide  
 Majestic wave of Severn slowly rolls  
 Along the deep-divided glebe: the flood,

\* Vaga, Ryddol, Ystwith, and Clevedoc, rivers, the springs of  
 which rise in the fides of Plynlymmon.

† Dolvoryn, a ruinous castle in Montgomeryshire, on the banks  
 of the Severn.

And



And trading bark with low contracted sail,  
Linger among the reeds and copsey banks  
To listen; and to view the joyous scene.

## O n G E N I U S.

[AKENSIDE.]

**F**ROM Heav'n my strains begin; from Heav'n descends  
The flame of genius to the human breast,  
And love and beauty, and poetic joy,  
And inspiration. Ere the radiant sun  
Sprang from the east, or 'mid the vault of night  
The moon suspended her serener lamp;  
Ere mountains, woods, or streams adorn'd the globe,  
Or wisdom taught the sons of men her lore;  
Then liv'd th' almighty ONE: then deep retir'd  
In his unfathom'd essence, view'd the forms,  
The forms eternal of created things;  
The radiant sun, the moon's nocturnal lamp,  
The mountains, woods and streams, the rolling globe,  
And wisdom's mien cœlestial. From the first  
Of days, on them his love divine he fix'd,  
His admiration: till in time compleat,  
What he admir'd and lov'd, his vital smile  
Unfolded into being. Hence the breath  
Of life informing each organic frame,  
Hence the green earth, and wild-resounding waves;  
Hence light and shade alternate; warmth and cold;  
And clear autumnal skies and vernal show'rs,  
And all the fair variety of things.

But not alike to every mortal eye  
Is this great scene unveil'd. For since the claims  
Of social life, to diff'rent labours urge  
The active pow'rs of man; with wise intent  
The hand of nature on peculiar minds  
Imprints a diff'rent byass, and to each  
Decrees its province in the common toil.  
To some she taught the fabric of the sphere,  
The changeful moon, the circuit of the stars,  
The golden zones of heav'n: to some she gave  
To weigh the moment of eternal things,  
Of time, and space; and fate's unbroken chain,  
And will's quick impulse: others by the hand  
She led o'er vales and mountains, to explore

What healing virtue swells the tender veins  
 Of herbs and flow'rs; or what the beams of morn-  
 Draw forth, distilling from the clefted rind  
 In balmy tears. But some, to higher hopes  
 Were destin'd; some within a finer mould  
 She wrought, and temper'd with a purer flame.  
 To these the fire omnipotent unfolds  
 The world's harmonious volume, there to read  
 The transcript of himself. On every part  
 They trace the bright impressions of his hand:  
 In earth or air, the meadow's purple stores,  
 The moon's mild radiance, or the virgin's form  
 Blooming with rosy smiles, they see portray'd  
 That uncreated beauty, which delights  
 The mind supreme. *They* also feel her charms,  
 Enamour'd; they partake th' eternal joy.

For as old Memnon's image, long renown'd  
 By fabling Nilus, to the quiv'ring touch  
 Of Titan's ray, with each repulsive string  
 Consenting, sounded thro' the warbling air  
 Unbidden strains; even so did nature's hand  
 To certain species of eternal things,  
 Attune the finer organs of the mind:  
 So the glad impulse of congenial pow'rs,  
 Or of sweet sound, or fair proportion'd form,  
 The grace of motion, or the bloom of light,  
 Thrills thro' imagination's tender frame,  
 From nerve to nerve: all naked and alive  
 They catch the spreading rays: till now the soul  
 At length discloses every tuneful spring,  
 To that harmonious movement from without  
 Responsive. Then the inexpressive strain  
 Diffuses its enchantment: fancy dreams  
 Of sacred fountains and Elysian groves,  
 And vales of bliss: the intellectual pow'r  
 Bends from his awful throne a wond'ring ear,  
 And smiles; the passions, gently sooth'd away,  
 Sink to divine repose, and love and joy  
 Alone are waking; love and joy, serene  
 As airs that fan the summer. O! attend,  
 Whoe'er thou art, whom these delights can touch,  
 Whose candid bosom the refining love  
 Of nature warms, Oh! listen to my song;  
 And I will guide thee to her fav'rite walks,

And

And teach thy solitude her voice to hear,  
And point her loveliest features to thy view.

Know then, whate'er of nature's pregnant stores,  
Whate'er of mimic art's reflected forms  
With love and admiration thus inflame  
The pow'rs of fancy, her delighted sons  
To three illustrious orders have refer'd;  
Three sister-graces, whom the painter's hand,  
The poet's tongue confesses; the *sublime*,  
The *wonderful*, the *fair*. I see them dawn!  
I see the radiant visions, where they rise,  
More lovely than when Lucifer displays  
His beaming forehead thro' the gates of morn,  
To lead the train of Phœbus and the spring.

## O N T A S T E.

[AKENSIDE.]

SAY, what is taste, but the internal pow'rs  
Active, and strong, and feelingly alive  
To each fine impulse? a discerning sense  
Of decent and sublime, with quick disgust  
From things deform'd, or disarrang'd, or gross  
In species? This nor gems, nor stores of gold,  
Nor purple state, nor culture can bestow;  
But God alone, when first his active hand  
Imprints the sacred bias of the soul.  
He, mighty Parent! wise and just in all,  
Free as the vital breeze or light of heav'n,  
Reveals the charms of nature. Ask the swain  
Who journeys homeward from a summer-day's  
Long labour, why, forgetful of his toils  
And due repose, he loiters to behold  
The sunshine gleaming as thro' amber-clouds,  
O'er all the western sky; full soon, I ween,  
His rude expression and untutor'd airs,  
Beyond the pow'r of language, will unfold  
The form of beauty smiling at his heart,  
How lovely! how commanding! But tho' heav'n  
In ev'ry breast hath sown these early seeds  
Of love and admiration, yet in vain  
Without fair culture's kind, parental aid,  
Without enlivening suns, and genial show'rs,  
And shelter from the blast, in vain we hope



The tender plant should rear its blooming head,  
 Or yield the harvest promis'd in its spring.  
 Nor yet will every soil with equal stores  
 Repay the tiller's labour; or attend  
 His will, obsequious, whether to produce  
 The olive or the laurel. Diff'rent minds  
 Incline to diff'rent objects; one pursues  
 The vast alone, the wonderful, the wild;  
 Another fights for harmony, and grace,  
 And gentlest beauty. Hence when light'ning fires  
 The arch of heav'n, and thunders rock the ground;  
 When furious whirlwinds rend the howling air,  
 And ocean, groaning from his low'est bed,  
 Heaves his tempestuous billows to the sky;  
 Amid the mighty uproar, while below  
 The nations tremble, Shakespear looks abroad  
 From some high cliff, superior, and enjoys  
 The elemental war. But Waller longs,  
 All on the margin of some flow'ry stream,  
 To spread his careless limbs amid the cool  
 Of plantain shades, and to the list'ning deer  
 The tale of slighted vows and love's disdain  
 Refounds soft-warbling all the live-long day:  
 Consenting Zephyr sighs; the weeping rill  
 Joins in his plaint, melodious; mute the groves;  
 And hill and dale with all their echoes mourn:  
 Such and so various are the tastes of men.

The PLEASURES arising from a CULTIVATED  
 IMAGINATION. [AKENSIDE.]

O Blest of heav'n, whom not the languid songs  
 Of luxury, the Syren! not the bribes  
 Of sordid wealth, nor all the gaudy spoils  
 Of pageant honour, can seduce to leave.  
 Those ever-blooming sweets, which from the store  
 Of nature fair imagination culls  
 To charm th' enliven'd soul! What tho' not all  
 Of mortal offspring can attain the height  
 Of envied life; tho' only few possess  
 Patrician treasures or imperial state;  
 Yet nature's care, to all her children just,  
 With richer treasures and an ampler state  
 Endows at large whatever happy man

Will deign to use them. His the city's pomp,  
 The rural honours his. Whate'er adorns  
 The princely dome, the column and the arch,  
 The breathing marbles and the sculptur'd gold,  
 Beyond the proud possessor's narrow claim,  
 His tuneful breast enjoys. For him, the spring  
 Distils her dews, and from the silken gem  
 Its lucid leaves unfolds: for him, the hand  
 Of autumn tinges every fertile branch  
 With blooming gold, and blushes like the morn.  
 Each passing hour sheds tribute from her wings;  
 And still new beauties meet his lonely walk,  
 And loves unfelt attract him. Not a breeze  
 Flies o'er the meadow, not a cloud imbibes  
 The setting sun's effulgence, not a strain  
 From all the tenants of the warbling shade  
 Ascends, but whence his bosom can partake  
 Fresh pleasure, unprov'd. Nor thence partakes  
 Fresh pleasure only: for th' attentive mind,  
 By this harmonious action on her pow'rs,  
 Becomes herself harmonious: wont so oft  
 In outward things to meditate the charm  
 Of sacred order, soon she seeks at home  
 To find a kindred order, to exert  
 Within herself this elegance of love,  
 This fair-inspir'd delight: her temper'd pow'rs  
 Refine at length, and every passion wears  
 A chaster, milder, more attractive mien.  
 But if to ampler prospects, if to gaze  
 On nature's form where, negligent of all  
 These lesser graces, she assumes the port  
 Of that eternal majesty that weigh'd  
 The world's foundations, if to these the mind  
 Exalts her daring eye; then mightier far  
 Will be the change, and nobler. Would the forms  
 Of servile custom cramp her gen'rous pow'rs?  
 Would sordid policies, the barb'rous growth  
 Of ignorance and rapine, bow her down  
 To tame pursuits, to indolence and fear?  
 Lo! she appeals to nature, to the winds  
 And rowling waves, the sun's unwearied course,  
 The elements and seasons: all declare  
 For what th' eternal Maker has ordain'd  
 The pow'rs of man: we feel within ourselves

His energy divine: he tells the heart,  
 He meant, he made us to behold and love  
 What he beholds and loves, the general orb  
 Of life and being; to be great like him,  
 Beneficent and active. Thus the men,  
 Whom nature's works can charm, with God himself  
 Hold converse: grow familiar, day by day,  
 With his conceptions, act upon his plan;  
 And form to his, the relish of their souls.

## ON GREATNESS.

[ANENSIDE.]

SAY, why was man so eminently rais'd  
 Amid the vast creation; why ordain'd  
 Thro' life and death to dart his piercing eye,  
 With thoughts beyond the limit of his frame;  
 But that th' Omnipotent might send him forth  
 In sight of mortal and immortal pow'rs,  
 As on a boundless theatre, to run  
 The great career of justice; to exalt  
 His gen'rous aim to all diviner deeds;  
 To chase each partial purpose from his breast;  
 And thro' the mists of passion and of sense,  
 And thro' the tossing tide of chance and pain;  
 To hold his course unsalt'ring, while the voice  
 Of truth and virtue, up the steep ascent  
 Of nature, calls him to his high reward,  
 Th' applauding smile of heav'n? Else wherefore burns  
 In mortal bosoms this unquenched hope,  
 That breathes from day to day sublimer things,  
 And mocks possession? Wherefore darts the mind,  
 With such resistless ardour, to embrace  
 Majestic forms: impatient to be free,  
 Spurning the gross controul of wilful might;  
 Proud of the strong contention of her toils;  
 Proud to be daring? Who but rather turns  
 To heav'n's broad fire his unconstrained view,  
 Than to the glimmering of a waxen flame?  
 Who that, from Alpine heights, his lab'ring eye  
 Shoots round the wide horizon, to survey  
 Nilus or Ganges rowling his bright wave  
 Thro' mountains, plains, thro' empires black with shade,  
 And continents of sand; will turn his gaze



To mark the windings of a scanty rill  
 That murmurs at his feet? The high-born soul  
 Disdains to rest her heav'n-aspiring wing  
 Beneath its native quarry. Tir'd of earth  
 And this diurnal scene, she springs aloft  
 Thro' fields of air; pursues the flying storm;  
 Rides on the volley'd light'ning thro' the heav'ns;  
 Or, yok'd with whirlwinds and the northern blast,  
 Sweeps the long tract of day. Then high she soars  
 The blue profound, and hovering round the sun  
 Beholds him pouring the redundant stream  
 Of light; beholds his unrelenting sway  
 Bend the reluctant planets to obsequy;  
 The fated rounds of time. Thence far effus'd  
 She darts her swiftness up the long career  
 Of devious comets; thro' its burning signs  
 Exulting measures the perennial wheel  
 Of nature, and looks back on all the stars,  
 Whose blended light, as with a milky zone,  
 Invests the orient. Now amaz'd she views  
 Th' empyreal waste, where happy spirits hold,  
 Beyond this concave heav'n, their calm abode;  
 And fields of radiance, whose unfading light  
 Has travell'd the profound six thousand years,  
 Nor yet arrives in sight of mortal things.  
 Ev'n on the barriers of the world untir'd  
 She meditates th' eternal depth below;  
 Till, half recoiling, down the headlong steep  
 She plunges; soon o'erwhelm'd and swallow'd up  
 In that immense of being. There her hopes  
 Rest at the fated gaol. For from the birth  
 Of mortal man, the sovereign Maker said,  
 That not in humble nor in brief delight,  
 Not in the fading echoes of renown,  
 Pow'r's purple robes, nor pleasure's flow'ry lap,  
 The soul should find enjoyment: but from these  
 Turning disdainful to an equal good,  
 Thro' all th' ascent of things enlarge her view,  
 Till every bound at length should disappear,  
 And infinite perfection close the scene.

The . P O E T I C A L  
O N N O V E L T Y .

[A K E N S I D E .]

CALL now to mind what high capacious pow'rs  
Lie folded up in man; how far beyond  
The praise of mortals, may th' eternal growth  
Of nature, to perfection half divine,  
Expand the blooming soul. What pity then  
Should sloth's unkindly fogs depress to earth  
Her tender blossom; choak the streams of life,  
And blast her spring! Far otherwise design'd  
Almighty wisdom; nature's happy cares,  
Th' obedient heart far otherwise incline.  
Witness the sprightly joy when aught unknown  
Strikes the quick sense, and wakes each active pow'r  
To brisker measures: witness the neglect  
Of all familiar prospects, tho' beheld  
With transport once; the fond attentive gaze  
Of young astonishment; the sober zeal  
Of age, commenting on prodigious things,  
For such the bounteous providence of heav'n,  
In every breast implanting this desire  
Of objects new and strange, to urge us on  
With unremitted labour to pursue  
Those sacred stores that wait the ripening soul,  
In truth's exhaustless bosom. What need words  
To paint its pow'r? For this, the daring youth  
Breaks from his weeping mother's anxious arms,  
In foreign climes to rove; the pensive sage  
Heedless of sleep, or midnight's harmful damp,  
Hangs o'er the sickly taper; and untir'd  
The virgin follows, with enchanted step,  
The mazes of some wild and wond'rous tale,  
From morn to eve; unmindful of her form,  
Unmindful of the happy dress that stole  
The wishes of the youth, when every maid  
With envy pin'd. Hence finally by night  
The village-matron, round the blazing hearth,  
Suspends the infant audience with her tales,  
Breathing astonishment! of witching rhimes,  
And evil spirits; of the death-bed call  
Of him who robb'd the widow, and devour'd  
The orphan's portion; of unquiet souls

Ris'n from the grave to ease the heavy guilt  
 Of deeds in life conceal'd; of shapes that walk  
 At dead of night, and clank their chains, and wave  
 The torch of hell around the murd'rer's bed.  
 At ev'ry solemn pause the croud recoil  
 Gazing each other speechless, and congeal'd  
 With shiv'ring sighs: till eager for th' event,  
 Around the beldame all erect they hang,  
 Each trembling heart with grateful terrors quell'd.

The PAIN arising from VIRTUOUS EMOTIONS,  
 attended with PLEASURE. [AKENSIDE.]

— **B**EHOLD the ways  
 Of heav'n's eternal destiny to man,  
 For ever just, benevolent and wise:  
 That VIRTUE's awful steps, how'er pursu'd  
 By vexing fortune and intrusive PAIN,  
 Should never be divided from her chaste,  
 Her fair attendant, PLEASURE. Need I urge  
 Thy tardy thought through all the various round  
 Of this existence, that thy soft'ning soul  
 At length may learn what energy the hand  
 Of virtue mingles in the bitter tide  
 Of passion swelling with distress and pain,  
 To mitigate the sharp with gracious drops  
 Of cordial pleasure? Ask the faithful youth,  
 While the cold urn of her whom long he lov'd  
 So often fills his arms; so often draws  
 His lonely footsteps at the silent hour,  
 To pay the mournful tribute of his tears?  
 O! he will tell thee, that the wealth of worlds  
 Should ne'er seduce his bosom to forego  
 That sacred hour, when stealing from the noise  
 Of care and envy, sweet remembrance soothes  
 With virtue's kindest looks his aching breast,  
 And turns his tears to rapture?—Ask the crowd  
 Which flies impatient from the village walk  
 To climb the neighb'ring cliffs, when far below  
 The cruel winds have hurl'd upon the coast  
 Some helpless bark; while sacred pity melts  
 The gen'ral eye, or terror's icy hand  
 Smites their distorted limbs and horrent hair;  
 While every mother closer to her breast

Catches



Catches her child, and pointing where the waves  
 Foam thro' the shatter'd vessel; shrieks aloud,  
 As one poor wretch that spreads his piteous arms  
 For succour, swallow'd by the roaring surge,  
 As now another, dash'd against the rock,  
 Drops lifeless down: O deamest thou indeed  
 No kind endearment here by nature giv'n  
 To mutual terror and compassion's tears?  
 No sweetly-melting softness which attracts,  
 O'er all that edge of pain, the social pow'rs  
 To this their proper action and their end?  
 Ask thy own heart; when, at the midnight-hour,  
 Slow thro' that studious gloom thy pausing eye,  
 Led by the glimm'ring taper, moves around  
 The sacred volumes of the dead, the songs  
 Of Grecian bards, and records writ by fame  
 For Grecian heroes, where the present pow'r  
 Of heaven and earth surveys th' immortal page,  
 E'en as a farther blessing, while he reads  
 The praises of his son; if then thy soul,  
 Spurning the yoke of these inglorious days,  
 Mix in their deeds and kindle with their flame;  
 Say, when the prospect blackens on thy view,  
 When, rooted from the base, heroic states  
 Mourn in the dust, and tremble at the frown  
 Of curst ambition;—when the pious band  
 Of youths that fought for freedom and their fires  
 Lie side by side in gore;—when ruffian pride  
 Usurps the throne of justice, turns the pomp  
 Of public pow'r, the majesty of rule,  
 The sword, the laurel, and the purple robe,  
 To slavish empty pageants, to adorn  
 A tyrant's walk, and glitter in the eyes  
 Of such as bow the knee; when honour'd urns  
 Of patriots and of chiefs, the awful bust  
 And storied arch, to glut the coward rage  
 Of regal envy, strew the public way  
 With hallow'd ruins;—when the muse's haunt,  
 The marble porch, where wisdom wont to talk  
 With Socrates or Tully, hears no more,  
 Save the hoarse jargon of contentious monks,  
 Or female superstition's midnight pray'r;—  
 When ruthless rapine from the hand of time  
 Tears the destroying scythe, with surer blow,

To sweep the works of glory from their base;  
 Till desolation o'er the grass-grown street  
 Expands his raven wings, and up the wall,  
 Where senates once the pride of monarchs doom'd,  
 Hisses the gliding snake thro' hoary weeds  
 That clasp the mould'ring column;—thus defac'd,  
 Thus widely mournful, when the prospect thrills  
 Thy beating bosom, when the patriot's tear  
 Starts from thine eye, and thy extended arm  
 In fancy hurls the thunderbolt of Jove  
 To fire the impious wreath on Philip's brow,  
 Or dash Octavius from the trophied car;—  
 Say, does thy secret soul repine to taste  
 The big distress? Or would'st thou then exchange  
 Those heart-ennobling sorrows, for the lot  
 Of him who sits amid the gaudy herd  
 Of mute barbarians bending to his nod,  
 And bears aloft his gold-invested front,  
 And says within himself, "I am a king,  
 "And wherefore should the clam'rous voice of woe  
 "Intrude upon mine ear?"—The baleful dregs  
 Of these late ages, this inglorious draught  
 Of servitude and folly, have not yet,  
 Blest be th' eternal ruler of the world!  
 Defil'd to such a depth of fordid shame  
 The native honours of the human soul,  
 Nor so effac'd the image of its fire,

## O N E X E R C I S E.

[ARMSTRONG.]

**B**EGIN-with gentle toils; and, as your nerves  
 Grow firm, to hardier by just steps aspire.  
 The prudent, even in every moderate walk,  
 At first but saunter; and by slow degrees  
 Increase their pace. This doctrine of the wise  
 Well knows the master of the flying steed.  
 First from the goal the manag'd coursers play  
 On bended reins: as yet the skilful youth  
 Repress their foamy pride; but every breath  
 The race grows warmer, and the tempest swells;  
 Till all the fiery mettle has its way,  
 And the thick thunder hurries o'er the plain.  
 When all at once from indolence to toil

You



You spring, the fibres by the hasty shock  
 Are tir'd and crack'd, before their unctuous coats,  
 Compress'd, can pour their lubricating balm.  
 Besides, collected in the passive veins,  
 Their purple mass a sudden torrent rolls,  
 O'erpowers the heart, and deluges the lungs  
 With dangerous inundation: Oft the source  
 Of fatal woes; a cough that foams with blood,  
 Asthma and feller \* peripneumony,  
 Or the slow minings of the hectic fire.

## L E S S O N S O F W I S D O M.

[A R M S T R O N G.]

**H**OW to live happiest; how avoid the pains,  
 The disappointments, and disgusts of those  
 Who would in pleasure all their hours employ;  
 The precepts here of a divine old man  
 I could recite. Tho' old, he still retain'd  
 His manly sense, and energy of mind.  
 Virtuous and wise he was, but not severe;  
 He still remember'd that he once was young;  
 His easy presence check'd no decent joy.  
 Him even the dissolute admir'd; for he  
 A graceful looseness when he pleas'd put on,  
 And laughing could instruct. Much had he read,  
 Much more had seen; he studied from the life,  
 And in the original perus'd mankind.

Vers'd in the woes and vanities of life,  
 He pitied man: and much he pitied those  
 Whom falsely-smiling fate has curs'd with means  
 To dissipate their days in quest of joy.  
 Our aim is Happiness; 'tis yours, 'tis mine,  
 He said, 'tis the pursuit of all that live;  
 Yet few attain it, if 'twas e'er attain'd.  
 But they the widest wander from the mark,  
 Who thro' the flow'ry paths of saunt'ring joy  
 Seek this coy Goddess; that from stage to stage  
 Invites us still, but shifts as we pursue.  
 For, not to name the pains that pleasure brings  
 To counterpoise itself, relentless Fate  
 Forbids that we through gay voluptuous wilds  
 Should ever roam: And were the Fates more kind,  
 Our narrow luxuries would soon be stale.  
 Were these exhaustless, Nature would grow sick,

And

\* The inflammation of the lungs.



And cloy'd with pleasure, squeamishly complain  
That all was vanity, and life a dream.

Let nature rest : be busy for yourself,  
And for your friend ; be busy even in vain,  
Rather than tease her sated appetites.

Who never fasts, no banquet e'er enjoys ;  
Who never toils or watches, never sleeps.

Let nature rest : And when the taste of joy  
Grows keen, indulge ; but shun satiety.

'Tis not for mortals always to be blest.

But him the least the dull or painful hours  
Of life oppress, whom sober Sense conducts  
And Virtue, thro' this labyrinth we tread.

Virtue and Sense I mean not to disjoin ;

Virtue and Sense are one : and trust me, he

Who has not virtue is not truly wise.

Virtue (for mere good-nature is a fool)

Is sense and spirit, with humanity :

'Tis sometimes angry, and its frown confounds ;

'Tis even vindictive, but in vengeance just.

Knaves fain would laugh at it ; some great ones dare ;

But at his heart the most undaunted son

Of fortune dreads its name and awful charms.

To noblest uses this determines wealth :

This is the solid pomp of prosperous days ;

The peace and shelter of adversity.

And if you pant for glory, build your fame

On this foundation, which the secret shock

Defies of Envy and all-sapping Time.

The gaudy gloss of Fortune only strikes

The vulgar eye : The suffrage of the wise,

The praise that's worth ambition, is attain'd

By Sense alone, and dignity of mind.

Virtue, the strength and beauty of the soul,

Is the best gift of heav'n ; a happiness

That even above the smiles and frowns of fate

Exalts great Nature's favourites ; a wealth

That ne'er encumbers, nor to baser hands

Can be transferr'd : it is the only good

Man justly boasts of, or can call his own.

Riches are oft by guilt and baseness earn'd ;

Or dealt by chance, to shield a lucky knave,

Or throw a cruel sun-shine on a fool.

But for one end, one much-neglected use,

Are

Are riches worth your care (for Nature's wants  
Are few, and without opulence supplied)

This noble end is, to produce the Soul:

To shew the virtues in their fairest light;

To make Humanity the Minister

Of bounteous Providence: and teach the breast

That generous luxury the Gods enjoy.

Thus, in his graver vein, the friendly Sage  
Sometimes declaim'd. Of Right and Wrong he taught  
Truths as refin'd as ever Athens heard;

And (strange to tell!) he practis'd what he preach'd.

### The P A S S I O N of the G R O V E S,

[T H O M S O N.]

**A**S rising from the vegetable world  
My theme ascends, with equal wing ascend,  
My panting muse; and hark, how loud the woods  
Invite you forth in all their gayest trim.

Lend me your song, ye nightingales! oh pour

The mazy-running soul of melody

Into my varied verse! while I deduce,

From the first note the hollow cuckoo sings,

The symphony of spring, and touch a theme

Unknown to fame, *the Passion of the Groves.*

When first the soul of love is sent abroad,

Warm thro' the vital air, and on the heart

Harmonious seizes, the gay troops begin,

In gallant thought, to plume the painted wing,

And try again the long-forgotten strain,

At first faint-warbled. But no sooner grows

The soft infusion prevalent, and wide,

Than, all alive, at once their joy o'erflows

In music unconfin'd. Up springs the lark,

Shrill-voic'd, and loud, the messenger of morn;

Ere yet the shadows fly, he mounted sings

Amid the dawning clouds, and from their haunts

Calls up the tuneful nations. Ev'ry copse

Deep-tangled, tree irregular, and bush

Bending with dewy moisture, o'er the heads

Of the coy quirksters that lodge within,

Are prodigal of harmony. The thrush

And wood-lark, o'er the kind, contending throng

Superior heard, run thro' the sweetest length

Of notes; when listening Philomela deigns

To let them joy, and purposes, in thought  
 Elate, to make her night excel their day.  
 The black-bird whistles from the thorny brake;  
 The mellow bullfinch answers from the grove:  
 Nor are the linnets, o'er the flowering furze  
 Pour'd out profusely, silent. Join'd to these,  
 Innumerable songsters, in the freshening shade  
 Of new-sprung leaves, their modulations mix  
 Mellifluous. The jay, the rook, the daw,  
 And each harsh pipe, discordant heard alone,  
 Aid the full concert: while the stock-dove breathes  
 A melancholy murmur thro' the whole.

'Tis love creates their melody, and all  
 This waste of music is the voice of love;  
 That even to birds, and beasts, the tender arts  
 Of pleasing teaches. Hence the glossy kind  
 Try every winning way inventive love  
 Can dictate, and in courtship to their mates  
 Pour forth their little souls. First, wide around,  
 With distant awe, in airy rings they rove,  
 Endeavouring by a thousand tricks to catch  
 The cunning, conscious, half-averted glance  
 Of their regardless charmer. Should she seem  
 Softening the least approbance to bestow,  
 Their colours burnish, and by hope inspir'd,  
 They brisk advance; then, on a sudden struck,  
 Retire disorder'd; then again approach;  
 In fond rotation spread the spotted wing,  
 And shiver every feather with desire.

Connubial leagues agreed, to the deep woods:  
 They haste away, all as their fancy leads,  
 Pleasure, or food, or secret safety prompts;  
 That Nature's great command may be obey'd:  
 Nor all the sweet sensations they perceive  
 Indulg'd in vain. Some to the holly-hedge  
 Nestling repair, and to the thicket some;  
 Some to the rude protection of the thorn  
 Commit their feeble off-spring: the cleft tree  
 Offers its kind concealment to a few,  
 Their food its insects, and its moss their nests.  
 Others apart far in the grassy dale,  
 Or roughening waste, their humble texture weave.  
 But most in woodland solitudes delight,  
 In unfrequented glooms, or shaggy banks,



Steep, and divided by a babbling brook,  
 Whose murmurs soothe them all the live-long day,  
 When by kind duty fix'd. Among the roots  
 Of hazel, pendant o'er the plaintive stream,  
 They frame the first foundation of their domes;  
 Dry sprigs of trees, in artful fabric laid,  
 And bound with clay together. Now 'tis nought  
 But restless hurry thro' the busy air,  
 Beat by unnumber'd wings. The swallow sweeps  
 The slimy pool, to build his hanging house  
 Intent. And often, from the careless back  
 Of herds and flocks, a thousand tugging bills  
 Pluck hair and wool; and oft, when unobserv'd,  
 Steal from the barn a straw: till soft and warm,  
 Clean, and compleat, their habitation grows.

As thus the patient dam assiduous sits,  
 Not to be tempted from her tender task,  
 Or by sharp hunger, or by smooth delight,  
 Tho' the whole loosen'd spring around her blows,  
 Her sympathizing lover takes his stand  
 High on th' opponent bank, and ceaseless sings  
 The tedious time away; or else supplies  
 Her place a moment, while she sudden flits  
 To pick the scanty meal. Th' appointed time  
 With pious toil fulfill'd, the callow young,  
 Warm'd and expanded into perfect life,  
 Their brittle bondage break, and come to light,  
 A helpless family, demanding food  
 With constant clamour: O what passions then,  
 What melting sentiments of kindly care,  
 On the new parents seize! Away they fly  
 Affectionate, and undesiring bear  
 The most delicious morsel to their young;  
 Which equally distributed, again  
 The search begins. Even so a gentle pair,  
 By fortune sunk; but form'd of generous mold,  
 And charm'd with cares beyond the vulgar breast,  
 In some lone cott amid the distant woods,  
 Sustain'd alone by providential heaven,  
 Oft, as they weeping eye their infant train,  
 Check their own appetites and give them all.

Nor toil alone they scorn; exalting love,  
 By the great *Father of the Spring* inspir'd,  
 Gives instant courage to the fearful race,

And to the simple art. With stealthy wing,  
Should some rude foot their woody haunts molest,  
Amid a neighbouring bush they silent drop,  
And whirring thence, as if alarm'd, deceive  
Th' unfeeling school-boy. Hence, around the head  
Of wandering swain, the white-wing'd plover wheels  
Her sounding flight, and then directly on  
In long excursions skims the level lawn,  
To tempt him from her nest. The wild duck, hence,  
O'er the rough moss, and o'er the trackless waste  
The heath-hen flutters, (pious fraud!) to lead  
The hot pursuing spaniel far astray.

Be not the Muse asham'd, here to bemoan  
Her brothers of the grove, by tyrant man  
Inhuman caught, and in the narrow cage  
From liberty confin'd, and boundless air.  
Dull are the pretty slaves, their plumage dull,  
Ragged, and all its brightening lustre lost;  
Nor is that sprightly wildness in their notes,  
Which, clear and vigorous, warbles from the beech.  
O then, ye friends of love and love-taught song,  
Spare the soft tribes, this barbarous art forbear;  
If on your bosom innocence can win,  
Music engage, or piety persuade.

But let not chief the nightingale lament  
Her ruin'd care, too delicately fram'd  
To brook the harsh confinement of the cage:  
Oft, when returning with her loaded bill,  
Th' astonish'd mother finds a vacant nest,  
By the hard hand of unrelenting clowns  
Robb'd, to the ground the vain provision falls;  
Her pinions ruffle, and low-drooping scarce  
Can bear the mourner to the poplar shade;  
Where, all abandon'd to despair, she sings  
Her sorrows thro' the night; and, on the bough,  
Sole sitting, still at ev'ry dying fall  
Takes up again her lamentable strain  
Of winding woe; till, wide around, the woods  
Sigh to her song, and with her wail resound.

But now the feather'd youth their former bounds,  
Ardent, disdain; and, weighing oft their wings,  
Demand the free possession of the sky:  
This one glad office more, and then dissolves  
Parental love at once, now needless grown.

Unlavish

Unlavish wisdom never works in vain.  
 'Tis on some evening, sunny, grateful, mild,  
 When nought but balm is breathing thro' the woods,  
 With yellow lustre bright, that the new tribes  
 Visit the spacious heavens, and look abroad  
 On Nature's common, far as they can see,  
 Or wing, their range, and pasture. O'er the boughs  
 Dancing about, still at the giddy verge  
 Their resolution fails; their pinions still,  
 In loose libration stretch'd, to trust the void  
 Trembling refuse: till down before them fly  
 The parent-guides, and chide, exhort, command;  
 Or push them off. The surging air receives  
 The plummy burden; and their self-taught wings  
 Winnow the waving element. On ground  
 Alighted, bolder up again they lead;  
 Farther and farther on the lengthening flight;  
 Till vanish'd every fear, and every power  
 Rouz'd into life and action, light in air  
 Th' acquitted parents see their soaring race,  
 And once rejoicing never know them more.

## DOMESTIC LOVE and HAPPINESS.

[THOMSON.]

**B**UT happy they! the happiest of their kind!  
 Whom gentler stars unite, and in one fate  
 Their hearts, their fortunes, and their beings blend.  
 'Tis not the coarser tie of human laws,  
 Unnatural oft, and foreign to the mind,  
 That binds their peace, but harmony itself,  
 Attuning all their passions into love;  
 Where friendship full exerts her softest power,  
 Perfect esteem enliven'd by desire  
 Ineffable, and sympathy of soul;  
 Thought meeting thought, and will preventing will,  
 With boundless confidence: for nought but love  
 Can answer love, and render bliss secure.  
 Let him, ungenerous, who, alone intent  
 To bless himself, from sordid parents buys  
 The loathing virgin, in eternal care,  
 Well merited, consume his nights and days:  
 Let barbarous nations, whose inhuman love  
 Is wild desire, fierce as the furs they feel;

Let



Let eastern tyrants from the light of Heaven  
 Seclude their bosom slaves, meanly possess'd  
 Of a meer, lifeless, violated form :  
 While those whom love cements in holy faith,  
 And equal transport, free as nature live,  
 Disdaining fear. What is the world to them,  
 Its pomp, its pleasure, and its nonsense all !  
 Who in each other clasp whatever fair  
 High fancy forms, and lavish hearts can wish ;  
 Something than beauty dearer, should they look  
 Or on the mind, or mind-illumin'd face ;  
 Truth, goodness, honour, harmony and love,  
 The richest bounty of indulgent Heaven.  
 Mean-time a smiling off-spring rises round,  
 And mingles both their graces. By degrees,  
 The human blossom blows ; and every day,  
 Soft as it rolls along, shews some new charm,  
 The father's lustre, and the mother's bloom.  
 The infant reason grows apace, and calls  
 For the kind hand of an assiduous care.  
 Delightful task ! to rear the tender thought,  
 To teach the young idea how to shoot,  
 To pour the fresh instruction o'er the mind,  
 To breathe th' enlivening spirit, and to fix  
 The generous purpose in the glowing breast.  
 Oh speak the joy ! ye, whom the sudden tear  
 Surprizes often, while you look around,  
 And nothing strikes your eye but sights of bliss,  
 All various nature pressing on the heart :  
 An elegant sufficiency, content,  
 Retirement, rural quiet, friendship, books,  
 Ease and alternate labour, useful life,  
 Progressive virtue, and approving Heaven.  
 These are the matchless joys of virtuous love ;  
 And thus their moments fly. The Seasons thus,  
 As ceaseless round a jarring world they roll,  
 Still find them happy : and consenting Spring  
 Sheds her own rosy garland on their heads :  
 Till evening comes at last, serene and mild ;  
 When after the long vernal day of life,  
 Enamour'd more, as more remembrance swells  
 With many a proof of recollected love,  
 Together down they sink in social sleep ;  
 Together freed their gentle spirits fly  
 To scenes where love and bliss immortal reign.

## The PLEASURES of RETIREMENT.

[THOMSON.]

**O** Knew he but his happiness, of men  
 The happiest he! who far from public rage,  
 Deep in the vale, with a choice few retir'd,  
 Drinks the pure pleasures of the rural life.  
 What tho' the dome be wanting, whose proud gate,  
 Each morning, vomits out the sneaking croud  
 Of flatterers false, and in their turn abus'd?  
 Vile intercourse! What tho' the glittering robe,  
 Of every hue reflected light can give,  
 Or floating loose, or stiff with mazy gold,  
 The pride and gaze of fools! oppress him not?  
 What tho', from utmost land and sea purvey'd,  
 For him each rarer tributary life  
 Bleeds not, and his insatiate table heaps  
 With luxury and death? What though his bowl  
 Flames not with costly juice; nor sunk in beds,  
 Oft of gay care, he tosses out the night,  
 Or melts the thoughtless hours in idle state?  
 What tho' he knows not those fantastic joys,  
 That still amuse the wanton, still deceive;  
 A face of pleasure, but a heart of pain;  
 Their hollow moments undelighted all?  
 Sure peace is his; a solid life, estrang'd  
 To disappointment, and fallacious hope:  
 Rich in content, in Nature's bounty rich,  
 In herbs and fruits; whatever greens the Spring,  
 When heaven descends in showers; or bends the bough  
 When Summer reddens, and when Autumn beams;  
 Or in the wintry glebe whatever lies  
 Conceal'd, and fattens with the richest sap:  
 These are not wanting; nor the milky drove,  
 Luxuriant, spread o'er all the lowing vale;  
 Nor bleating mountains; nor the chide of streams,  
 And hum of bees, inviting sleep sincere  
 Into the guiltless breast, beneath the shade,  
 Or thrown at large amid the fragrant hay;  
 Nor aught besides of prospect, grove, or song,  
 Dim grottoes, gleaming lakes, and fountain clear.  
 Here too dwells simple truth; plain innocence;  
 Unfollied beauty; sound unbroken youth,

# PRECEPTOR.

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Patient of labour, with a little pleas'd;  
Health ever blooming; unambitious toil;  
Calm contemplation, and poetic ease.

The rage of nations, and the crush of states,  
Move not the man, who, from the world escap'd,  
In still retreats, and flowery solitudes,  
To nature's voice attends, from month to month,  
And day to day, thro' the revolving year;  
Admiring, sees her in her every shape;  
Feels all her sweet emotions at his heart;  
Takes what she liberal gives, nor thinks of more.

He, when young Spring protrudes the bursting gems,  
Marks the first bud, and sucks the healthful gale  
Into his freshen'd soul; her genial hours  
He full enjoys; and not a beauty blows,  
And not an opening blossom breathes in vain.

In Summer he, beneath the living shade,  
Such as o'er frigid Tempe wont to wave,  
Or Hemus cool, reads what the muse, of these  
Perhaps, has in immortal numbers sung;  
Or what she dictates writes: and, oft an eye  
Shot round, rejoices in the vigorous year.

When Autumn's yellow lustre gilds the world,  
And tempts the sickled swain into the field,  
Seiz'd by the general joy, his heart distends  
With gentle throws; and, thro' the tepid gleams  
Deep musing, then he best exerts his song.  
Even Winter wild to him is full of bliss.

The mighty tempest, and the hoary waste,  
Abrupt, and deep, stretch'd o'er the buried earth,  
Awake to solemn thought. At night the skies,  
Disclos'd, and kindled, by refining frost,  
Pour every lustre on th' exalted eye.

A friend, a book, the stealing hours secure,  
And mark them down for wisdom. With swift wing,  
O'er land and sea th' imagination roams;  
Or truth, divinely breaking on his mind,  
Elates his being, and unfolds his powers;  
Or in his breast heroic virtue burns.

The touch of kindred too and love he feels;  
The modest eye, whose beams on his alone  
Extatic shine; the little strong embrace  
Of prattling children, twin'd around his neck,  
And emulous to please him, calling forth



The fond parental soul. Nor purpose gay,  
 Amusement, dance, or song, he sternly scorns;  
 For happiness and true philosophy  
 Are of the social still, and smiling kind.  
 This is the life which those who fret in guilt,  
 And guilty cities, never knew; the life,  
 Led by primeval ages, uncorrupt,  
 When Angels dwelt, and God himself, with Man!

## A PANYGERIC on GREAT BRITAIN.

[THOMSON.]

**H**EAVENS! what a goodly prospect spreads around,  
 Of hills, and dales, and woods, and lawns, and  
 spires,  
 And glittering towns, and gilded streams, till all  
 The stretching landskip into smoke decays!  
 Happy Britannia! where the Queen of Arts,  
 Inspiring vigour, Liberty abroad  
 Walks, unconfin'd, even to thy farthest cotts,  
 And scatters plenty with unsparing hand.  
 Rich is thy soil, and merciful thy clime;  
 Thy streams unfailing in the summer's drought;  
 Unmatch'd thy guardian oaks; thy valleys float  
 With golden waves: and on thy mountains flocks  
 Bleat numberless; while, roving round their sides,  
 Bellow the blackening herds in lusty droves.  
 Beneath, thy meadows glow, and rise unquell'd  
 Against the mower's scythe. On every hand  
 Thy villas shine. Thy country teems with wealth;  
 And property assures it to the swain,  
 Pleas'd, and unwearied, in his guardian toil.  
 Full are thy cities with the sons of art;  
 And trade and joy, in every busy street,  
 Mingling are heard: even Drudgery himself,  
 As at the car he sweats, or dusty hews  
 The palace-stone, looks gay. Thy crowded ports,  
 Where rising masts an endless prospect yield,  
 With labour burn, and echo to the shouts  
 Of hurry'd sailor, as he hearty waves  
 His last adieu, and loosening every sheet,  
 Resigns the spreading vessel to the wind.  
 Bold, firm, and graceful, are thy generous youth,  
 By hardship sinew'd, and by danger fir'd,

Scattering

Scattering the nations where they go ; and first  
 Or on the list'd plain, or stormy seas.  
 Mild are thy glories too, as o'er the plans  
 Of thriving peace thy thoughtful fires preside ;  
 In genius, and substantial learning, high ;  
 For every virtue, every worth renown'd ;  
 Sincere, plain-hearted, hospitable, kind ;  
 Yet, like the mustering thunder when provok'd,  
 The dread of tyrants, and the sole resource  
 Of those that under grim oppression groan.

Thy Sons of Glory many ! Alfred thine,  
 In whom the splendour of heroic war,  
 And more heroic peace, when govern'd well,  
 Combine ! whose hallow'd name the virtues saint,  
 And his own Muses love, the best of Kings !  
 With him thy Edwards and thy Henrys shine,  
 Names dear to fame, the first who deep impress'd  
 On haughty Gaul the terror of thy arms,  
 That awes her genius still. In Statesmen thou,  
 And Patriots, fertile. Thine a steady More,  
 Who, with a generous, tho' mistaken zeal,  
 Withstood a brutal tyrant's useful rage,  
 Like Cato firm, like Aristides just,  
 Like rigid Cincinnatus nobly poor,  
 A dauntless soul erect, who smil'd on death.  
 Frugal, and wise, a Walsingham is thine ;  
 A Drake, who made thee mistress of the deep,  
 And bore thy name in thunder round the world.  
 Then flam'd thy spirit high : but who can speak  
 The numerous worthies of the Maiden Reign ?  
 In Raleigh mark their every glory mix'd ;  
 Raleigh, the scourge of Spain ! whose breast with all  
 The sage, the patriot, and the hero burn'd.  
 Nor sunk his vigour, when a coward reign  
 The warrior fetter'd, and at last resign'd,  
 To glut the vengeance of a vanquish'd foe.  
 Then, active still and unrestrain'd, his mind  
 Explor'd the vast extent of ages past,  
 And with his prison hours enrich'd the world ;  
 Yet found no times, in all the long research,  
 So glorious, or so base, as those he prov'd,  
 In which he conquer'd, and in which he bled.  
 Nor can the Muse the gallant Sidney pass,  
 The plume of war ! with early laurels crown'd,

The Lover's myrtle, and the Poet's bay.  
 A Hampden too is thine, illustrious land!  
 Wise, strenuous, firm, of unsubmitting soul,  
 Who stem'd the torrent of a downward age  
 To slavery prone, and bade thee rise again,  
 In all thy native pomp of freedom bold.  
 Bright, at his call, thy age of men effulg'd,  
 Of men on whom late time a kindling eye  
 Shall turn, and tyrants tremble while they read.  
 Bring every sweetest flower, and let me strew  
 The grave where Russel lies; whose temper'd blood,  
 With calmest cheerfulness for thee resign'd,  
 Stain'd the sad annals of a giddy reign;  
 Aiming at lawless power, tho' meanly sunk  
 In loose inglorious luxury. With him  
 His friend, the \* British Cassius, fearless bled;  
 Of high determin'd spirit, roughly brave,  
 By antient learning to th' enlighten'd love  
 Of antient freedom warm'd. Fair thy renown  
 In awful Sages, and in noble Bards,  
 Soon as the light of dawning Science spread  
 Her orient ray, and wak'd the Muses' song.  
 Thine is a Bacon; hapless in his choice,  
 Unfit to stand the civil storm of state,  
 And thro' the smooth barbarity of courts,  
 With firm but pliant virtue, forward still  
 To urge his course: him for the studious shade  
 Kind Nature form'd, deep, comprehensive, clear,  
 Exact, and elegant; in one rich soul,  
 Plato, the Stagyrte, and Tully join'd.  
 The great deliverer he! who from the gloom  
 Of cloyster'd monks, and jargon-teaching schools,  
 Led forth the true philosophy, there long  
 Held in the magic chain of words and forms,  
 And definitions void: he led her forth,  
 Daughter of Heav'n! that slow-ascending still,  
 Investigating sure the chain of things,  
 With radiant finger points to Heaven again.  
 The generous † Ashley thine, the friend of Man;  
 Who scann'd his Nature with a brother's eye,  
 His weakness prompt to shade, to raise his aim,  
 To touch the finer movements of the mind,

And

\* Algernon Sydney.

† Anthony Ashley Cooper, Earl of Shaftesbury.



And with the moral beauty charm the heart.  
 Why need I name thy Boyle, whose pious search,  
 Amid the dark recesses of his works,  
 The great Creator sought? and why thy Locke,  
 Who made the whole internal world his own?  
 Let Newton, pure intelligence, whom God  
 To mortals lent, to trace his boundless works  
 From laws sublimely simple, speak thy fame  
 In all philosophy. For lofty sense,  
 Creative fancy, and inspection keen  
 Thro' the deep windings of the human heart,  
 Is not wild Shakespear thine and Nature's boast?  
 Is not each great, each amiable Muse  
 Of classic ages in thy Milton met?  
 A genius universal as his theme;  
 Astonishing as Chaos, as the bloom  
 Of blowing Eden fair, as Heaven sublime.  
 Nor shall my verse that elder bard forget,  
 The gentle Spenser, Fancy's pleasing son;  
 Who like a copious river pour'd his song  
 O'er all the mazes of enchanted ground:  
 Nor thee, his antient Master, laughing sage,  
 Chaucer, whose native manners-painting verse,  
 Well moraliz'd, shines through the Gothic cloud  
 Of time and language o'er thy genius thrown.

May my song soften, as thy Daughters I,  
 Britannia, hail! for beauty is their own,  
 The feeling heart, simplicity of life,  
 And elegance, and taste: the faultless form,  
 Shap'd by the hand of harmony; the cheek,  
 Where the live crimson, thro' the native white  
 Soft-shooting, o'er the face diffuses bloom,  
 And every nameless grace; the parted lip,  
 Like the red rose-bud moist with morning dew,  
 Breathing delight; and, under flowing jet,  
 Or sunny ringlets, or of circling brown,  
 The neck slight-shaded, and the swelling breast;  
 The look resistless, piercing to the soul,  
 And by the soul inform'd, when drest in love  
 She sits high-smiling in the conscious eye.

Island of bliss! amid the subject seas,  
 That thunder round thy rocky coasts, set up,  
 At once the wonder, terror, and delight  
 Of distant nations; whose remotest shores

Can soon be shaken by thy naval arm;  
Not to be shook thyself, but all assaults  
Baffling, as thy hoar cliffs the loud sea-wave.

O Thou! by whose almighty Nod the scale  
Of empire rises, or alternate falls,  
Send forth the saving virtues round the land,  
In bright patrol: white Peace, and social Love;  
The tender-looking Charity, intent  
On gentle deeds, and shedding tears thro' smiles;  
Undaunted Truth, and Dignity of mind;  
Courage compos'd, and keen; sound Temperance,  
Healthful in heart and look; clear Chastity,  
With blushes reddening as she moves along,  
Disorder'd at the deep regard she draws;  
Rough industry; Activity untir'd,  
With copious life inform'd, and all awake:  
While in the radiant front, superior shines  
That first paternal virtue, Public Zeal;  
Who throws o'er all an equal wide survey,  
And, ever musing on the common weal,  
Still labours glorious with some great design.

### The BLESSINGS of INDUSTRY.

[THOMSON.]

THESE are thy blessings, Industry! rough power!  
Whom labour still attends, and sweat, and pain;  
Yet the kind source of every gentle art,  
And all the soft civility of life:  
Raifer of human kind! by Nature cast,  
Naked, and helpless, out amid the woods  
And wilds, to rude inclement elements;  
With various seeds of art deep in the mind  
Implanted, and profusely pour'd around  
Materials infinite; but idle all.  
Still unexerted, in th' unconscious breast,  
Slept the lethargic powers; corruption still,  
Voracious, swallow'd what the liberal hand  
Of bounty scatter'd o'er the savage year:  
And still the sad barbarian, roving, mix'd  
With beasts of prey; or for his acorn meal  
Fought the fierce tusky boar; a shivering wretch!  
Aghast, and comfortless, when the bleak north,  
With Winter charg'd, let the mix'd tempest fly,

Hail,

Hail, rain, and snow, the bitter breathing frost :  
 Then to the shelter of the hut he fled ;  
 And the wild season, sordid, pin'd away.  
 For home he had not ; home is the resort  
 Of love, of joy, of peace and plenty, where,  
 Supporting and supported, polish'd friends,  
 And dear relations mingle into bliss.  
 But this the rugged savage never felt,  
 Even desolate in crouds ; and thus his days  
 Roll'd heavy, dark, and unenjoy'd along :  
 A waste of time ! till Industry approach'd,  
 And rous'd him from this miserable sloth :  
 His faculties unfolded ; pointed out,  
 Where lavish Nature the directing hand  
 Of Art demanded : shew'd him how to raise  
 His feeble force by the mechanic powers,  
 To dig the mineral from the vaulted earth,  
 On what to turn the piercing rage of fire,  
 On what the torrent, and the gather'd blast ;  
 Gave the tall antient forest to his ax ;  
 Taught him to chip the wood, and hew the stone,  
 Till by degrees the finish'd fabric rose ;  
 Tore from his limbs the blood-polluted fur,  
 And wrapt them in the woolly vestment warm,  
 Or bright in glossy silk, and flowing lawn ;  
 With wholesome viands fill'd his table, pour'd  
 The generous glass around, inspir'd to wake  
 The life-refining soul of decent wit :  
 Nor stopp'd at barren, bare necessity ;  
 But still advancing bolder, led him on,  
 To pomp, to pleasure, elegance and grace ;  
 And breathing high ambition thro' his soul,  
 Set science, wisdom, glory, in his view,  
 And bade him be the Lord of all below.

Then gathering Men their natural powers combin'd,  
 And form'd a Public ; to the general good  
 Submitting, aiming, and conducting all.  
 For this the Patriot Council met, the full,  
 The free, and fairly represented Whole ;  
 For this they plann'd the holy guardian laws,  
 Distinguish'd orders, animated arts,  
 And with joint force Oppression chaining, set  
 Imperial Justice at the helm ; yet still  
 To them accountable : nor slavish dream'd.



That toiling millions must resign their weal,  
And all the honey of their search, to such  
As for themselves alone themselves had rais'd.

Hence every form of cultivated life  
In order set, protected, and inspir'd,  
Into perfection wrought. Uniting all,  
Society grew numerous, high, polite,  
And happy. Nurse of art ! the city rear'd  
In beauteous pride her tower-encircled head ;  
And, stretching street on street, by thousands drew,  
From twining woody haunts, or the tough yew  
To bows strong-straining, her aspiring sons.

Then Commerce brought into the public walk  
The busy merchant ; the big warehouse built ;  
Rais'd the strong crane ; choak'd up the loaded street  
With foreign plenty ; and thy stream, O Thames,  
Large, gentle, deep, majestic, king of floods !  
Chose for his grand resort. On either hand,  
Like a long wintry forest, groves of masts  
Shot up their spires ; the belying sheet between  
Possess'd the breezy void ; the sooty hulk  
Steer'd sluggish on ; the splendid barge along  
Row'd regular, to harmony ; around,  
The boat, light-skimming, stretch'd its oary wings,  
While deep the various voice of fervent toil  
From bank to bank increas'd ; whence ribb'd with oak,  
To bear the British Thunder, black, and bold,  
The roaring vessel rush'd into the main.

Then too the pillar'd dome, magnific, heav'd  
Its ample roof ; and luxury within  
Pour'd out her glittering stores : the canvas smooth,  
With glowing life protuberant, to the view  
Embodied rose ; the statue seem'd to breathe,  
And soften into flesh, beneath the touch  
Of forming art, imagination-flush'd.

All is the gift of Industry ; whate'er  
Exalts, embellishes, and renders life  
Delightful. Pensive Winter chear'd by him  
Sits at the social fire, and happy hears  
Th' excluded tempest idly rave along ;  
His harden'd fingers deck the gaudy spring ;  
Without him Summer were an arid waste ;  
Nor to th' autumnal months could thus transmit  
Those full, mature, immeasurable stores,  
That, waving round, recal my wandering song.

A HARVEST SCENE, with the STORY of  
PALEMON and LAVINIA. [THOMSON.]

SOON as the morning trembles o'er the sky,  
 And, unperceiv'd, unfolds the spreading day;  
 Before the ripened field the reapers stand,  
 In fair array; each by the lass he loves,  
 To bear the rougher part, and mitigate,  
 By nameless gentle offices, her toll.  
 At once they stoop and swell the lustrous sheaves;  
 While thro' their chearful band the rural talk,  
 The rural scandal and the rural jest,  
 Fly harmless, to deceive the tedious time,  
 And steal unfelt the sultry hours away.  
 Behind the master walks, binds up the shocks;  
 And, conscious, glancing oft on every side  
 His fated eye, feels his heart heave with joy.  
 The gleaners spread around, and here and there,  
 Spike after spike, their sparing harvest pick.  
 Be not too narrow, husbandmen! but throw  
 From the full sheaf, with charitable stealth,  
 The liberal handful. Think, Oh grateful think!  
 How good the GOD of HARVEST is to you;  
 Who pours abundance o'er your flowing fields;  
 While these unhappy partners of your kind  
 Wide hover round you, like the fowls of heaven,  
 And ask their humble dole. The various turns  
 Of fortune ponder; that your sons may want  
 What now, with hard reluctance, faint, you give.

The lovely young LAVINIA once had friends;  
 And fortune sinil'd, deceitful, on her birth.  
 For in her helpless years depriv'd of all,  
 Of every stay, save Innocence and Heaven,  
 She with her widow'd mother, feeble, old,  
 And poor, liv'd in a cottage, far retir'd  
 Among the windings of a woody vale;  
 By solitude and deep surrounding shades,  
 But more by bashful modesty, conceal'd.  
 Together thus they shun'd the cruel scorn  
 Which virtue, sunk to poverty, would meet  
 From giddy passion and low-minded pride:  
 Almost on Nature's common bounty fed;  
 Like the gay birds that sung them to repose,  
 Content, and careless of to-morrow's fare.

Her form was fresher than the morning rose,  
 When the dew wets its leaves ; unstain'd and pure,  
 As is the lily, or the mountain snow.  
 The modest virtues mingled in her eyes,  
 Still on the ground dejected, darting all  
 Their humid beams into the blooming flowers :  
 Or when the mournful tale her mother told,  
 Of what her faithless fortune promis'd once,  
 Thrill'd in her thought, they, like the dewy star  
 Of evening, shone in tears. A native grace  
 Sat fair proportion'd on her polish'd limbs,  
 Veil'd in a simple robe, their best attire,  
 Beyond the pomp of dress : for loveliness  
 Needs not the foreign aid of ornament,  
 But is, when unadorn'd, adorn'd the most.  
 Thoughtless of beauty, she was beauty's self,  
 Recluse amid the close-embowering woods.  
 As in the hollow breast of Appenine,  
 Beneath the shelter of encircling hills,  
 A myrtle rises, far from human eye,  
 And breathes its balmy fragrance o'er the wild ;  
 So flourish'd blooming, and unseen by all,  
 The sweet Lavinia ; till, at length, compell'd  
 By strong Necessity's supreme command,  
 With smiling patience in her looks, she went  
 To glean Palemon's fields. The pride of swains  
 Palemon was, the generous and the rich ;  
 Who led the rural life in all its joy  
 And elegance, such as Arcadian song  
 Transmits from antient uncorrupted times :  
 When tyrant custom had not shackled man,  
 But free to follow Nature was the mode.  
 He then, his fancy with autumnal scenes  
 Amusing, chanc'd beside his reaper-train  
 To walk, when poor Lavinia drew his eye,  
 Unconscious of her power, and turning quick  
 With unaffected blushes from his gaze :  
 He saw her charming, but he saw not half  
 The charms her down-cast modesty conceal'd.  
 That very moment love and chaste desire  
 Sprung in his bosom, to himself unknown ;  
 For still the world prevail'd, and its dread laugh,  
 Which scarce the firm philosopher can scorn,

Should



Should his heart own a gleaner in the field,  
And thus in secret to his soul he sigh'd.

"What pity! that so delicate a form,  
"By beauty kindled, where enlivening sense  
"And more than vulgar goodness seem to dwell,  
"Should be devoted to the rude embrace  
"Of some indecent clown! She looks, methinks,  
"Of old Acasto's line; and to my mind  
"Recalls that patron of my happy life,  
"From whom my liberal fortune took its rise;  
"Now to the dust gone down; his houses, lands,  
"And once fair-spreading family dissolv'd.  
"'Tis said that in some lone, obscure retreat,  
"Urg'd by remembrance sad, and decent pride,  
"Far from those scenes which knew their better days,  
"His aged widow and his daughter live,  
"Whom yet my fruitless search could never find.  
"Romantic wish! would this the daughter were!"

When, strict enquiring, from herself he found  
She was the same, the daughter of his friend,  
Of bountiful Acasto; who can speak  
The mingled passions that surpriz'd his heart,  
And thro' his nerves in shivering transports ran?  
Then blaz'd his smother'd flame, avow'd, and bold;  
And as he view'd her, ardent, o'er and o'er,  
Love, gratitude, and pity wept at once.  
Confus'd and frighten'd at his sudden tears,  
Her rising beauties flush'd a higher bloom,  
As thus Palemon, passionate and just,  
Pour'd out the pious rapture of his soul.

"And art thou then Acasto's dear remains?  
"She whom my restless gratitude has sought,  
"So long in vain? O yes! the very same,  
"The softened image of my noble friend,  
"Alive, his every feature, every look,  
"More elegantly touch'd. Sweeter than spring!  
"Thou sole-surviving blossom from the root  
"That nourish'd up my fortune! Say, ah where,  
"In what sequester'd desert, hast thou drawn  
"The kindest aspect of delighted heaven?  
"Into such beauty spread, and blown so fair;  
"Tho' poverty's cold wind, and crushing rain,  
"Beat keen, and heavy on thy tender years?  
"O let me now, into a richer soil

"Transplant

" Transplant thee safe ! where vernal suns, and showers,  
 " Diffuse their warmest, largest influence ;  
 " And of my garden be the pride, and joy !  
 " Ill it befits thee, oh it ill befits  
 " Acasto's daughter, his whose open stores,  
 " Tho' vast, were little to his ampler heart,  
 " The father of a country, thus to pick  
 " The very refuse of those harvest fields,  
 " Which from his bounteous friendship I enjoy.  
 " Then throw that shameful pittance from thy hand,  
 " But ill apply'd to such a rugged task ;  
 " The fields, the master, all, my fair, are thine ;  
 " If to the various blessings which thy house  
 " Has on me lavish'd, thou wilt add that bliss,  
 " That dearest bliss, the power of blessing thee !

Here ceas'd the youth : yet still his speaking eye  
 Express'd the sacred triumph of his soul,  
 With conscious virtue, gratitude, and love,  
 Above the vulgar joy divinely rais'd.  
 Nor waited he reply. Won by the charm  
 Of goodness irresistible, and all  
 In sweet disorder lost, she blush'd content.  
 The news immediate to her mother brought,  
 While pierc'd with anxious thought, she pin'd away  
 The lonely moments for Lavinia's fate ;  
 Amaz'd and scarce believing what she heard,  
 Joy seiz'd her wither'd veins, and one bright gleam  
 Of setting life shone on her evening hours :  
 Not less enraptur'd than the happy pair ;  
 Who flourish'd long in tender bliss, and rear'd  
 A numerous offspring, lovely like themselves,  
 And good, the grace of all the country round.

A MAN perishing in the SNOW, with REFLEXIONS  
 on the MISERIES of HUMAN LIFE.

[THOMSON.]

AS thus the snows arise ; and foul, and fierce,  
 All winter drives along the darkened air ;  
 In his own loose-revolving fields the swain  
 Disaster'd stands ; sees other hills ascend,  
 Of unknown joyless brow ! and other scenes,  
 Of horrid prospect, shag the trackless plain :  
 Nor finds the river, nor the forest, hid

Beneath the formless wild; but wanders on  
From hill to dale, still more and more astray;  
Impatient flouncing thro' the drifted heaps,  
Stung with the thoughts of home; the thoughts of home  
Rush on his nerves, and call their vigour forth  
In many a vain attempt. How sinks his soul!  
What black despair, what horror fills his heart!  
When for the dusky spot, which fancy feign'd  
His tufted cottage rising thro' the snow,  
He meets the roughness of the middle waste,  
Far from the track, and blest abode of Man;  
While round him night resistless closes fast,  
And every tempest, howling o'er his head,  
Renders the savage wilderness more wild.  
Then throng the busy shapes into his mind,  
Of cover'd pits, unfathomably deep,  
A dire descent! beyond the power of frost;  
Of faithless bogs; of precipices huge,  
Smooth'd up with snow; and (what is land, unknown,  
What water) of the still unfrozen spring,  
In the loose marsh or solitary lake,  
Where the fresh fountain from the bottom boils.  
These check his fearful steps; and down he sinks  
Beneath the shelter of the shapeless drift,  
Thinking o'er all the bitterness of death,  
Mix'd with the tender anguish Nature shoots  
Thro' the wrung bosom of the dying Man,  
His wife, his children, and his friends unseen.  
In vain for him th' officious wife prepares  
The fire fair-blazing, and the vestment warm;  
In vain his little children, peeping out  
Into the mingling storm, demand their fire,  
With tears of artless innocence. Alas!  
Nor wife, nor children, more shall he behold,  
Nor friends, nor sacred home. On every nerve  
The deadly winter seizes; shuts up sense;  
And, o'er his inmost vitals creeping cold,  
Lays him along the snows, a stiffened corse,  
Stretch'd out, and bleaching in the northern blast.  
Ah little think the gay, licentious proud,  
Whom pleasure, power, and affluence surround;  
They, who their thoughtless hours in giddy mirth,  
And wanton, often cruel, riot waste;  
Ah little think they, while they dance along,

How



How many feel, this very moment, death  
 And all the sad variety of pain :  
 How many sink in the devouring flood,  
 Or more devouring flame : how many bleed,  
 By shameful variance betwixt Man and Man :  
 How many pine in want, and dungeon glooms ;  
 Shut from the common air, and common use  
 Of their own limbs : how many drink the cup  
 Of baleful grief, or eat the bitter bread  
 Of misery : fore-pierc'd by wintry winds,  
 How many shrink into the sordid hut  
 Of cheerless poverty : how many shake  
 With all the fiercer tortures of the mind,  
 Unbounded passion, madness, guilt, remorse ;  
 Whence tumbled headlong from the height of life,  
 They furnish matter for the tragic muse :  
 Even in the vale, where wisdom loves to dwell,  
 With friendship, peace, and contemplation join'd,  
 How many, rack'd with honest passions, droop  
 In deep retir'd distress : how many stand  
 Around the death-bed of their dearest friends,  
 And point the parting anguish.—Thought fond Man  
 Of these, and all the thousand nameless ills,  
 That one incessant struggle render life,  
 One scene of toil, of suffering, and of fate,  
 Vice in his high career would stand appall'd,  
 And heedless rambling Impulse learn to think ;  
 The conscious heart of charity would warm,  
 And her wide wish benevolence dilate ;  
 The social tear would rise, the social sigh ;  
 And into clear perfection, gradual bliss,  
 Refining still, the social passions work.

The SUBJECT of PARADISE LOST—  
 INVOCATION of the MUSE—MAN'S DISOBEDIENCE—  
 LOSS of PARADISE—SATAN driven out of HEAVEN.

[MILTON.]

**O**F Man's first disobedience, and the fruit  
 Of that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste  
 Brought death into the world, and all our woe,  
 With loss of Eden, till one greater Man  
 Restore us, and regain the blissful seat,  
 Sing, heav'nly Muse! that on the secret top

Of

Of Oreb, or of Sinai, didst inspire  
 That shepherd, who first taught the chosen seed,  
 In the beginning, how the Heav'ns and Earth  
 Rose out of Chaos: or if Sion-hill  
 Delight thee more, and Siloa's brook that flow'd  
 Fast by the oracle of God; I thence  
 Invoke thy aid to my advent'rous song,  
 That with no middle flight intends to soar  
 Above th' Aonian mount, while it pursues  
 Things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme.

And chiefly Thou, O Spi'rit, that dost prefer  
 Before all temples th' upright heart and pure,  
 Instruct me, for Thou know'st; Thou from the first  
 Wast present, and with mighty wings outspread  
 Dove-like satt'st brooding on the vast abyis,  
 And mad'st it pregnant: what in me is dark,  
 Illumine; what is low, raise and support;  
 That to the height of this great argument  
 I may assert eternal Providence,  
 And justify the ways of God to Men.

Say first, for Heav'n hides nothing from thy view,  
 Nor the deep tract of Hell; lay first what cause  
 Mov'd our grand parents, in that happy state,  
 Favour'd of Heav'n so highly, to fall off  
 From their Creator, and transgress his will,  
 For one restraint, lords of the world besides?  
 Who first seduc'd them to that foul revolt?  
 Th' infernal Serpent; he it was, whose guile,  
 Stirr'd up with envy and revenge, deceiv'd  
 The mother of mankind, what time his pride  
 Had cast him out from Heav'n, with all his host  
 Of rebel angels, by whose aid aspiring  
 To set himself in glory above his peers,  
 He trusted to have equall'd the Most High,  
 If he oppos'd; and with ambitious aim  
 Against the throne and monarchy of God  
 Rais'd impious war in Heav'n, and battle proud,  
 With vain attempt. Him the almighty power  
 Hurl'd headlong flaming from th' etherial sky,  
 With hideous ruin and combustion, down  
 To bottomless perdition, there to dwell  
 In adamantinè chains and penal fire,  
 Who durst defy th' Omnipotent to arms.  
 Nine times the space that measures day and night

To mortal men, he with his horrid crew  
 Lay vanquish'd, rolling in the fiery gulph,  
 Confounded though immortal: but his doom  
 Reserv'd him to more wrath: for now the thought  
 Both of lost happiness and lasting pain  
 Torments him. Round he throws his baleful eyes,  
 That witness'd huge affliction and dismay,  
 Mix'd with obdurate pride and stedfast hate:  
 At once, as far as Angels ken, he views  
 The dismal situation waste and wild;  
 A dungeon horrible on all sides round  
 As one great furnace flam'd, yet from those flames  
 No light, but rather darkness visible  
 Serv'd only to discover fights of woe,  
 Regions of sorrow, doleful shades, where peace  
 And rest can never dwell, hope never comes  
 That comes to all; but torture without end  
 Still urges, and a fiery deluge, fed  
 With ever-burning sulphur unconsum'd:  
 Such place eternal justice had prepar'd  
 For those rebellious, here their pris'on ordain'd  
 In utter darkness, and their portion set,  
 As far remov'd from God and light of Heav'n,  
 As from the center thrice to th' utmost pole.

### SATAN lying on the BURNING LAKE.

[MILTON.]

**T**HUS Satan talking to his nearest mate  
 With head up-lift above the wave, and eyes  
 That sparkling blaz'd, his other parts besides  
 Prone on the flood, extended long and large,  
 Lay floating many a rood, in bulk as huge  
 As whom the fables name of monstrous lize,  
 Titanian, or earth-born, that warr'd on Jove,  
 Briareos or Typhon, whom the den  
 By ancient Tarsus held, or that sea-beast  
 Leviathan, which God of all his works  
 Created hugest that swim th' ocean's stream.  
 Him haply slumb'ring on the Norway foam,  
 The pilot of some small night-founder'd skiff,  
 Deeming some island, oft, as seamen tell,  
 With fixed anchor in his scaly rind  
 Moors by his side under the lee, while night

Invests



Invests the sea, and wished morn delays.  
 So stretch'd out huge in length the Arch-Fiend lay  
 Chain'd on the burning lake, nor ever thence  
 Had ris'n or heav'd his head, but that the will  
 And high permission of all-ruling Heaven  
 Left him at large to his own dark designs ;  
 That with reiterated crimes he might  
 Heap on himself damnation, while he sought  
 Evil to others ; and enrag'd might see  
 How all his malice serv'd but to bring forth  
 Infinite goodness, grace and mercy shown  
 On Man by him seduc'd, but on himself  
 Treble confusion, wrath and vengeance pour'd.  
 Forthwith upright he rears from off the pool  
 His mighty stature ; on each hand the flames,  
 Driv'n backward, slope their pointing spires, and, roll'd  
 In billows, leave i'th' midst a horrid vale.  
 Then with expanded wings he steers his flight  
 Aloft, incumbent on the dusky air  
 That felt unusual weight, till on dry land  
 He lights, if it were land that ever burn'd  
 With solid, as the lake with liquid fire ;  
 And such appear'd in hue, as when the force  
 Of subterranean wind transports a hill  
 Torn from Pelorus, or the shatter'd side  
 Of thund'ring Ætna, whose combustible  
 And fuel'd entrails thence conceiving fire  
 Sublim'd with mineral fury, aid the winds,  
 And leave a singed bottom all involv'd  
 With stench and smoke : such resting found the sole  
 Of unblest feet.

# DESCRIPTION of SATAN's SHIELD and SPEAR,

[MILTON.]

**H**E scarce had ceas'd when the superior Fiend  
 Was moving tow'rd the shore ; his pond'rous shield,  
 Ethereal temper, massy, large and round,  
 Behind him cast ; the broad circumference  
 Hung on his shoulders like the moon, whose orb  
 Through optic glass the Tuscan artist views  
 At evening from the top of Fesolè,  
 Or in Valdarno, to descry new lands,  
 Rivers or mountains, in her spotty globe.

His

His spear, to equal which the tallest pine  
Hewn on Norwegian hills, to be the mast  
Of some great admiral, were but a wand,  
He walk'd with to support uneasy steps  
Over the burning marle.

SATAN'S PRE-EMINENCE above the other fallen  
ANGELS. [MILTON.]

— **T**HUS far these beyond  
Compare of mortal prowess, yet observ'd  
Their dread commander: he, above the rest  
In shape and gesture proudly eminent,  
Stood like a tow'r; his form had yet not lost  
All her original brightness, nor appear'd  
Less than Arch-Angel ruin'd, and th' excess  
Of glory obscur'd; as when the sun new risen  
Looks through the horizontal misty air  
Shorn of his beams; or from behind the moon,  
In dim eclipse, disastrous twilight sheds  
On half the nations, and with fear of change  
Perplexes monarchs: Darken'd so, yet shone  
Above them all, th' Arch-Angel.

PANDEMONIUM.

[MILTON.]

**A**NON out of the earth a fabric huge  
Rose like an exhalation, with the sound  
Of dulcet symphonies and voices sweet,  
Built like a temple, where pilasters round  
Were set, and Doric pillars overlaid  
With golden architrave; nor did there want  
Cornice or freeze, with bossy sculptures graven;  
The roof was fretted gold. Not Babylon,  
Nor great Alcairo such magnificence  
Equall'd in all their glories, to inshrine  
Belus or Serapis their Gods, or seat  
Their kings, when Egypt with Assyria strove  
In wealth and luxury. Th' ascending pile  
Stood fix'd her stately height; and strait the doors  
Opening their brazen folds discover wide,  
Within, her ample spaces, o'er the smooth  
And level pavement: from the arched roof,

Pendent

Pendent by subtle magic, many a row  
Of starry lamps and blazing cressets, fed  
With Naphtha and Asphaltus, yielded light  
As from a sky.

## An ADDRESS to LIGHT.

[MILTON.]

**H**AIL, holy Light, offspring of Heav'n first-born,  
Or of th' Eternal co-eternal beam!

May I express thee' unblam'd? since God is light,  
And never but in unapproach'd light

Dwelt from eternity; dwelt then in thee,

Bright effluence of bright essence increate.

Or hear'st thou rather pure ethereal stream,

Whose fountain who shall tell? before the sun,

Before the Heav'ns thou wert, and at the voice

Of God, as with a mantle didst invest

The rising world of waters dark and deep,

Won from the void and formless infinite.

Thee I revisit now with bolder wing,

Escap'd the Stygian Pool, though long detain'd

In that obscure sojourn; while in my flight

Through utter and through middle darkness borne,

With other notes than to th' Orphéan lyre,

I sung of Chaos and eternal Night;

Taught by the heav'nly Muse to venture down

The dark descent, and up to re-ascend,

Through hard and rare. Thee I revisit safe,

And feel thy sov'reign vital lamp; but thou

Revisit'st not these eyes, that roll in vain

To find thy piercing ray, and find no dawn;

So thick a drop serene hath quench'd their orbs,

Or dim suffusion veil'd. Yet not the more

Cease I to wander, where the Muses haunt

Clear spring, or shady grove, or sunny hill,

Smit with the love of sacred song; but chief

Thee, Sion, and the flow'ry brooks beneath,

That wash thy hallow'd feet, and warbling flow,

Nightly I visit: nor sometimes forget

Those other two, equall'd with me in fate,

So were I equall'd with them in renown,

Blind Thamyris, and blind Mæonides,

And Tiresias, and Phineus, prophets old:

Then



Then feed on thoughts, that voluntary move  
 Harmonious numbers; as the wakeful bird  
 Sings darkling, and in shadiest covert hid  
 Tunes her nocturnal note. Thus with the year  
 Seasons return; but not to me returns  
 Day, or the sweet approach of ev'n or morn,  
 Or sight of vernal bloom, or summer's rose,  
 Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine;  
 But clouds instead, and ever-during dark  
 Surrounds me, from the cheerful ways of men  
 Cut off, and for the book of knowledge fair  
 Presented with a universal blank  
 Of nature's works to me expung'd and raz'd,  
 And wisdom at one entrance quite shut out.  
 So much the rather thou, celestial Light,  
 Shine inward, and the mind through all her powers  
 Irradiate, there plant eyes, all mist from thence  
 Purge and disperse, that I may see and tell  
 Of things invisible to mortal sight.

## S A T A N's S P E E C H to the S U N.

[MILTON.]

**O** Thou that, with surpassing glory crown'd,  
 Look'st from thy sole dominion like the God  
 Of this new world; at whose sight all the stars  
 Hide their diminish'd heads; to thee I call,  
 But with no friendly voice, and add thy name,  
 O Sun, to tell thee how I hate thy beams,  
 That bring to my remembrance from what state  
 I fell, how glorious once above thy sphere;  
 Till pride, and worse ambition, threw me down,  
 Warring in Heav'n against Heav'n's matchless king.  
 Ah wherefore! he deserv'd no such return  
 From me, whom he created what I was  
 In that bright eminence, and with his good  
 Upbraided none: nor was his service hard.  
 What could be less than to afford him praise,  
 The easiest recompense, and pay him thanks,  
 How due! yet all his good prov'd ill in me,  
 And wrought but malice; lifted up so high  
 I disdain'd subjection, and thought one step higher  
 Would set me highest, and in a moment quit  
 The debt immense of endless gratitude,

So burdensome still paying, still to owe,  
 Forgetful what from him I still receiv'd;  
 And understood not that a grateful mind  
 By owing owes not, but still pays, at once  
 Indebted and discharg'd; what burden then?  
 O had his pow'rful destiny ordain'd  
 Me some inferior Angel, I had stood  
 Then happy; no unbounded hope had rais'd  
 Ambition. Yet why not? some other Power  
 As great might have aspir'd, and me though mean  
 Drawn to his part; but other Pow'rs as great  
 Fell not, but stand unshaken, from within  
 Or from without, to all temptations arm'd.  
 Had'st thou the same free will and pow'r to stand?  
 Thou had'st: whom hast thou then, or what, to accuse,  
 But Heav'n's free love, dealt equally to all?  
 Be then his love accurs'd, since love or hate,  
 To me alike, it deals eternal woe.  
 Nay curs'd be thou; since against his thy will  
 Chose freely what it now so justly rues.  
 Me miserable! which way shall I fly  
 Infinite wrath, and infinite despair?  
 Which way I fly is Hell; myself am Hell;  
 And, in the lowest deep, a lower deep  
 Still threatening to devour me opens wide,  
 To which the Hell I suffer seems a Heaven.  
 O then at last relent: is there no place  
 Left for repentance, none for pardon left?  
 None left but by submission; and that word  
 Disdain forbids me, and my dread of shame  
 Among the Spi'rits beneath, whom I seduc'd  
 With other promises, and other vaunts  
 Than to submit, boasting I could subdue  
 Th' Omnipotent. Ay me, they little know  
 How dearly I abide that boast so vain,  
 Under what torments inwardly I groan,  
 While they adore me on the throne of Hell,  
 With diadem and scepter high advanc'd,  
 The lower still I fall, only supreme  
 In misery; such joy ambition finds.  
 But say I could repent, and could obtain,  
 By acts of grace, my former state; how soon  
 Would height recall high thoughts, how soon unsay  
 What feign'd submission swore? ease would recant

Vows

Vows made in pain, as violent and void.  
 For never can true reconciliation grow,  
 Where wounds of deadly hate have pierc'd so deep:  
 Which would but lead me to a worse relapse,  
 And heavier fall: so should I purchase dear  
 Short Intermiſſion bought with double ſmart.  
 This knows my puniſher; therefore as far  
 From granting he, as I from begging peace:  
 All hope excluded thus, behold in ſtead  
 Of us out-caſt, exil'd, his new delight,  
 Mankind created, and for him this world.  
 So farewel hope, and with hope farewel fear,  
 Farewel remorse: all good to me is loſt;  
 Evil be thou my good; by thee at leaſt  
 Divided empire with Heav'n's king I hold,  
 By thee, and more than half perhaps will reign;  
 As Man ere long, and this new world ſhall know.

SATAN'S APPROACH to PARADISE—That PLACE  
 deſcribed. [MILTON.]

SO on he fares, and to the border comes  
 Of Eden, where delicious Paradife,  
 Now nearer, crowns with her incloſure green,  
 As with a rural mound, the champain head  
 Of a ſteep wilderneſs, whoſe hairy ſides  
 With thicket overgrown, grotesque and wild,  
 Access deny'd; and over head up grew  
 Inſuperable height of loftieſt ſhade,  
 Cedar, and pine, and fir, and branching palm,  
 A ſylvan ſcene; and as the ranks aſcend  
 Shade above ſhade, a woody theatre  
 Of ſtatieſt view. Yet higher than their tops  
 The verd'rous wall of Paradife up ſprung:  
 Which to our general ſire gave proſpect large  
 Into his nether empire neighb'ring round,  
 And higher than that wall a circling row  
 Of goodlieſt trees, loaden with faireſt fruit,  
 Bloſſoms and fruits at once of golden hue,  
 Appear'd with gay enamell'd colours mix'd:  
 On which the ſun more glad impreſs'd his beams,  
 Than in fair evening cloud, or humid bow  
 When God hath ſhow'r'd the earth; ſo lovely ſeem'd  
 That landſkip: and of pure now purer air

Meets



Meets his approach, and to the heart inspires  
 Vernal delight and joy, able to drive  
 All sadness but despair : now gentle gales  
 Fanning their odoriferous wings dispense  
 Native perfumes, and whisper whence they stole  
 Those balmy spoils. As when to them who sail  
 Beyond the Cape of Hope, and now are past  
 Mozambic, off at sea north-east winds blow  
 Sabeian odours, from the spicy shore  
 Of Araby the blest ; with such delay  
 Well pleas'd they slack their course, and many a league  
 Cheer'd with the grateful smell, old Ocean smiles.

### SATAN's first SIGHT of ADAM and EVE.

[MILTON.]

**T**WO of far nobler shape, erect and tall,  
 Godlike erect, with native honour clad  
 In naked Majesty, seem'd lords of all :  
 And worthy seem'd ; for in their looks divine  
 The image of their glorious Maker shone,  
 Truth, wisdom, sanctitude severe and pure,  
 (Severe, but in true filial freedom plac'd)  
 Whence true authority in men : though both  
 Not equal, as their sex not equal seem'd ;  
 For contemplation he, and valour form'd,  
 For softness she, and sweet attractive grace ;  
 He for God only, she for God in him.  
 His fair large front and eye sublime declar'd  
 Absolute rule ; and hyacinthin locks  
 Round from his parted forelock manly hung  
 Clust'ring, but not beneath his shoulders broad ;  
 She, as a veil, down to the slender waist  
 Her unadorned golden tresses wore  
 Dishevel'd, but in wanton ringlets wav'd,  
 As the vine curls her tendrils, which imply'd  
 Subjection, but requir'd with gentle sway,  
 And by her yielded, by him best receiv'd,  
 Yielded with coy submission, modest pride,  
 And sweet reluctant amorous delay.

K

EVE

EVE gives an Account of what first befel her after  
her CREATION. [MILTON.]

**T**HAT day I oft remember, when from sleep  
I first awak'd, and found myself repos'd  
Under a shade on flow'rs, much wond'ring where  
And what I was, whence thither brought, and how.  
Not distant far from thence a murm'ring sound  
Of waters issued from a cave, and spread  
Into a liquid plain, then stood unmov'd  
Pure as th' expanse of Heav'n; I thither went  
With unexperienc'd thought, and laid me down  
On the green bank, to look into the clear  
Smooth lake, that to me seem'd another sky.  
As I bent down to look, just opposite  
A shape within the wat'ry gleam appear'd,  
Bending to look on me: I started back,  
It started back; but pleas'd I soon return'd,  
Pleas'd it return'd as soon with answ'ring looks  
Of sympathy and love; there I had fix'd  
Mine eyes till now, and pin'd with vain desire,  
Had not a voice thus warn'd me, What thou seest  
What there thou seest, fair Creature, is thyself;  
With thee it came and goes: but follow me,  
And I will bring thee where no shadow stays  
Thy coming, and thy soft embraces, he  
Whose image thou art; him thou shalt enjoy  
Inseparably thine, to him shalt bear  
Multitudes like thyself, and thence be call'd  
Mother of human race. What could I do,  
But follow strait, invisibly thus led?  
Till I espy'd thee, fair indeed and tall,  
Under a platan; yet methought less fair,  
Less winning soft, less amiably mild,  
Than that smooth wat'ry image: back I turn'd;  
Thou following cry'dst aloud, Return fair Eve,  
Whom fly'st thou? whom thou fly'st, of him thou art,  
His flesh, his bone; to give thee be'ing I lent  
Out of my side to thee, nearest my heart,  
Substantial life, to have thee by my side  
Henceforth an individual solace dear;  
Part of my soul I seek thee, and thee claim  
My other half. With that thy gentle hand  
Seiz'd mine: I yielded, and from that time see

How beauty is excell'd by manly grace  
And wisdom, which alone is truly fair.

## A DESCRIPTION of NIGHT.

[MILTON.]

**N**OW came still evening on, and twilight gray  
Had in her sober livery all Things clad;  
Silence accompanied; for beast and bird,  
They to their grassy couch, these to their nests  
Were slunk; all but the wakeful nightingale;  
She all night long her amorous descant sung;  
Silence was pleas'd: now glow'd the firmament  
With living sapphirs; Hesperus, that led  
The starry host, rode brightest, till the moon,  
Rising in clouded majesty, at length  
Apparent queen unveil'd her peerless light,  
And o'er the dark her silver mantle threw.

EVE describes her HAPPINESS in ADAM'S  
COMPANY. [MILTON.]

**W**ITH thee conversing I forget all time;  
All seasons, and their change, all please alike.  
Sweet is the breath of morn, her rising sweet,  
With charm of earliest birds; pleasant the sun,  
When first on this delightful land he spreads  
His orient beams, on herb, tree, fruit, and flower,  
Glist'ring with dew; fragrant the fertile earth  
After soft show'rs; and sweet the coming on  
Of grateful evening mild; then silent night  
With this her solemn bird, and this fair moon,  
And these the gems of heav'n, her starry train:  
But neither breath of morn, when she ascends  
With charm of earliest birds; nor rising sun  
On this delightful land; nor herb, fruit, flower,  
Glist'ring with dew; nor fragrance after showers;  
Nor grateful evening mild; nor silent night  
With this her solemn bird, nor walk by moon,  
Or glittering star-light, without thee is sweet.



RENCOUNTER between GABRIEL and SATAN  
in PARADISE. [MILTON.]

**W**HILE thus he spake, th' angelic squadron bright  
 Turn'd fiery red, sharp'ning in mooned horns  
 Their phalanx, and began to hem him round  
 With ported spears, as thick as when a field  
 Of Ceres ripe for harvest waving bends  
 Her bearded grove of ears, which way the wind  
 Sways them; the careful plowman doubting stands,  
 Lest on the threshing floor his hopeful sheaves  
 Prove chaff. On th' other side Satan alarm'd,  
 Collecting all his might, dilated stood,  
 Like Teneriff or Atlas unremov'd:  
 His stature reach'd the sky, and on his crest  
 Sat horror plum'd; nor wanted in his grasp  
 What seem'd both spear and shield. Now dreadful deeds  
 Might have ensued, nor only Paradise  
 In this commotion, but the starry cope  
 Of Heav'n perhaps, or all the elements,  
 At least had gone to wrack, disturb'd and torn  
 With violence of this conflict, had not soon  
 Th' Eternal, to prevent such horrid fray,  
 Hung forth in Heav'n his golden scales, yet seen  
 Betwixt Aftrea and the Scorpion sign,  
 Wherein all things created first he weigh'd,  
 The pendulous round earth with balanc'd air  
 In counterpoise, now ponders all events,  
 Battles and realms; in these he put two weights,  
 The sequel each of parting and of fight;  
 The latter quick up flew, and kick'd the beam;  
 Which Gabriel spying, thus bespake the Fiend.  
 Satan, I know thy strength, and thou know'st mine;  
 Neither our own, but giv'n; what folly then  
 To boast what arms can do? since thine no more  
 Than Heav'n permits, nor mine, though doubled now  
 To trample thee as mire: for proof look up,  
 And read thy lot in yon celestial sign,  
 Where thou art weigh'd, and shown how light, how weak,  
 If thou resist. The Fiend look'd up, and knew  
 His mounted scale aloft: nor more; but fled  
 .Murm'ring, and with him fled the shades of night.

The

## The MORNING HYMN of ADAM and EVE.

[MILTON.]

THESE are thy glorious works, Parent of good,  
 Almighty, thine this universal frame,  
 Thus wond'rous fair; thyself how wond'rous then!  
 Unspeakable, who sitt'st above these Heavens,  
 To us invifible, or dimly feen  
 In thefe thy loweft works; yet thefe declare  
 Thy goodnefs beyond thought, and pow'r divine.  
 Speak ye who beft can tell, ye fons of light,  
 Angels; for ye behold him, and with fongs  
 And choral fymphonies, day without night,  
 Circle his throne rejoicing; ye in Heaven,  
 On Earth join all ye Creatures to extol  
 Him firft, him laft, him midft, and without end.  
 Faireft of ftars, laft in the train of night,  
 If better thou belong not to the dawn,  
 Sure pledge of day, that crown'ft the fmiling morn  
 With thy bright circlet, praife him in thy fphere;  
 While day arifes, that fweet hour of prime.  
 Thou fun, of this great world both eye and foul,  
 Acknowledge him thy greater; found his praife  
 In thy eternal courfe, both when thou climb'ft,  
 And when high noon haft gain'd, and when thou fall'ft.  
 Moon, that now meet'ft the orient fun, now fly'ft,  
 With the fix'd ftars, fix'd in their orb that flies;  
 And ye five other wand'ring fires that move  
 In myftic dance not without fong, refound  
 His praife, who out of darknefs call'd up light.  
 Air, and ye Elements, the eldeft birth  
 Of Nature's womb, that in quaternion run  
 Perpetual circle, multiform; and mix  
 And nourifh all things; let your ceafelefs change  
 Vary to our great Maker ftill new praife.  
 Ye Mifts and Exhalations that now rife  
 From hill or ftreaming lake, dusky or gray,  
 Till the fun paint your fleecy fkirts with gold,  
 In honour to the world's great Author rife,  
 Whether to deck with clouds th' uncolour'd fky,  
 Or wet the thirfty earth with falling fhowers,  
 Rifing or falling ftill advance his praife.  
 His praife, ye Winds, that from four quarters blow,



Breathe soft or loud ; and wave your tops, ye Pines,  
 With every plant, in sign of worship wave.  
 Fountains, and ye, that warble, as ye flow,  
 Melodious murmurs, warbling tune his praise.  
 Join voices all ye living Souls ; ye Birds,  
 That singing up to Heaven-gate ascend,  
 Bear on your wings, and in your notes his praise.  
 Ye that in waters glide, and ye that walk  
 The earth, and stately tread, or lowly creep ;  
 Witness if I be silent, morn or even,  
 To hill, or valley, fountain, or fresh shade,  
 Made vocal by my song, and taught his praise,  
 Hail universal Lord, be bounteous still  
 To give us only good ; and if the night  
 Have gather'd aught of evil, or conceal'd,  
 Disperse it, as now light dispels the dark.

RAPHAEL's Descent from HEAVEN to PARADISE.

[MILTON.]

SO spake th' eternal Father, and fulfill'd  
 All justice : nor delay'd the winged Saint  
 After his charge receiv'd ; but from among  
 Thousand celestial Ardors, where he stood  
 Veil'd with his gorgeous wings, up springing light  
 Flew threw the midst of Heav'n ; th' angelic quires,  
 On each hand parting, to his speed gave way  
 Through all the empyreal road ; till at the gate  
 Of Heav'n arriv'd, the gate self-open'd wide  
 On golden hinges turning, as by work  
 Divine the sov'reign Architect had fram'd.  
 From hence, no cloud, or, to obstruct his sight,  
 Star interpos'd, however small, he sees,  
 Not-unconform to other shining globes,  
 Earth and the gard'n of God, with cedars crown'd  
 Above all hills. As when by night the glass  
 Of Galileo, less assur'd, observes  
 Imagin'd lands, and regions in the moon :  
 Or pilot, from amidst the Cyclades,  
 Delos or Samos first appearing, kens  
 A cloudy spot. Down thither prone in flight  
 He speeds, and through the vast ethereal sky  
 Sails between worlds and worlds, with steady wing  
 Now on the polar winds, then with quick fan

Winnows



Winnows the buxom air; till within soar  
 Of tow'ring eagles, to' all the fowls he seems  
 A Phoenix, gaz'd by all, as that sole bird,  
 When to inhume his reliques in the sun's  
 Bright temple, to Egyptian Thebes he flies.  
 At once on th' eastern cliff of Paradise  
 He lights, and to his proper shape returns,  
 A Seraph wing'd: six wings he wore, to shade  
 His lineaments divine; the pair, that clad  
 Each shoulder broad, came mantling o'er his breast  
 With regal ornament; the middle pair  
 Girt like a starry zone his waist, and round  
 Skirted his loins and thighs with downy gold,  
 And colours dipt in Heav'n; the third his feet  
 Shadow'd from either heel with feather'd mail,  
 Sky-tinctur'd grain. Like Maia's son he stood,  
 And shook his plumes, that heav'nly fragrance fill'd  
 The circuit wide. Strait knew him all the bands  
 Of angels under watch; and to his state,  
 And to his message high, in honour rise;  
 For on some message high they guess'd him bound.  
 Their glitt'ring tents he pass'd, and now is come  
 Into the blissful field, through groves of myrrh,  
 And flow'ring odours, cassia, nard, and balm;  
 A wilderness of sweets; for Nature here  
 Wanton'd as in her prime, and play'd at will  
 Her virgin fancies, pouring forth more sweet,  
 Wild above rule or art; enormous bliss.

**ENCOUNTER between ABDIEL and SATAN: Be-**  
**ginning of the first BATTLE of the ANGELS.**

[MILTON.]

**S**O say'ing, a noble stroke he lifted high,  
 Which hung not, but so swift with tempest fell.  
 On the proud crest of Satan, that no sight,  
 Nor motion of swift thought, less could his shield  
 Such ruin intercept: ten paces huge  
 He back recoil'd; the tenth on bended knee  
 His massy spear upstay'd; as if on earth  
 Winds under ground, or waters forcing way,  
 Sidelong had push'd a mountain from his seat,  
 Half sunk with all his pines. Amazement seiz'd  
 The rebel Thrones, but greater rage, to see

Thus foil'd their mightiest ; ours joy fill'd, and shout,  
 Prefage of victory, and fierce desire  
 Of battle : whereat Michaël bid sound  
 Th' Arch-Angel trumpet ; through the vast of Heaven  
 It sounded, and the faithful armies rung  
 Hosanna to the High'est : nor stood at gaze  
 The adverse legions, nor less hideous join'd  
 The horrid shock. Now storming fury rose,  
 And clamour, such as heard in Heav'n till now  
 Was never ; arms on armour clashing bray'd  
 Horrible discord, and the madding wheels  
 Of brazen chariots rag'd ; dire was the noise  
 Of conflict ; over head the dismal hiss  
 Of fiery darts in flaming vollies flew,  
 And flying vaulted either host with fire.  
 So under fiery cope together rush'd  
 Both battles main, with ruinous assault  
 And inextinguishable rage ; all Heaven  
 Resounded, and had Earth been then, all Earth  
 Had to her center shook.

#### ENCOUNTER between MICHAEL and SATAN.

[MILTON.]

**T**HEY ended parle, and both address'd for fight  
 Unspeakable ; for who, though with the tongue  
 Of Angels, can relate, or to what things  
 Liken on Earth conspicuous, that may lift  
 Human imagination to such height  
 Of Godlike pow'r ? for likest Gods they seem'd,  
 Stood they or mov'd, in stature, motion, arms,  
 Fit to decide the empire of great Heaven.  
 Now wav'd their fiery swords, and in the air  
 Made horrid circles ; two broad suns their shields  
 Blaz'd opposite, while expectation stood  
 In horror ; from each hand with speed retir'd,  
 Where erst was thickest fight, th' angelic throng,  
 And left large field, unsafe within the wind  
 Of such commotion ; such as, to set forth  
 Great things by small, if nature's concord broke,  
 Among the constellations war were sprung,  
 Two planets, rushing from aspect malign  
 Of fiercest opposition, in mid sky  
 Should combat, and their jarring spheres confound.

Together

Together both with next to' almighty arm  
 Up-lifted imminent, one stroke they aim'd  
 That might determine, and not need repeat,  
 As not of pow'r at once; nor odds appear'd  
 In might or swift prevention; but the sword  
 Of Michael from the armoury of God  
 Was given him temper'd so, that neither keen  
 Nor solid might resist that edge: it met  
 The sword of Satan, with steep force to smite  
 Descending, and in half cut sheer; nor stay'd,  
 But with swift wheel reverse, deep ent'ring, shar'd  
 All his right side: then Satan first knew pain,  
 And writh'd him to and fro convolv'd; so sore  
 The griding sword with discontinuous wound  
 Pass'd through him: but th' ethereal substance clos'd,  
 Not long divisible; and from the gash  
 A stream of necta'rous humour issuing flow'd  
 Sanguine, such as celestial Spi'rits may bleed,  
 And all his armour stain'd, ere while so bright.  
 Forthwith on all sides to his aid was run  
 By Angels many and strong, who interpos'd  
 Defence; while others bore him on their shields  
 Back to his chariot, where it stood retir'd  
 From off the files of war: there they him laid  
 Gnashing for anguish, and despite, and shame,  
 To find himself not matchless, and his pride  
 Humbled by such rebuke, so far beneath  
 His confidence to equal God in power.  
 Yet soon he heal'd; for Spi'rits that live throughout  
 Vital in every part, not as frail man  
 In entrails, heart or head, liver or reins,  
 Cannot but by annihilating die;  
 Nor in their liquid texture mortal wound  
 Receive, no more than can the fluid air;  
 All heart they live, all head, all eye, all ear,  
 All intellectu', all sense; and as they please,  
 They limb themselves, and colour, shape, or size  
 Assume, as likes them best, condense or rare.

ADDRESS to the MUSE, URANIA.

[MILTON.]

DESCEND from Heav'n, Urania, by that name:  
 If rightly thou art call'd, whose voice divine

K 5

Following.



Following, above th' Olympian hill I soar,  
 Above the flight of Pegasean wing.  
 The meaning, not the name I call: for thou  
 Nor of the Muses nine, nor on the top  
 Of old Olympus dwell'st; but heav'nly born,  
 Before the hills appear'd, or fountains flow'd,  
 Thou with eternal wisdom didst converse,  
 Wisdom thy sister, and with her didst play  
 In presence of th' almighty Father, pleas'd  
 With thy celestial song. Up led by thee,  
 Into the Heav'n of Heav'ns I have presum'd,  
 An earthly guest, and drawn empyreal air,  
 Thy temp'ring; with like safety guided down,  
 Return me to my native element:  
 Lest from this flying steed unrein'd, (as once  
 Bellerophon, though from a lower clime)  
 Dismounted, on th' Aleian field I fall,  
 Erroneous there to wander, and forlorn.  
 Half yet remains unsung, but narrower bound  
 Within the visible diurnal sphere;  
 Standing on earth, not rapt above the pole,  
 More safe I sing with mortal voice, unchang'd  
 To hoarse or mute, though fall'n on evil days,  
 On evil days though fall'n, and evil tongues;  
 In darkness, and with dangers compass'd round,  
 And solitude; yet not alone, while thou  
 Visit'st my slumbers nightly, or when morn  
 Purples the east: still govern thou my song,  
 Urania, and fit audience find, though few.  
 But drive far off the barbarous dissonance  
 Of Bacchus and his revellers, the race  
 Of that wild Rout that tore the Thracian bard  
 In Rhodope, where woods and rocks had ears  
 To rapture, till the savage clamor drown'd  
 Both harp and voice; nor could the Muse defend  
 Her son. So fail not thou, who thee implores:  
 For thou art heav'nly, she an empty dream.

The CREATION of the WORLD described.

[MILTON.]

—MEAN while the Son  
 On his great expedition now appear'd,  
 Girt with omnipotence, with radiance crown'd

Of

Of majesty divine; sapience and love  
 Immense, and all his Father in him shone.  
 About his chariot numberless were pour'd  
 Cherub and Seraph, Potentates and Thrones,  
 And Virtues, winged Spi'rits, and chariots wing'd  
 From the armoury of God; where stand of old  
 Myriads between two brazen mountains lodg'd.  
 Against a solemn day, harness'd at hand,  
 Celestial equipage; and now came forth  
 Spontaneous, for within them spirit liv'd,  
 Attendant on their Lord: Heav'n open'd wide.  
 Her ever-during gates, harmonious sound  
 On golden hinges moving, to let forth  
 The King of Glory in his pow'ful Word.  
 And Spirit coming to create new worlds.  
 On heav'nly ground they stood, and from the shore  
 They view'd the vast immeasurable abyss  
 Outrageous as a sea, dark, wasteful, wild,  
 Up from the bottom turn'd by furious winds,  
 And surging waves, as mountains, to assault  
 Heav'n's height, and with the center mix the pole.  
 Silence, ye troubled waves, and thou deep, peace,  
 Said then th' om̄ific Word, your discord end:  
 Nor stay'd; but on the wings of Cherubim  
 Uplifted, in paternal glory rode  
 Far into chaos, and the world unborn;  
 For Chaos heard his voice: him all his train  
 Follow'd in bright procession, to behold  
 Creation, and the wonders of his might.  
 Then stay'd the fervid wheels, and in his hand  
 He took the golden compasses, prepar'd  
 In God's eternal store, to circumscribe  
 This universe, and all created things:  
 One foot he center'd, and the other turn'd  
 Round through the vast profundity obscure,  
 And said, Thus far extend, thus far thy bounds,  
 This be thy just circumference, O world.  
 Thus God the Heav'n created, thus the Earth,  
 Matter unform'd and void: Darkness profound  
 Cover'd th' abyss: but on th' wat'ry calm  
 His brooding wings the Spi'rit of God outspread,  
 And vital virtue' infus'd, and vital warmth  
 Throughout the fluid mass: but downward purg'd  
 The black, tartareous, cold, infernal dregs,

Adverse to life : then founded, then conglob'd  
 Like things to like, the rest to several place  
 Disparted, and between spun out the air,  
 And Earth self-balanc'd on her center hung.

The first Appearance of the SUN and MOON.

[M I L T O N.]

**F**IRST in his east the glorious lamp was seen,  
 Regent of day, and all th' horizon round  
 Invested with bright rays, jocund to run  
 His longitude through Heav'n's high road; the gray  
 Dawn, and the Pleiades before him danc'd,  
 Shedding sweet influence: less bright the moon;  
 But opposite in levell'd west was set,  
 His mirror, with full face borrowing her light  
 From him; for other light she needed none  
 In that aspect; and still that distance keeps  
 Till night, then in the east her turn she shines,  
 Revolv'd on Heav'n's great axle, and her reign  
 With thousand lesser lights dividual holds.

The CREATION of BIRDS described.

[M I L T O N.]

**M**EAN while the tepid caves, and fens, and shores,  
 Their brood as numerous hatch, from th' egg that  
 soon  
 Bursting with kindly rupture forth disclos'd  
 Their callow young, but feather'd soon and fledge  
 They summ'd their pens, and soaring th' air sublime  
 With clang despis'd the ground, under a cloud  
 In prospect; there the eagle and the stork  
 On cliffs and cedar-tops their eyries build:  
 Part loosely wing the region, part more wise  
 In common, rang'd in figure wedge their way,  
 Intelligent of seasons, and set forth  
 Their airy caravan high over seas  
 Flying, and over lands with mutual wing  
 Easing their flight; so steers the prudent crane  
 Her annual voyage, borne on winds; the air  
 Floats, as they pass, fann'd with unnumber'd plumes.  
 From branch to branch the smaller birds with song

Solac'd



Solac'd the woods, and spread their painted wings—  
 Till ev'n; nor then the solemn nightingale  
 Ceas'd warb'ling, but all night tun'd her soft lays.—  
 Others on silver lakes and rivers bath'd  
 Their downy breast; the swan, with arched neck  
 Between her white wings mantling proudly, rows  
 Her state with oary feet; yet oft they quit  
 The dank, and rising on stiff pennons, tower  
 The mid aerial sky: Others on ground  
 Walk'd firm; the crested cock, whose clarion sounds  
 The silent hours; and th' other, whose gay train  
 Adorns him, colour'd with the florid hue  
 Of rainbows and starry eyes.

The DEITY resolves to create MAN.

[MILTON.]

NOW Heav'n in all her glory shone, and roll'd  
 Her motions, as the great first Mover's hand  
 First wheel'd their course; earth in her rich attire  
 Consummate lovely smil'd; air, water, earth,  
 By fowl, fish, beast, was flown, was swum, was walk'd  
 Frequent; and of the sixth day yet remain'd.  
 There wanted yet the master-work, the end  
 Of all yet done; a creature, who not prone  
 And brute as other creatures, but endued  
 With sanctity of reason, might erect  
 His stature, and upright with front serene  
 Govern the rest, self-knowing, and from thence  
 Magnanimous to correspond with Heaven,  
 But grateful to acknowledge whence his good  
 Descends, thither with heart, and voice, and eyes  
 Directed in devotion, to adore  
 And worship God supreme, who made him chief  
 Of all his works.

ADAM gives an Account of his CONDITION and  
 SENTIMENTS, immediately after his CREATION.

[MILTON.]

— A S new wak'd from soundest sleep,  
 Soft on the flow'ry herb I found me laid  
 In balmy sweat, which with his beams the sun  
 Soon dry'd, and on the reeking moisture fed.

Strait

Strait toward Heav'n my wond'ring eyes I turn'd,  
 And gaz'd awhile the ample sky, till rais'd  
 By quick instinctive motion, up I sprung,  
 As thitherward endeavouring, and upright  
 Stood on my Feet; about me round I saw  
 Hill, dale, and shady woods, and sunny plains,  
 And liquid lapse of murm'ring streams; by these,  
 Creatures that liv'd and mov'd, and walk'd, or flew,  
 Birds on the branches warbling; all things smil'd,  
 With fragrance and with joy my heart o'erflow'd.  
 Myself I then perus'd, and limb by limb  
 Survey'd, and sometimes went, and sometimes ran  
 With supple joints, as lively vigour led:  
 But who I was, or where, or from what cause,  
 Knew not; to speak I try'd, and forthwith spake;  
 My tongue obey'd, and readily could name  
 Whate'er I saw. Thou Sun, said I, fair light,  
 And thou enlighten'd Earth, so fresh and gay,  
 Ye Hills, and Dales, ye Rivers, Woods, and Plains,  
 And ye that live and move, fair Creatures, tell,  
 Tell, if ye saw, how came I thus, how here?  
 Not of myself; by some great Maker then,  
 In goodness and in pow'r præminent;  
 Tell me, how may I know him, how adore,  
 From whom I have that thus I move and live,  
 And feel that I am happier than I know.  
 While thus I call'd, and stray'd I knew not whither,  
 From where I first drew air, and first beheld  
 This happy light; when answer none return'd,  
 On a green shady bank, profuse of flowers,  
 Pensive I sat me down: there gentle sleep  
 First found me, and with soft oppression seiz'd  
 My droused sense, untroubled; though I thought  
 I then was passing to my former state  
 Insensible, and forthwith to dissolve:  
 When suddenly stood at my head a dream,  
 Whose inward apparition gently mov'd  
 My fancy to believe I yet had being,  
 And liv'd. One came, methought, of shape divine,  
 And said, Thy mansion wants thee, Adam, rise,  
 First Man, of men innumerable ordain'd  
 First Father; call'd by thee, I come thy guide  
 To the garden of bliss, thy seat prepar'd.  
 So saying, by the hand he took me rais'd,

And

And over fields and waters, as in air  
 Smooth-sliding without step, last led me up  
 A woody mountain ; whose high top was plain,  
 A circuit wide, inclos'd with goodliest trees  
 Planted, with walks, and bow'rs, that what I saw  
 Of earth before scarce pleasant seem'd. Each tree  
 Loaden with fairest fruit, that hung to th' eye  
 Tempting, stirr'd in me sudden appetite  
 To pluck and eat ; whereat I wak'd, and found  
 Before mine eyes all real, as the dream  
 Had lively shadow'd.

## A D A M's Description of E V E.

— **Y**ET when I approach  
 Her loveliness, so absolute she seems,  
 And in herself complete, so well to know  
 Her own, that what she wills to do or say,  
 Seems wisest, virtuousest, discreetest, best ;  
 All higher knowledge in her presence falls  
 Degraded, wisdom in discourse with her  
 Loses discount'nanc'd, and like folly shows ;  
 Authority and reason on her wait,  
 As one intended first, not after made  
 Occasionally ; and to consummate all,  
 Greatness of mind, and nobleness, their seat  
 Build in her loveliest, and create an awe  
 About her, as a guard angelic plac'd.

EVE parts with ADAM.—The SERPENT finds her ;  
 and is so strongly affected with her Beauty and Inno-  
 cence, that he almost lays aside his hellish Design.

[M I L T O N.]

**T**HUS saying, from her husband's hand her hand  
 Soft she withdrew, and like a Wood-Nymph light,  
 Oread or Dryad, or of Delia's train,  
 Betook her to the groves ; but Delia's self  
 In gait surpass'd, and Goddess-like deport ;  
 Though not, as she, with bow and quiver arm'd,  
 But with such gard'ning tools as art yet rude,  
 Guiltless of fire, had form'd, or Angels brought.  
 To Pales, or Pomona, thus adorn'd,  
 Likest she seem'd, Pomona when she fled

Vertumnus,



Vertumnus, or to Ceres in her prime,  
 Yet virgin of Proserpina from Jove.  
 Her long with ardent look his eye pursu'd:  
 Delighted, but desiring more her stay.  
 Oft he to her his charge of quick return  
 Repeated; she to him as oft engag'd  
 To be return'd by noon amid the bower,  
 And all things in best order to invite  
 Noontide repast, or afternoon's repose.  
 O much deceiv'd, much failing, hapless Eve,  
 Of thy presum'd return! event perverse!  
 Thou never from that hour in Paradise  
 Found'st either sweet repast, or sound repose;  
 Such ambush, hid among sweet flow'rs and shades,  
 Waited with hellish rancour imminent  
 To intercept thy way, or send thee back  
 Despoil'd of innocence, of faith, of bliss.  
 For now, and since first break of dawn, the Fiend,  
 Mere serpent in appearance, forth was come,  
 And on his quest, where likeliest he might find  
 The only two of mankind, but in them  
 The whole included race, his purpos'd prey.  
 In bow'r and field he sought, where any tuft  
 Of grove or garden-plot more pleasant lay,  
 Their tendance, or plantation for delight;  
 By fountain or by shady rivulet  
 He sought them both, but wish'd his hap might find  
 Eve separate; he wish'd, but not with hope  
 Of what so seldom chanc'd: when to his wish,  
 Beyond his hope, Eve separate he spies,  
 Veil'd in a cloud of fragrance, where she stood,  
 Half spy'd, so thick the roses bushing round  
 About her glow'd; oft stooping to support  
 Each flow'r of slender stalk, whose head though gay  
 Carnation, purple, azure, or speck'd with gold,  
 Hung drooping unsustain'd; them she upstays  
 Gently with myrtle band, mindless the while  
 Herself, though fairest unsupported flower,  
 From her best prop so far, and storm so nigh.  
 Nearer he drew, and many a walk travers'd  
 Of stateliest covert, cedar, pine, or palm;  
 Then voluble and bold, now hid, now seen  
 Among thick-woven arborets and flowers  
 Inborder'd on each bank, the hand of Eve:

Spot more delicious than those gardens feign'd  
 Or of reviv'd Adonis, or renown'd  
 Alcinous, host of old Laertes' son;  
 Or that, not mystic, where the sapient king  
 Held dalliance with his fair Egyptian spouse.  
 Much he the place admir'd, the person more.  
 As one who long in populous city pent,  
 Where houses thick and sewers annoy the air,  
 Forth issuing on a summer's morn, to breathe  
 Among the pleasant villages and farms  
 Adjoin'd, from each thing met conceives delight,  
 The smell of grain, or tedded grass, or kine,  
 Or dairy', each rural sight, each rural sound;  
 If chance with nymph-like step fair virgin pass,  
 What pleasing seem'd, for her now pleases more,  
 She most, and in her look sums all delight:  
 Such pleasure took the Serpent to behold  
 This flow'ry plat, the sweet recess of Eve  
 Thus early, thus alone; her heav'nly form  
 Angelic, but more soft and feminine,  
 Her graceful innocence, her every air  
 Of gesture, or least action, overaw'd  
 His malice, and with rapine sweet bereav'd  
 His fierceness of the fierce intent it brought.

A D A M's Lamentation over E V E, upon her eating  
 the forbidden F R U I T; and his Resolution to share  
 the same Fate with her.

[M I L T O N.]

O Fairest of creation, last and best  
 Of all God's works, Creature in whom excell'd  
 Whatever can to sight or thought be form'd,  
 Holy, divine, good, amiable, or sweet!  
 How art thou lost, how on a sudden lost,  
 Defac'd, deflow'r'd, and now to death devote!  
 Rather, how hast thou yielded to transgress  
 The strict forbiddance, how to violate  
 The sacred fruit forbidd'n? Some cursed fraud  
 Of enemy hath beguil'd thee, yet unknown;  
 And me with thee hath ruin'd; for with thee  
 Certain my resolution is to die:  
 How can I live without thee, how forego  
 Thy sweet converse and love so dearly join'd,

To

To live again in these wild woods forlorn?  
 Should God create another Eve, and I  
 Another rib afford, yet loss of thee  
 Would never from my heart; no, no, I feel  
 The link of nature draw me: flesh of flesh,  
 Bone of my bone thou art, and from thy state  
 Mine never shall be parted, bliss or woe.

EVE'S LAMENTATION upon her being doomed to quit  
 PARADISE. [MILTON.]

O Unexpected stroke, worse than of Death!  
 Must I thus leave thee, Paradise? thus leave  
 Thee, native soil, these happy walks and shades,  
 Fit haunt of Gods? where I had hope to spend,  
 Quiet though sad, the respite of that day  
 That must be mortal to us both. O flowers,  
 That never will in other climate grow,  
 My early visitation, and my last  
 At ev'n, which I bred up with tender hand:  
 From the first opening bud, and gave ye names,  
 Who now shall rear ye to the sun, or rank  
 Your tribes, and water from th' ambrosial fount?  
 Thee lastly, nuptial bower, by me adorn'd  
 With what to sight or smell was sweet, from thee  
 How shall I part, and whither wander down  
 Into a lower world, to this obscure  
 And wild? how shall we breathe in other air  
 Less pure, accusom'd to immortal fruits?

A HYMN to CONTENTMENT.

[PARNELL.]

LOVELY, lasting peace of mind!  
 Sweet delight of human-kind!  
 Heav'nly born, and bred on high,  
 To crown the fav'rites of the sky  
 With more of happiness below  
 Than victors in a triumph know!  
 Whither, O whither art thou fled,  
 To lay thy meek contented head!  
 What happy regions dost thou please  
 To make the seat of calms and ease?

Ambition



Ambition searches all its sphere  
 Of pomp and state, to meet thee there.  
 Increasing avarice would find  
 Thy presence in its gold inthrind.  
 The bold advent'rer ploughs his way  
 Thro' rocks amidst the foaming sea,  
 To gain thy love; and then perceives  
 Thou wert not in the rocks and waves.  
 The silent heart which grief affails,  
 Treads soft and lonesome o'er the vales,  
 Sees daisies open, rivers run,  
 And seeks (as I have vainly done)  
 Amusing thought; but learns to know  
 That solitude's the nurse of woe.  
 No real happiness is found  
 In trailing purple o'er the ground:  
 Or in a soul exalted high,  
 To range the circuit of the sky,  
 Converse with stars above, and know  
 All nature in its forms below;  
 The rest it seeks, in seeking dies,  
 And doubts at last for knowledge rise.  
 Lovely, lasting peace, appear!  
 This world itself, if thou art here,  
 Is once again with *Eden* bless'd,  
 And man contains it in his breast.

'Twas thus, as under shade I stood,  
 And sung my wishes to the wood,  
 And lost in thought, no more perceiv'd  
 The branches whisper as they wav'd  
 It seem'd, as all the quiet place  
 Confess'd the presence of the grace.  
 When thus she spoke—*God rule thy will,*  
 Bid thy wild passions all be still,  
 Know God—and bring thy heart to know  
 The joys which from religion flow:  
 Then every grace shall prove its guest,  
 And I'll be there to crown the rest.

Oh! by yonder mossy seat,  
 In my hours of sweet retreat,  
 Might I thus my soul employ,  
 With sense of gratitude and joy;  
 Rais'd as ancient prophets were,  
 In heav'nly vision, praise, and pray'r;

Pleasing

Pleasing all men, hurting none,  
 Pleas'd and blest'd with God alone :  
 Then while the gardens take my sight  
 With all the colours of delight ;  
 While silver waters glide along,  
 To please my ear and court my song :  
 I'll lift my voice, and tune my string,  
 And Thee, *Great Source of nature*, sing.

The sun that walks his airy way,  
 To light the world, and give the day ;  
 The moon that shines with borrow'd light ;  
 The stars that gild the gloomy night ;  
 The seas that roll unnumber'd waves ;  
 The wood that spreads its shady leaves ;  
 The field whose ears conceal the grain,  
 The yellow treasure of the plain ;  
 All of these, and all I see,  
 Shou'd be sung, and sung by me :  
 They speak their Maker as they can,  
 But want and ask the tongue of Man.

Go, search among your idle dreams,  
 Your *busy*, or your *vain* extreams ;  
 And find a life of equal bliss,  
 Or own the *next* begun in *This*.

### A NIGHT-PIECE. on DEATH.

[PARNELL.]

**B**Y the blue taper's trembling light,  
 No more I waste the wakeful night,  
 Intent with endless view to pore  
 The schoolmen and the sages o'er :  
 Their books from wisdom widely stray,  
 Or point at best the longest way.  
 I'll seek a readier path, and go  
 Where wisdom's surely taught below.

How deep yon azure dyes the sky !  
 Where orbs of gold unnumber'd lie,  
 While thro' their ranks in silver pride  
 The nether crescent seems to glide.  
 The slumb'ring breeze forgets to breathe,  
 The lake is smooth and clear beneath,  
 Where once again the spangled show,  
 Descends to meet our eyes below.

The grounds which on the right aspire,  
 In dimness from the view retire :  
 The left presents a place of graves,  
 Whose wall the silent water laves.  
 That steeple guides thy doubtful sight  
 Among the livid gleams of night.  
 There pass with melancholy state  
 By all the solemn heaps of fate.  
 And think, as softly-sad you tread  
 Above the venerable dead,  
*Time was, like thee they life possess,*  
*And time shall be, that thou shalt rest.*

Those graves with bending osier bound,  
 That nameless heave the crumbled ground,  
 Quick to the glancing thought disclose  
 Where *Toil* and *Poverty* repose.

The flat smooth stones that bear a name,  
 The chissel's slender help to fame,  
 (Which ere our set of friends decay  
 Their frequent steps may wear away)  
 A *Middle Race* of mortals own,  
 Men, half ambitious, all unknown.

The marble tombs that rise on high,  
 Whose dead in vaulted arches lie,  
 Whose pillars swell with sculptur'd stones,  
 Arms, angels, epitaphs and bones,  
 These (all the poor remains of state)  
 Adorn the *Rich*, or praise the *Great*;  
 Who, while on earth in fame they live,  
 Are senseless of the fame they give.

Ha! while I gaze, pale *Cynthia* fades,  
 The bursting earth unveils the shades ;  
 All slow, and wan, and wrapt with shrouds,  
 They rise in visionary crouds,  
 And all with sober accent cry,  
*Think, Mortal, what it is to die.*

Now from yon black and fun'ral yew,  
 That bathes the charnel-house with dew,  
 Methinks I hear a *Voice* begin ;  
 (Ye ravens, cease your croaking din,  
 Ye tolling clocks, no time resound  
 O'er the long lake and midnight ground)  
 It sends a peal of hollow groans,  
 Thus speaking from among the bones.

When



When men my scythe and darts supply,  
 How great a *King of Fears* am I!  
 They view me like the last of things,  
 They make, and then they dread, my stings.  
 Fools! if you less provok'd your fears,  
 No more my spectre-form appears,  
 Death's but a path that must be trod,  
 If man wou'd ever pass to God:  
 A port of calms, a state of ease  
 From the rough rage of swelling seas.

Why then thy flowing sable stoles,  
 Deep pendant cypress, mourning poles,  
 Loose scarfs to fall athwart thy weeds,  
 Long palls, drawn hearfes, cover'd steeds,  
 And plumes of black, that, as they tread,  
 Nod o'er the 'scutcheons of the dead?

Nor can the parted body know,  
 Nor wants the soul these forms of woe:  
 As men who long in prison dwell,  
 With lamps that glimmer round the cell,  
 Whene'er their suffering years are run,  
 Spring forth to greet the glitt'ring sun:  
 Such joy, tho' far transcending sense,  
 Have pious souls at parting hence.  
 On earth, and in the body plac'd,  
 A few, and evil years they waste:  
 But when their chains are cast aside,  
 See the glad scene unfolding wide,  
 Clap the glad wing, and tow'r away,  
 And mingle with the blaze of day.

### HEALTH; an ECLOGUE.

[PARNELL.]

NOW early shepherds o'er the meadow pass,  
 And print long footsteps in the glitt'ring grass;  
 The cows neglectful of their pasture stand,  
 By turns obsequious to the milker's hand.

When *Damon* softly trod the shaven lawn,  
*Damon*, a youth from city-cares withdrawn;  
 Long was the pleasing walk he wander'd thro',  
 A cover'd arbour clos'd the distant view;  
 There rests the *Youth*, and while the feather'd throng  
 Raise their wild musick, thus contrives a song.

Here

Here wafted o'er by mild *Etesian* air,  
 Thou, country *Goddeſs*, beauteous *Health*! repair!  
 Here let my breast, thro' quiv'ring trees, inhale  
 Thy rosy blessings with the morning-gale;  
 What are the fields, or flow'rs, or all I see?  
 Ah! tasteless all, if not enjoy'd with thee.

Joy to my soul! I feel the *Goddeſs* nigh,  
 The face of nature cheers as well as I;  
 O'er the flat green refreshing breezes run,  
 The smiling dazies blow beneath the sun,  
 The brooks run purling down with silver waves,  
 The planted lanes rejoice with dancing leaves,  
 The chirping birds from all the compass rove  
 To tempt the tuneful echoes of the grove:  
 High sunny summits, deeply-shaded dales,  
 Thick mossy banks, and flow'ry winding vales,  
 With various prospect gratify the sight,  
 And scatter fix'd attention in delight.

Come, country *Goddeſs*, come; nor thou suffice,  
 But bring thy mountain-sister, *Exercise*.  
 Call'd by thy lively voice, she turns her pace,  
 Her winding horn proclaims the finish'd chase;  
 She mounts the rocks, she skims the level plain;  
 Dogs, hawks, and horses, crowd her early train;  
 Her hardy face repels the tanning wind,  
 And lines and meshes loosely float behind.  
 All these, as means of toil the feeble see,  
 But these are helps to pleasure join'd with thee.

Let *Sloth* lie soft'ning till high noon in down,  
 Or lolling fan her in the sultry town,  
 Unnerv'd with rest; and turn her own disease,  
 Or foster others in luxurious ease:  
 I mount the courser, call the deep-mouth'd hounds,  
 The fox unkennell'd flies to covert grounds;  
 I lead where stags thro' tangled thickets tread,  
 And shake the saplings with their branching head;  
 I make the falcons wing their airy way,  
 And soar to seize, or stooping strike their prey;  
 To snare the fish I fix the luring bait;  
 To wound the fowl I load the gun with fate.  
 'Tis thus thro' change of exercise I range,  
 And strength and pleasure rise from ev'ry change.  
 Here beauteous *Health* for all the year remain,  
 When the next comes, I'll charm thee thus again.

Oh come, thou *Goddeſs* of my rural ſong,  
 And bring thy daughter, calm *Content*, along,  
 Dame of the ruddy cheek and laughing eye,  
 From whoſe bright preſence clouds of ſorrow fly:  
 For her I mow my walks, I platt my bow'rs,  
 Clip my low hedges, and ſupport my flow'rs;  
 To welcome her this ſummer-feat I dreſt,  
 And here I court her when ſhe comes to reſt;  
 When ſhe from exerciſe to learned eaſe  
 Shall change again, and teach the change to pleaſe.

Now friends converſing my ſoft hours refine,  
 And *Tully's Tuſculum* revives in mine:  
 Now to grave books I bid the mind retreat,  
 And ſuch as make me rather good than great.  
 Or o'er the works of eaſy *Fancy* rove,  
 Where flutes and innocence amuſe the grove:  
 The native *Bard* that on *Sicilian* plains  
 Firſt ſung the lowly manners of the ſwains;  
 Or *Maro's* muſe, that in the faireſt light  
 Paints rural proſpects and the charms of ſight.  
 Theſe ſoft *Amuſements* bring *Content* along,  
 And *Fancy*, void of Sorrow, turns to *Song*.

Here beauteous *Health* for all the year remain,  
 When the next comes, I'll charm thee thus again.

## A CONTEMPLATION ON NIGHT.

[GAY.]

**W**HETHER amid the gloom of night I ſtray,  
 Or my glad eyes enjoy revolving day,  
 Still Nature's various face informs my ſenſe,  
 Of an all-wiſe, all-powerful Providence.

When the gay ſun firſt breaks the ſhades of night,  
 And ſtrikes the diſtant eaſtern hills with light,  
 Colour returns, the plains their liv'ry wear,  
 And a bright verdure clothes the ſmiling year;  
 The blooming flow'rs with opening beauties glow,  
 And grazing flocks their milky fleeces ſhow,  
 The barren cliffs with chalky fronts ariſe,  
 And a pure azure arches o'er the ſkies.  
 But when the gloomy reign of night returns,  
 Stript of her fading pride all nature mourns:  
 The trees no more their wonted verdure boaſt,  
 But weep in dewy tears their beauty loſt;



No distant land skips draw our curious eyes,  
 Wrapt in night's robe the whole creation lies.  
 Yet still, ev'n now, while darkness clothes the land,  
 We view the traces of th' Almighty hand;  
 Millions of stars in heav'n's wide vault appear,  
 And with new glories hang the boundless sphere:  
 The silver Moon her western couch forsakes,  
 And o'er the skies her nightly circle makes,  
 Her solid globe beats back the sunny rays,  
 And to the world her borrow'd light repays.

Whether those stars, that twinkling lustre send,  
 Are suns, and rolling worlds those suns attend,  
 Man may conjecture, and new schemes declare,  
 Yet all his systems but conjectures are;  
 But this we know, that heav'n's eternal King,  
 Who bid this universe from nothing spring,  
 Can at his *Word* bid num'rous worlds appear,  
 And rising worlds th' all-powerful *Word* shall hear.

When to the western main the sun descends,  
 To other lands a rising day he lends,  
 The spreading dawn another shepherd spies,  
 The wakeful flocks from their warm folds arise;  
 Refresh'd, the peasant seeks his early toil,  
 And bids the plow correct the fallow soil;  
 While we in sleep's embraces waste the night,  
 The climes oppos'd enjoy meridian light;  
 And when those lands the busy sun forsakes,  
 With us again the rosy morning wakes;  
 In lazy sleep the night rolls swift away,  
 And neither clime laments his absent ray.

When the pure soul is from the body flown,  
 No more shall night's alternate reign be known:  
 The sun no more shall rolling light bestow,  
 But from th' Almighty streams of glory flow.  
 Oh, may some nobler thought my soul employ  
 Than empty, transient, sublunary joy!  
 The stars shall drop, the sun shall lose his flame,  
 But thou, O God, for ever shine the same.

## A T H O U G H T on E T E R N I T Y.

[G A Y.]

E R E the foundations of the world were laid,  
 Ere kindling light th' Almighty word obey'd,  
 Thou wert; and when the subterraneous flame

L

Shall

Shall burst its prison, and devour this frame,  
 From angry heav'n when the keen lightning flies,  
 When fervent heat dissolves the melting skies,  
 Thou still shalt be; still, as thou wert before,  
 And know no change, when time shall be no more.  
 O endless thought! divine eternity!  
 Th' immortal soul shares but a part of thee;  
 For thou wert present when our life began,  
 When the warm dust shot up in breathing man.

Ah! what is life? with ills encompass'd round,  
 Amidst our hopes, Fate strikes the sudden wound:  
 To-day the statesman of new honour dreams,  
 To-morrow death destroys his airy schemes;  
 Is mouldy treasure in thy chest confin'd?  
 Think all that treasure thou must leave behind;  
 Thy heir with smiles shall view thy blazon'd herse,  
 And all thy hoards with lavish hand disperse.  
 Should certain fate th' impending blow delay,  
 Thy mirth will sicken, and thy bloom decay;  
 Then feeble age will all thy nerves disarm,  
 No more thy blood its narrow channels warm.  
 Who then would wish to stretch this narrow span,  
 To suffer life beyond the date of man?

The virtuous soul pursues a nobler aim,  
 And life regards but as a fleeting dream:  
 She longs to wake, and wishes to get free,  
 To launch from earth into eternity.  
 For while the boundless theme extends our thought,  
 Ten thousand thousand rolling years are nought.

To Sir GODFREY KNELLER, on his Picture of  
 KING GEORGE I. [ADDISON.]

**K**NELLER, with silence and surprise  
 We see *Britannia's* Monarch rise,  
 A godlike form, by thee display'd  
 In all the force of light and shade;  
 And, aw'd by thy delusive hand,  
 As in the presence-chamber stand.

The magic of thy art calls forth  
 His secret soul and hidden worth,  
 His probity and mildness shows,  
 His care of friends, and scorn of foes:  
 In every stroke, and every line,  
 Does some exalted virtue shine,

And

And *Albion's* happiness we trace  
 Through all the features of his face.  
 O may I live to hail the day,  
 When the glad nation shall survey  
 Their Sov'reign, thro' his wide command,  
 Passing in progress o'er the land!  
 Each heart shall bend, and every voice  
 In loud applauding shouts rejoice,  
 Whilst all his gracious aspect praise,  
 And crouds grow loyal as they gaze.

The image on the medal placed,  
 With its bright round of titles graced,  
 And stamp'd on *British* coins shall live;  
 To richest ores the value give:  
 Or, wrought within the curious mold,  
 Shape and adorn the running gold.  
 To bear this form, the genial sun  
 Has daily, since his course begun,  
 Rejoic'd the metal to refine,  
 And ripen'd the *Peruvian* mine.

Thou, *Kneller*, long, with noble pride,  
 The foremost of thy art, hast vy'd  
 With nature in a generous strife,  
 And touch'd the canvas into life.  
 Thy pencil has, by monarchs sought,  
 From reign to reign in ermine wrought,  
 And in the robes of state array'd,  
 The kings of half an age display'd.

Here swarthy *Charles* appears, and there  
 His Brother with dejected air:  
 Triumphant *Nassau* here we find,  
 And with him bright *Maria* join'd;  
 There *Anna*, great as when she sent  
 Her armies thro' the Continent,  
 Ere yet her hero was disgrac't:  
 O may fam'd *Brunswick* be the last,  
 (Tho' heaven should with my wish agree,  
 And long preserve thy art in thee)  
 The last, the happiest *British* king,  
 Whom thou shalt paint, or I shall sing!

Wise *Phidias* thus, his skill to prove,  
 Thro' many a God advanc'd to *Jove*,  
 And taught the polish'd rocks to shine  
 With airs and lineaments divine;



'Till *Greece*, amaz'd, and half afraid,  
Th' assembled deities survey'd.

Great *Pan*, who wont to chase the fair,  
And lov'd the spreading oak, was there;  
Old *Saturn* too with up cast eyes,  
Beheld his abdicated skies;  
And mighty *Mars*, for war renown'd,  
In adamantinè armour frown'd;  
By him the childless goddess rose,  
*Minerva*, studious to compose  
Her twisted threads; the web she strung,  
And o'er a loom of marble hung:  
*Thetis*, the troubled ocean's queen,  
Match'd with a mortal, next was seen,  
Reclining on a funeral urn,  
Her short-liv'd darling son to mourn.  
The last was he, whose thunder slew  
The *Titan* race, a rebel crew,  
That from a hundred hills ally'd  
In impious leagues their king defy'd.

This wonder of the sculptor's hand  
Produc'd, his art was at a stand:  
For who would hope new fame to raise,  
Or risk his well-establish'd praise,  
'I hat, his high genius to approve,  
Had drawn a *George*, or carv'd a *Jove*?

## GRONGAR-HILL.

[D Y E R.]

SILENT nymph, with curious eye!  
Who, the purple ev'ning, lie  
On the mountain's lonely van,  
Beyond the noise of busy man,  
Painting fair the form of things,  
While the yellow linnet sings;  
Or the tuneful nightingale  
Charms the forest with her tale;  
Come with all thy various hues,  
Come and aid thy Sister-Muse:  
Now while *Phœbus* riding high  
Gives lustre to the land and sky!  
*Grongar-Hill* invites my song,  
Draw the landscape bright and strong;

*Grongar,*

Grongar, in whose mossy cells  
 Sweetly-musing Quiet dwells;  
 Grongar, in whose silent shade,  
 For the modest Muses made,  
 So oft I have, the evening still,  
 At the fountain of a rill,  
 Sat upon a flow'ry bed,  
 With my hand beneath my head;  
 While stray'd my eyes o'er Towy's flood,  
 Over mead, and over wood,  
 From house to house, from hill to hill,  
 'Till Contemplation had her fill.

About his chequer'd sides I wind,  
 And leave his brooks and meads behind,  
 And groves and grottoes where I lay,  
 And vistas shooting beams of day:  
 Wide and wider spreads the vale,  
 As circles on a smooth canal;  
 The mountains round, unhappy fate!  
 Sooner or later, of all height,  
 Withdraw their summits from the skies,  
 And lessen as the others rise;  
 Still the prospect wider spreads,  
 Adds a thousand woods and meads,  
 Still it widens, widens still,  
 And sinks the newly-risen hill.

Now, I gain the mountain's brow;  
 What a landscape lies below!  
 No clouds, no vapours intervene,  
 But the gay, the open scene  
 Does the face of nature show,  
 In all the hues of heaven's bow!  
 And, swelling to embrace the light,  
 Spreads around beneath the fight.  
 Old castles on the cliffs arise,  
 Proudly tow'ring in the skies!  
 Rushing from the woods, the spires  
 Seem from hence ascending fires!  
 Half his beams Apollo sheds  
 On the yellow mountain-heads!  
 Gilds the fleeces of the flocks,  
 And glitters on the broken rocks!

Below me trees unnumber'd rise,  
 Beautiful in various dyes:

The gloomy pine, the poplar blue,  
 The yellow beech, the sable yew,  
 The slender fir, that taper grows,  
 The sturdy oak, with broad spread boughs,  
 And beyond the purple grove,  
 Haunt of Phillis, queen of love !  
 Gaudy as the op'ning dawn  
 Lies a long and level lawn,  
 On which a dark hill, steep and high,  
 Holds and charms the wand'ring eye ;  
 Deep are his feet in Towy's flood,  
 His sides are cloath'd with waving wood,  
 And ancient towers crown his brow,  
 That cast an awful look below ;  
 Whose ragged walls the ivy creeps,  
 And with her arms from falling keeps ;  
 So both a safety from the wind  
 On mutual dependence find.

'Tis now the raven's bleak abode ;  
 'Tis now th' apartment of the toad ;  
 And there the fox securely feeds,  
 And there the pois'nous adder breeds,  
 Conceal'd in ruins, moss, and weeds :  
 While, ever and anon, there falls  
 Huge heaps of hoary moulder'd walls.  
 Yet time has been, that lifts the low,  
 And level lays the lofty brow,  
 Has seen this broken pile compleat,  
 Big with the vanity of state ;  
 But transient is the smile of fate !  
 A little rule, a little sway,  
 A sun-beam in a winter's day,  
 Is all the proud and mighty have  
 Between the cradle and the grave.

And see the rivers how they run,  
 Through woods and meads, in shade and sun,  
 Sometimes swift, sometimes flow,  
 Wave succeeding wave, they go  
 A various journey to the deep,  
 Like human life to endless sleep !  
 Thus is nature's vesture wrought,  
 To instruct our wand'ring thought ;  
 Thus she dresses green and gay,  
 To disperse our cares away.



Ever charming, ever new,  
 When will the landskip tire the view !  
 The fountain's fall, the river's flow,  
 The woody vallies, warm and low ;  
 The windy summit, wild and high,  
 Roughly rushing on the sky ;  
 The pleasant seat, the ruin'd tow'r,  
 The naked rock, the shady bow'r ;  
 The town and village, dome and farm,  
 Each give each a double charm,  
 As pearls upon an Æthiop's arm.

See on the mountain's southern side,  
 Where the prospect opens wide,  
 Where the evening gilds the tide,  
 How close and small the hedges lie !  
 What streaks of meadows cross the eye !  
 A step methinks may pass the stream ;  
 So little distant dangers seem ;  
 So we mistake the future's face,  
 Ey'd through hope's deluding glass ;  
 As yon summits soft and fair,  
 Clad in colours of the air,  
 Which to those who journey near,  
 Barren, brown, and rough appear ;  
 Still we tread the same coarse way,  
 The present's still a cloudy day.

O may I with myself agree,  
 And never covet what I see !  
 Content me with a humble shade,  
 My passions tam'd, my wishes laid ;  
 For while our wishes idly roll,  
 We banish quiet from the soul :  
 'Tis thus the busy beat the air ;  
 And misers gather wealth and care.

Now, ev'n now, my joys run high,  
 As on the mountain-turf I lie ;  
 While the wanton Zephyr sings,  
 And in the vale perfumes his wings ;  
 While the waters murmur deep ;  
 While the shepherd charms his sheep ;  
 While the birds unbounded fly,  
 And with musick fill the sky,  
 Now, ev'n now, my joys run high.

Be full, ye courts, be great who will ;  
 Search for Peace with all your skill :  
 Open wide the lofty door,  
 Seek her on the marble floor,  
 In vain you search, she is not there ;  
 In vain ye search the domes of care !  
 Grass and flowers Quiet treads,  
 On the meads and mountain-heads,  
 Along with Pleasure, close ally'd,  
 Ever by each other's side :  
 And often, by the murm'ring rill,  
 Hears the thrush, while all is still,  
 Within the groves of Grongar-Hill.

## LABOUR RECOMMENDED.

[D Y E R.]

— EV'N nature lives by toil ;  
 Beast, bird, air, fire, the heav'ns and rolling worlds,  
 All live by action : nothing lies at rest,  
 But death and ruin : man is born to care ;  
 Fashion'd, improv'd, by labour. This, of old,  
 Wise states observing, gave that happy law,  
 Which doom'd the rich and needy, ev'ry rank,  
 To manual occupation ; and oft call'd  
 Their chieftains from the spade, or furrowing plough,  
 Or bleating sheepfold. Hence utility  
 Through all conditions ; hence the joys of health ;  
 Hence strength of arm, and clear judicious thought ;  
 Hence corn, and wine, and oil, and all in life  
 Delectable. What simple nature yields  
 (And nature does her part) are only rude  
 Materials, cumbrous on the thorny ground ;  
 'Tis toil that makes them wealth ; that makes the fleece,  
 (Yet useless, rising in unshapen heaps)  
 Anon, in curious woofs of beauteous hue,  
 A vesture usefully succinct and warm,  
 Or, trailing in the length of graceful folds,  
 A royal mantle. Come, ye village-nymphs,  
 The scatter'd mists reveal the dusky hills ;  
 Grey dawn appears ; the golden morn ascends,  
 And paints the glitt'ring rocks, and purple woods,  
 And flaming spires ; arise, begin your toils ;  
 Behold the fleece beneath the spiky comb

Drop

Drop its long locks, or, from the mingling card,  
Spread in soft flakes, and swell the whiten'd floor.

Come, village-nymphs, ye matrons, and ye maids,  
Receive the soft material ; with light step  
Whether ye turn around the spacious wheel,  
Or, patient sitting, that revolve, which forms  
A narrower circle. On the brittle work  
Point your quick eye ; and let the hand assist  
To guide and stretch the gently-lessening thread :  
Even, unknotted twine will praise your skill.

COUNTRY WORKHOUSES proposed—a Description of one—good Effects of INDUSTRY.

[D Y E R.]

O When, thro' ev'ry province, shall be rais'd  
Houses of labour, seats of kind constraint,  
For those, who now delight in fruitless sports,  
More than in chearful works of virtuous trade,  
Which honest wealth would yield, and portion due  
Of public welfare? Ho, ye poor, who seek,  
Among the dwellings of the diligent,  
For sustenance unearn'd ; who stroll abroad  
From house to house, with mischievous intent,  
Feigning misfortune: Ho, ye lame, ye blind ;  
Ye languid limbs, with real want oppress'd,  
Who tread the rough highways, and mountains wild,  
Thro' storms, and rains, and bitterness of heart ;  
Ye children of affliction, be compell'd  
To happiness : the long-wish'd day-light dawns,  
When charitable rigour shall detain  
Your step-bruis'd feet. Ev'n now the sons of trade,  
Where'er their cultivated hamlets smile,  
Erect the mansion\* : here soft fleeces shine ;  
The card awaits you, and the comb, and wheel :  
Here shroud you from the thunder of the storm ;  
No rain shall wet your pillow ; here abounds  
Pure bev'rage ; here your viands are prepar'd :  
To heal each sickness the physician waits,  
And priest entreats to give your MAKER praise.

Behold, in Calder's † vale, where wide around  
Unnumber'd villa's creep the shrubby hills,

\* Erect the mansion—This alludes to the workhouses at Bristol, Birmingham, &c.

† Calder, a river in Yorkshire, which runs below Halifax, and passes by Wakefield.



A spacious dome for this fair purpose rise.  
 High o'er the open gates, with gracious air,  
 ELIZA's image stands. By gentle steps  
 Up rais'd, from room to room we slowly walk,  
 And view with wonder, and with silent joy,  
 The sprightly scene; where many a busy hand,  
 Where spoles, cards, wheels, and looms, with motion quick,  
 And ever-murm'ring sound, th' unwonted sense  
 Wrap in surprise. To see them all employ'd,  
 All blithe, it gives the spreading heart delight,  
 As neither meats, nor drinks, nor aught of joy  
 Corporeal can bestow. Nor less they gain  
 Virtue than wealth, while on their useful works  
 From day to day intent, in their full minds  
 Evil no place can find. With equal scale  
 Some deal abroad the well-assorted fleece;  
 These card the short, those comb the longer flake;  
 Others the harsh and clotted lock receive,  
 Yet sever and refine with patient toil,  
 And bring to proper use. Flax too, and hemp,  
 Excite their diligence. The younger hands  
 Ply at the easy work of winding yarn  
 On swiftly-circling engines, and their notes  
 Warble together, as a choir of larks:  
 Such joy arises in the mind employ'd.  
 Another scene displays the more robust,  
 Rasping or grinding tough Brazilian woods,  
 And what Campeachy's disputable shore  
 Copious affords to tinge the thirsty web;  
 And the Caribbee isles, whose dulcet canes  
 Equal the honey-comb. We next are shown  
 A circular machine, \* of new design,  
 In conic shape: It draws and spins a thread  
 Without the tedious toil of needle's hands.  
 A wheel invisible, beneath the floor,  
 To ev'ry member of th' harmonious frame  
 Gives necessary motion. One, intent,  
 O'erlooks the work: the carded wool, he says,  
 Is smoothly lapp'd around those cylinders,  
 Which, gently turning, yield it to yon cirque

\* A most curious machine, invented by Mr. Paul. It is at present contrived to spin cotton; but it may be made to spin fine carded wool.

Of upright spindles, which, with rapid whirl,  
Spin out, in long extent, an even twine.

From this delightful mansion (if we seek  
Still more to view the gifts which honest toil  
Distributes) take we now our eastward course,  
To the rich fields of Burstal. While around  
Hillock and valley, farm and village, smile:  
And ruddy roofs, and chimney-tops appear,  
Of busy Leeds, up-wasting to the clouds  
The incense of thanksgiving: all is joy;  
And trade and business guide the living scene,  
Roll the full cars, adown the winding Aire  
Load the slow-sailing barges, pile the pack  
On the long tinkling train of slow-pac'd steeds.  
As when a sunny day invites abroad  
The sedulous ants, they issue from their cells  
In bands unnumber'd, eager for their work;  
O'er high, o'er low, they lift, they draw, they haste  
With warm affection to each other's aid;  
Repeat their virtuous efforts, and succeed.  
Thus all is here in motion, all is life:  
The creaking wain brings copious store of corn:  
The grazier's sleeky kine obstruct the roads;  
The neat-dress'd housewives, for the festal board  
Crown'd with full baskets, in the field-way paths  
Come tripping on; th' echoing hills repeat  
The stroke of ax and hammer; scaffolds rise,  
And growing edifices; heaps of stone,  
Beneath the chissel, beauteous shapes assume  
Of frieze and column. Some, with even line,  
New streets are marking in the neighb'ring fields,  
And sacred domes of worship. Industry,  
Which dignifies the artist, lifts the swain,  
And the straw-cottage to a palace turns,  
Over the work presides. Such was the scene  
Of hurrying Carthage, when the Trojan chief  
First view'd her growing turrets. So appear  
Th' increasing walls of busy Manchester,  
Sheffield, and Birmingham, whose redd'ning fields  
Rise and enlarge their suburbs. Lo, in throngs,  
For ev'ry realm, the careful factors meet,  
Whisp'ring each other. In long ranks the bales,  
Like war's bright files, beyond the sight extend.  
Str aight, ere the sounding bell the signal strikes,

Which ends the hour of traffick, they conclude  
 With speedy compact; and, well pleas'd, transfer,  
 With mutual benefit, superior wealth  
 To many a kingdom's rent, or tyrant's hoard.

A wise KING, and a bold and impartial JUDGE,  
 instanced in the conduct of HENRY V. and Lord  
 Chief Justice GASCOIGNE.

[SHAKESPEARE.]

CH. JUST. I Am assur'd, if I be measur'd rightly,  
 Your Majesty hath no just cause to hate me.

P. HENRY. No! might a Prince of my great hopes forget  
 So great indignities you laid upon me?  
 What! rate, rebuke, and roughly send to prison  
 Th' immediate heir of England! was this easy?  
 May this be wash'd in Lethe, and forgotten?

CH. JUST. I then did use the person of your father;  
 The image of his power lay then in me:  
 And in th' administration of his law,  
 While I was busy for the commonwealth,  
 Your Highness pleased to forget my place,  
 The majesty and pow'r of law and justice,  
 The image of the King whom I presented;  
 And struck me in my very seat of judgment:  
 Whereon, as an offender to your father,  
 I gave bold way to my authority,  
 And did commit you. If the deed were ill,  
 Be you contented, wearing now the garland,  
 To have a son set your decrees at naught,  
 To pluck down justice from your awful bench,  
 To trip the course of law, and blunt the sword  
 That guards the peace and safety of your person;  
 Nay more, to spurn at your most Royal image,  
 And mock your working in a second body.  
 Question your Royal thoughts, make the case yours;  
 Be now the father, and propose a son;  
 Hear your own dignity so much profan'd;  
 See your most dreadful laws so loosely slighted;  
 Behold yourself so by a son disdain'd:  
 And then imagine me taking your part,  
 And in your pow'r so silencing your son.  
 After this cold confid'rance, sentence me;  
 And, as you are a King, speak in your state,

What



What I have done that misbecame my place,  
My person, or my Liege's sovereignty.

P. HENRY. You are right, Justice, and you weigh  
this well;

Therefore still bear the balance and the sword:  
And I do wish your honours may increase,  
Till you do live to see a son of mine  
Offend you, and obey you, as I did:  
So shall I live to speak my father's words:  
Happy am I, that have a man so bold  
That dares do justice on my proper son;  
And no less happy, having such a son,  
That would deliver up his greatness so  
Into the hand of justice. — You committed me;  
For which I do commit into your hand  
Th' unstained sword that you have us'd to bear;  
With this remembrance, that you use the same  
With a like bold, just, and impartial spirit,  
As you have done 'gainst me. There is my hand,  
You shall be as a father to my youth:  
My voice shall sound as you do prompt mine ear;  
And I will stoop and humble my intents  
To your well-practis'd wise directions.  
And, Princes all, believe me, I beseech you;  
My father is gone wild into his grave;  
For in his tomb lie my affections;  
And with his spirit sadly I survive,  
To mock the expectations of the world;  
To frustrate prophecies, and to raze out  
Rotten opinion, which hath writ me down  
After my seeming. Though my tide of blood  
Hath proudly flow'd in vanity till now;  
Now doth it turn and ebb back to the sea,  
Where it shall mingle with the state of floods,  
And flow henceforth in formal majesty.  
Now call we our high court of parliament;  
And let us chuse such limbs of noble counsel,  
That the great body of our state may go  
In equal rank with the best govern'd nation;  
That war or peace, or both at once, may be  
As things acquainted and familiar to us,  
In which you, father, shall have foremost hand.  
Our coronation done, we will accite  
As I before remember'd) all our state

And

And (Heav'n consigning to my good intents)  
No prince, nor peer, shall have just cause to say,  
Heav'n shorten Harry's happy life one day.

The VANITY of POWER, and the MISERY of  
KINGS: a Dialogue between SCROOP and RICHARD II.

[SHAKESPEARE.]

SCROOP. **M**ORE health and happiness betide my Liege,  
Than can my care-tun'd tongue deliver  
him!

K. RICH. Mine ear is open, and my heart prepar'd;  
The worst is worldly loss thou canst unfold.  
Say, is my kingdom lost? Why, 'twas my care;  
And what loss is it, to be rid of care?  
Strives Bolingbroke to be as great as we?  
Greater he shall not be; if he serve God,  
We'll serve him too, and be his fellow so.  
Revolt our subjects? That we cannot mend;  
They break their faith to God, as well as us.  
Cry, woe, destruction, ruin, loss, decay;  
The worst is death, and death will have his day.

SCROOP. Glad am I that your Highness is so arm'd  
To bear the tidings of calamity.

Like an unseasonable stormy day,  
Which makes the silver rivers drown their shores,  
As if the world were all dissolv'd to tears;  
So high above his limits swells the rage  
Of Bolingbroke, cov'ring your fearful land  
With hard bright steel, and hearts more hard than steel.  
White beards have arm'd their thin and hairless scalps  
Against thy Majesty; boys with women's voices  
Strive to speak big, and clasp their female joints  
In stiff unwieldy arms, against thy crown.  
Thy very beadsmen learn to bend their bows  
Of double-fatal yew, against thy state:  
Yea, distaff-women manage rusty bills.  
Against thy seat both young and old rebel,  
And all goes worse than I have pow'r to tell.

K. RICH. Too well, too well thou tell'st a tale so ill.  
Where is the Earl of Wiltshire? where is he got?  
What is become of Bushy? Where is Green?  
—No matter where; of comfort no man speak.  
Let's talk of graves, of worms, and epitaphs,

Make

Make dust our paper, and with rainy eyes  
 Write sorrow on the bosom of the earth !  
 Let's chuse executors, and talk of wills ;  
 And yet not so——for what can we bequeath,  
 Save our deposed bodies to the ground ?  
 Our lands, our lives, and all, are Bolingbroke's ;  
 And nothing can we call our own but death,  
 And that small model of the barren earth,  
 Which serves as paste and cover to our bones.  
 For heav'n's sake, let us sit upon the ground,  
 And tell sad stories of the death of Kings ;  
 How some have been depos'd, some slain in war ;  
 Some haunted by the ghosts they dispossest ;  
 Some poison'd by their wives, some sleeping kill'd ;  
 All murder'd.—For within the hollow crown,  
 That rounds the mortal temples of a King,  
 Keeps Death his court ; and there the antic sits,  
 Scoffing his state, and grinning at his pomp ;  
 Allowing him a breath, a little scene  
 To monarchize, be fear'd, and kill with looks ;  
 Infusing him with self and vain conceit,  
 As if this flesh, which walls about our life,  
 Were brass impregnable ; and, humour'd thus,  
 Comes at the last, and with a little pin  
 Bores through his castle walls, and farewell King !  
 Cover your heads, and mock not flesh and blood  
 With solemn rev'rence : throw away respect,  
 Tradition, form, and ceremonious duty,  
 For you have but mistook me all this while.  
 I live on bread like you, feel want like you ;  
 Taste grief, need friends, like you : subjected thus,  
 How can you say to me I am a king ?

The UPBRAIDINGS of a FATHER, and the PIETY  
 of a SON : a Dialogue between King HENRY IV.  
 and Prince HENRY.

P. HENRY. I Never thought to hear you speak again.

K. HENRY. Thy with was father, Harry,  
 to that thought.

I stay too long by thee, I weary thee.  
 Dost thou so hunger for my empty chair,  
 That thou wilt needs invest thee with my honours,  
 Before thy hour be ripe ! O foolish youth !

Thou



Thou seek'st the greatness that will overwhelm thee.  
 Stay but a little ; for my cloud of dignity  
 Is held from falling with so weak a wind,  
 That it will quickly drop ; my day is dim.  
 Thou hast stol'n that, which, after some few hours,  
 Were thine without offence ; and at my death  
 Thou hast seal'd up my expectation.  
 Thy life did manifest, thou lov'dst me not ;  
 And thou wilt have me die assur'd of it.  
 Thou hid'st a thousand daggers in thy thoughts,  
 Which thou hast whetted on thy stony heart,  
 To stab at half an hour of my frail life.  
 What canst thou not forbear me half an hour ?  
 Then get thee gone, and dig my grave thyself,  
 And bid the merry bells ring to thy ear,  
 That thou art crowned, not that I am dead.  
 Let all the tears, that should bedew my hearse,  
 Be drops of balm to sanctify thy head ;  
 Only compound me with forgotten dust,  
 Give that which gave thee life unto the worms.  
 Pluck down my officers, break my decrees ;  
 For now a time is come to mock at form ;  
 Henry the Fifth is crown'd : up, Vanity !  
 Down, Royal state ! All you sage counsellors, hence !  
 And to the English court assemble now,  
 From ev'ry region, apes of idleness :  
 Now, neighbour-confines, purge you of your scum ;  
 Have you a ruffian that will swear ? drink ? dance ?  
 Revel the night ? rob ? murder ? and commit  
 The oldest sins the newest kind of ways ?  
 Be happy, he will trouble you no more :  
 England shall give him office, honour, might :  
 For the Fifth Harry from curb'd licence plucks  
 The muzzle of restraint ! and the wild dog  
 Shall flesh his tooth on ev'ry innocent.  
 O my poor kingdom, sick with civil blows !  
 When that my care could not with-hold thy riots,  
 What wilt thou do when riot is thy care ?  
 O, thou wilt be a wilderness again,  
 Peopled with wolves, thy old inhabitants.  
 P. HENRY. O pardon me, my Liege ! but for my tears,  
 (The moist impediments unto my speech)  
 I had forestall'd this dear and deep rebuke,  
 Ere you with grief had spoke, and I had heard

The course of it so far. There is your crown ;  
 And he that wears the crown immortally,  
 Long guard it yours ! If I affect it more,  
 Than as your honour, and as your renown,  
 Let me no more from this obedience rise,  
 Which my most true and inward, duteous spirit  
 Teacheth this prostrate and exterior bending.  
 Heav'n witness with me, when I here came in,  
 And found no course of breath within your Majesty,  
 How cold it struck my heart ! If I do feign,  
 O let me in my present wildness die,  
 And never live to shew th' incredulous world  
 The noble change that I have purposed.  
 Coming to look on you, thinking you dead,  
 (And dead almost, my Liege, to think you were)  
 I spake unto the crown, as having sense,  
 And thus upbraided it. The care on thee depending  
 Hath fed upon the body of my father,  
 Therefore thou best of gold art worst of gold ;  
 Other, less fine in carrot, is more precious,  
 Preserving life in med'cine potable :  
 But thou, most fine, most honour'd, most renown'd,  
 Hast eat thy bearer up. Thus, Royal Liege,  
 Accusing it, I put it on my head,  
 To try with it (as with an enemy,  
 That had before my face murder'd my father)  
 The quarrel of a true inheritor.  
 But if it did infect my blood with joy,  
 Or swell my thoughts to any strain of pride,  
 If any rebel or vain spirit of mine  
 Did with the least affection of a welcome  
 Give entertainment to the might of it ;  
 Let Heav'n for ever keep it from my head,  
 And make me as the poorest vassal is,  
 That doth with awe and terror kneel to it !

K. HENRY. O my son !  
 Heav'n put it in thy mind to take it hence,  
 That thou might'st win the more thy father's love,  
 Pleading so wisely in excuse of it.  
 Come hither, Harry, sit thou by my bed ;  
 And hear, I think, the very latest counsel  
 That ever I shall breathe. Heav'n knows, my son,  
 By what by-paths, and indirect crook'd ways  
 I met this crown ; and I myself know well,

How

How troublesome it sat upon my head.  
 To thee it shall descend with better quiet,  
 Better opinion, better confirmation:  
 For all the foil of the atchievment goes  
 With me into the earth. It seem'd in me  
 But as an honour snatch'd with boist'rous hand,  
 And I had many living to upbraid  
 My gain of it by their assistances;  
 Which daily grew to quarrel and to bloodshed,  
 Wounding supposed peace. All their bold feats,  
 Thou seest, with peril I have answered.  
 For all my reign hath been but as a scene  
 Acting that argument: and now my death  
 Changes the mode; for what in me was purchas'd,  
 Falls upon thee in a much fairer sort:  
 For thou the garland wear'st successively.  
 Yet though thou stand'st more sure than I could do,  
 Thou art not firm enough, since griefs are green;  
 And all my friends, which thou must make thy friends,  
 Have but their stings and teeth newly ta'en out;  
 By whose fell working I was first advanc'd,  
 And by whose pow'r I well might lodge a fear,  
 To be again displac'd; which to avoid  
 I cut them off, and had a purpose now  
 To lead out many to the holy land;  
 Lest rest and lying still might make them look  
 Too near into my state. Therefore, my Harry,  
 Be it thy course to busy giddy minds  
 With foreign quarrels; that action, hence, borne out,  
 May waste the memory of former days.  
 More would I, but my lungs are wasted so,  
 That strength of speech is utterly deny'd me.  
 How I came by the crown, O God, forgive!  
 And grant it may with thee in true peace live!  
 P. HENRY. My gracious Liege,  
 You won it, wore it, kept it, gave it me;  
 Then plain and right must my possession be;  
 Which I with more than with a common pain,  
 'Gainst all the world, will rightfully maintain.

Undaunted COURAGE in the Midst of DANGER.  
 HENRY V. to his SOLDIERS.

WHAT's he that wishes for more men from England?  
 My cousin Westmoreland? No, my fair cousin,



If we are mark'd to die, we are enow  
 To do our country loss; and if to live,  
 The fewer men, the greater share of honour.  
 God's will! I pray thee wish not one man more.  
 By Jove, I am not covetous of gold;  
 Nor care I who doth feed upon my cost;  
 It yearns me not if men my garments wear;  
 Such outward things dwell not in my desires:  
 But if it be a sin to covet honour,  
 I am the most offending soul alive.  
 No, 'faith, my Lord, wish not a man from England:  
 God's peace! I would not lose so great an honour,  
 As one man more, methinks, would share from me,  
 For the best hopes I have. Don't wish one more:  
 Rather proclaim it (Westmoreland) through my host,  
 That he which hath no stomach to this fight,  
 Let him depart; his passport shall be made,  
 And crowns for convoy put into his purse:  
 We would not die in that man's company,  
 That fears his fellowship to die with us.  
 This day is call'd the feast of Crispian:  
 He that outlives this day, and comes safe home,  
 Will stand a tip-toe when this day is nam'd,  
 And rouse him at the name of Crispian:  
 He that outlives this day, and sees old age,  
 Will yearly on the vigil feast his neighbours,  
 And say, To-morrow is Saint Crispian:  
 Then will he strip his sleeve, and shew his scars.  
 Old men forget; yet shall not all forget,  
 But they'll remember, with advantages,  
 The feats they did that day. Then shall our names,  
 Familiar in their mouth as household-words,  
 Harry the King, Bedford, and Exeter,  
 Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and Gloster,  
 Be in their flowing cups freshly remember'd.  
 This story shall the good man teach his son:  
 And Crispin Crispian shall ne'er go by,  
 From this day to the ending of the world,  
 But we in it shall be remembered;  
 We few, we happy few, we band of brothers:  
 For he to-day that sheds his blood with me,  
 Shall be my brother; be he e'er so vile,  
 This day shall gentle his condition.  
 And gentlemen in England, now a-bed,

Shall!

Shall think themselves accurs'd they were not here ;  
And hold their manhoods cheap, while any speaks,  
That fought with us upon St. Crispian's day.

The WORLD compared to a STAGE.

[SHAKESPEARE.]

**A**LL the world's a stage,  
And all the men and women merely players ;  
They have their exits and their entrances,  
And one man in his time plays many parts,  
His acts being seven ages. At first the infant,  
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms :  
And then the whining school-boy with his satchel,  
And shining morning-face, creeping like snail  
Unwillingly to school. And then, the lover,  
Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad  
Made to his Mistress' eyebrow. Then, a soldier,  
Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard,  
Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel ;  
Seeking the bubble reputation,  
Even in the cannon's mouth. And then, the justice  
In fair round belly, with good capon lin'd,  
With eyes severe, and beard of formal cut,  
Full of wise saws and modern instances,  
And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts  
Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloon,  
With spectacles on's nose, and pouch on's side ;  
His youthful hose well sav'd, a world too wide  
For his shrunk shank ; and his big manly voice,  
Turning again toward childish treble, pipes,  
And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all,  
That ends this strange eventful history,  
Is second childishness, and mere oblivion,  
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans every thing.

HONOUR ought to be conferred on MERIT only.

[SHAKESPEARE.]

— **F**OR who shall go about  
To cozen Fortune, and be honourable  
Without the stamp of merit ? Let none presume  
To wear an undeserved dignity.  
O, that estates, degrees and offices,  
Were not deriv'd corruptly ; that clear honour

Were

Were purchas'd by the merit of the wearer !  
 How many then shou'd cover, that stand bare ?  
 How many be commanded, that command ?  
 How much low peasantry wou'd then be glean'd  
 From the true seed of honour ?— How much honour  
 Pick'd from the chaff and ruin of the times,  
 To be new varnish'd ?

## M E R C Y. [SHAKESPEARE.]

**T**HE quality of mercy is not strain'd ;  
 It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven  
 Upon the place beneath. It is twice blessed ;  
 It blessing him that gives, and him that takes ;  
 'Tis mightiest in the mightiest / it becomes  
 The throned monarch better than his crown,  
 His sceptre shews the force of temporal pow'r,  
 The attribute to awe and majesty,  
 Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings ;  
 But mercy is above the scepter'd sway,  
 It is enthroned in the hearts of kings ;  
 It is an attribute to God himself ;  
 And earthly power doth then shew likest God's,  
 When mercy seasons justice.—

## M U S I C. [SHAKESPEARE.]

**JESS.** I'M never merry when I hear sweet music.  
**LOR.** The reason is, your spirits are attentive ;  
 For do but note a wild and wanton herd,  
 Or race of youthful and unhandled colts,  
 Fetching mad bounds, bellowing and neighing loud,  
 (Which is the hot condition of their blood)  
 If they perchance but hear a trumpet-sound,  
 Or any air of music touch their ears,  
 You shall perceive them make a mutual stand ;  
 Their savage eyes turn'd to a modest gaze,  
 By the sweet power of music. Therefore the poet,  
 Did feign that Orpheus drew trees, stones and floods ;  
 Since nought so stockish, hard and full of rage,  
 But music for the time doth change his nature.  
 The man that hath not music in himself,  
 Nor is not mov'd with concord of sweet sounds,  
 Is fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils ;  
 The motions of his spirit are dull as night,  
 And his affections dark as Erebus :  
 Let no such man be trusted.

The



The POWER of IMAGINATION.  
[SHAKESPEARE.]

**T**HE lunatic, the lover, and the poet,  
Are of imagination all compact;  
One sees more devils than vast hell can hold;  
This is the madman. The lover, all as frantic,  
Sees Helen's beauty in the brow of Egypt.  
The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,  
Doth glance from heav'n to earth, from earth to heav'n,  
And, as imagination bodies forth  
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen  
Turns them to shape, and gives to airy nothing  
A local habitation and a name.

DESCRIPTION of a MAN swimming ashore.  
[SHAKESPEARE.]

**I** Saw him beat the surges under him,  
And ride upon their backs: he trod the water,  
Whose enmity he flung aside, and breasted  
The surge most swol'n that met him; his bold head  
'Bove the contentious waves he kept, and oar'd  
Himself with his good arms in lusty strokes  
To th' shore, that o'er his wave-worn basis bow'd  
As stooping to relieve him; I not doubt  
He came alive to land.

The VANITY of HUMAN NATURE.  
[SHAKESPEARE.]

**—**THESE our actors  
(As I foretold you) were all spirits, and  
Are melted into air, into thin air:  
And like the baseless fabric of this vision,  
The cloud-capt towers, the gorgeous palaces,  
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,  
Yea all which it inherit, shall dissolve:  
And, like this unsubstantial pageant, faded,  
Leave not a wreck behind.

CONCEALED LOVE.  
[SHAKESPEARE.]

**—**SHE never told her love,  
But let concealment, like a worm i' th' bud,  
Feed on her damask cheek; she pin'd in thought;

And,

And, with a green and yellow melancholy,  
She sat like patience on a monument,  
Smiling at grief.

A BEAUTIFUL PERSON petitioning in vain.

[SHAKESPEARE.]

A YE, aye; and she hath offer'd to the doom,  
(Which unrevers'd stands in effectual force,)  
A sea of melting pearl, which some call tears:  
Those at her father's churlish feet she tender'd,  
With them, upon her knees, her humble self,  
Wringing her hands, whose whiteness so became them,  
As if but now they waxed pale for woe.  
But neither bended knees, pure hands held up,  
Sad sighs, deep groans, nor silver-shedding tears,  
Could penetrate her uncompassionate fire.

DESCRIPTION of CLEOPATRA's sailing down  
the CYDNUS. [SHAKESPEARE.]

THE barge she sat in, like a burnish'd throne,  
Burnt on the water; the poop was beaten gold,  
Purple the sails, and so perfumed, that  
The winds were love-sick with them: th' oars were silver,  
Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke, and made  
The water, which they beat, to follow faster,  
As amorous of their strokes. For her own person,  
It beggar'd all description; she did lie  
In her pavilion, cloth of gold, of tissue,  
O'er-picturing that Venus, where we see  
The fancy out-work nature. On each side her  
Stood pretty-dimpled boys, like smiling Cupids,  
With divers-colour'd fans, whose wind did seem  
To glow the delicate cheeks, which they did cool,  
And what they undid, did.

\* \* \* \* \*

Her gentlewomen, like the Nereids,  
So many mermaids, tended her i'th' eyes,  
And made their bends adorings. At the helm,  
A seeming mermaid steers; the silken tackles  
Swell with the touches of those flow'r-soft hands,  
That yarely frame the office. From the barge  
A strange invisible perfume hits the sense  
Of the adjacent wharfs. The city cast  
Her people out upon her; and Anthony

Enthron'd

Enthron'd i'th' market-place, did sit alone,  
Whistling to th' air; which, but for vacancy,  
Had gone to gaze on Cleopatra too,  
And made a gap in nature.

## I N B O R N R O Y A L T Y.

[SHAKESPEARE.]

— **O**, Thou goddess,  
Thou divine nature! how thyself thou blazon'st  
In these two princely boys: they are as gentle  
As zephyrs blowing below the violet,  
Not wagging his sweet head; and yet, as rough,  
(Their royal blood enchas'd) as the rud'st wind,  
That by the top doth take the mountain pine,  
And make him stoop to the vale. 'Tis wonderful,  
That an invisible instinct should frame them  
To royalty unlearn'd, honour untaught,  
Civility not seen from other; valour,  
That wildly grows in them, but yields a crop,  
As if it had been sow'd.

## R E A L G R I E F.

[SHAKESPEARE.]

**S**EEMS, Madam! nay, it is; I know not seems:  
'Tis not alone my inky cloak, good mother,  
Nor customary suits of solemn black,  
Nor windy suspiration of forc'd breath,  
No, nor the fruitful river in the eye,  
Nor the dejected 'haviour of the visage,  
Together with all forms, moods, shews of grief,  
That can denote me truly. These, indeed, seem,  
For they are actions that a man might play;  
But I have that within, which passeth shew;  
These but the trappings, and the suits of woe.

A FATHER's ADVICE to his SON, going to travel.

[SHAKESPEARE.]

— **G**IVE thy thoughts no tongue,  
Nor any unproportion'd thought his act:  
Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar;  
The friends thou hast, and their adoption try'd,  
Grapple them to thy soul with hooks of steel:

But



But do not dull thy palm with entertainment  
 Of each new-hatch'd, unfledg'd comrade. Beware  
 Of entrance to a quarrel; but being in,  
 Bear't, that th' oppos'd may beware of thee.  
 Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice;  
 Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment.  
 Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,  
 But not exprest'd in fancy; rich, not gaudy:  
 For the apparel oft proclaims the man.  
 Neither a borrower nor a lender be:  
 For loan oft loses both itself and friend;  
 And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.  
 This above all, to thine own self be true;  
 And it must follow, as the night the day,  
 Thou can'st not then be false to any man.

HAMLET, on the Appearance of his FATHER's  
 GHOST. [SHAKESPEARE.]

**A**NGELS and ministers of grace defend us!  
 Be thou a spirit of health, or goblin damn'd;  
 Bring with thee airs from heav'n, or blasts from hell;  
 Be thy intents wicked or charitable,  
 Thou com'st in such a questionable shape,  
 That I will speak to thee: I'll call thee Hamlet,  
 King, father, royal Dane; Oh, answer me,  
 Let me not burst in ignorance; but tell  
 Why thy canoniz'd bones, hearsed in death,  
 Have burst their cearments! why the sepulchre,  
 Wherein we saw thee quietly in-urned,  
 Hath op'd his ponderous and marble jaws,  
 To cast thee up again? What may this mean,  
 That thou, dead corpse, again in complete steel,  
 Revisit'st thus the glimpses of the moon,  
 Making night hideous? And us, fools of nature,  
 So horribly to shake our disposition  
 With thoughts beyond the reaches of our souls?

HAMLET's SOLILOQUY on DEATH.

[SHAKESPEARE.]

**T**O be, or not to be? that is the question;  
 Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer  
 The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,  
 Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,  
 And

And by opposing end them? To die,—to sleep,—  
 No more; and by a sleep, to say, we end  
 The heart-ach, and the thousand natural shocks  
 That flesh is heir to; 'tis a consummation  
 Devoutly to be wish'd. To die,—to sleep;—  
 To sleep; perchance to dream: ay, there's the rub;  
 For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,  
 When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,  
 Must give us pause;—there's the respect  
 That makes calamity of so long life.  
 For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,  
 Th' oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,  
 The pangs of despis'd love, the law's delay,  
 The insolence of office, and the spurns  
 That patient merit of th' unworthy takes,  
 When he himself might his quietus make  
 With a bare bodkin? Who would fardels bear,  
 To groan and sweat under a weary life?  
 But that the dread of something after death,  
 (That undiscover'd country, from whose bourn  
 No traveller returns) puzzles the will,  
 And makes us rather bear those ills we have,  
 Than fly to others that we know not of.  
 Thus conscience does make cowards of us all:  
 And thus the native hue of resolution  
 Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought;  
 And enterprizes of great pith and moment,  
 With this regard, their currents turn awry,  
 And lose the name of action.

CATO'S SOLILOQUY on the IMMORTALITY  
 of the SOUL. [ADDISON.]

**I**T must be so—Plato, thou reason'st well—  
 Else whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,  
 This longing after immortality?  
 Or whence this secret dread, and inward horror,  
 Of falling into nought? Why shrinks the soul  
 Back on herself, and startles at destruction?  
 'Tis the divinity that stirs within us;  
 'Tis Heav'n itself that points out an hereafter,  
 And intimates eternity to man.  
 Eternity! thou pleasing, dreadful thought!  
 Through what variety of untry'd being,

Through



Through what new scenes and changes must we pass?  
 The wide, the unbounded prospect lies before me;  
 But shadows, clouds, and darkness rest upon it.  
 Here will I hold; if there's a Power above us,  
 (And that there is all nature cries aloud,  
 'Through all her works) he must delight in virtue;  
 And that which he delights in must be happy.  
 But when! or where!—this world was made for Cæsar.  
 I'm weary of conjectures—this must end 'em.

[*Laying his hand on his sword.*]

Thus am I doubly arm'd: my death and life,  
 My bane and antidote, are both before me.  
 This in a moment brings me to an end;  
 But this informs me I shall never die.  
 The soul, secur'd in her existence, smiles  
 At the drawn dagger, and defies its point.  
 The stars shall fade away, the sun himself  
 Grow dim with age, and nature sink in years;  
 But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,  
 Unhurt amidst the war of elements,  
 The wreck of matter, and the crush of worlds.

### On FLATTERY, and FIRMNESS of MIND.

[SHAKESPEARE.]

**N**AY, do not think I flatter;  
 For what advancement may I hope from thee,  
 That no revenue hast, but thy good spirits  
 To feed and cloathe thee? Why should the poor be flatter'd?  
 No, let the candied tongue lick absurd pomp,  
 And crook the pregnant hinges of the knee,  
 Where thrift may follow fawning. Dost thou hear?  
 Since my dear soul was mistress of her choice,  
 And could of men distinguish, her election  
 Hath seal'd thee for herself; for thou hast been  
 As one, in suffering all, that suffers nothing;  
 A man, that fortune's buffets and rewards  
 Hast ta'en with equal thanks: and blest are those,  
 Whose blood and judgment are so well commingled,  
 That they are not a pipe for fortune's finger,  
 To sound what stop she please. Give me the man,  
 That is not passion's slave, and I will wear him  
 In my heart's core,—ay, in my heart of heart,  
 As I do thee.



## P E A C E after C I V I L W A R.

[SHAKESPEARE.]

**S**O shaken as we are, so wan with care,  
 Find we a time for frightened peace to pant,  
 And breathe short-winded accents of new broils  
 To be commenc'd in stronds a-far remote.  
 No more the thirsty entrance of this soil  
 Shall damp her lips with her own childrens blood :  
 No more shall trenching war channel her fields,  
 Nor bruise her flowrets with the armed hoofs  
 Of hostile paces. Those opposed files,  
 Which like the meteors of a troubled heaven,  
 All of one nature, of one substance bred,  
 Did lately meet in the intestine shock  
 And furious close of civil butchery,  
 Shall now, in mutual, well-beseeming ranks,  
 March all one way ; and be no more oppos'd  
 Against acquaintance, kindred, and allies :  
 The edge of war, like an ill-sheathed knife,  
 No more shall cut his master.

## HOTSPUR'S DESCRIPTION of a finical COURTIER.

[SHAKESPEARE.]

**M**Y liege, I did deny no prisoners ;  
 But I remember when the fight was done,  
 When I was dry with rage, and extreme toil,  
 Breathless and faint, leaning upon my sword ;  
 Came there a certain lord, neat, trimly dress'd,  
 Fresh as a bridegroom, and his chin, new reap'd,  
 Shew'd like a stubble land at harvest-home.  
 He was perfumed like a millener ;  
 And 'twixt his finger and his thumb, he held  
 A pouncet-box, which ever and anon  
 He gave his nose. — And still he smil'd and talk'd :  
 And as the soldiers bare dead bodies by,  
 He call'd them untaught knaves, unmannerly,  
 To bring a slovenly, unhandsome coarse  
 Betwixt the wind and his nobility.  
 With many holiday and lady-terms  
 He question'd me ; amongst the rest, demanded  
 My prisoners, in your majesty's behalf.  
 I then, all smarting with my wounds, being gall'd

# PRECEPTOR.

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To be so peester'd with a popinjay,  
Out of my grief, and my impatience,  
Answer'd neglectingly, I know not what;  
He should, or should not; for he made me mad,  
To see him shine so brisk, and smell so sweet,  
And talk so like a waiting gentlewoman,  
Of guns, and drums, and wounds; (God save the mark!)  
And telling me the sovereign'st thing on earth  
Was parmacety, for an inward bruise;  
And that it was great pity, so it was,  
This villainous salt-petre should be digg'd  
Out of the bowels of the harmless earth,  
Which many a good tall fellow had destroy'd  
So cowardly: and but for these vile guns,  
He would himself have been a soldier.

## A gallant WARRIOR.

[SHAKESPEARE.]

**I** Saw young Harry with his beaver on,  
His cuisses on his thighs, gallantly arm'd,  
Rise from the ground like feather'd Mercury;  
And vaulted with such ease into his seat,  
As if an angel dropt down from the clouds,  
To turn and wind a fiery Pegasus,  
And witch the world with noble horsemanship.

## RUMOUR. [SHAKESPEARE.]

**I** From the orient to the drooping west,  
Making the wind my post-horse, still unfold  
The acts commenced on this ball of earth;  
Upon my tongues continual slanders ride,  
The which in every language I pronounce,  
Stuffing the ears of men with false reports.  
I speak of peace while covert enmity,  
Under the smile of safety, wounds the world;  
And who but rumour, who but only I,  
Make fearful musters, and prepar'd defence,  
Whilst the big year, swol'n with some other griefs,  
Is thought with child by the stern tyrant war,  
And no such matter? Rumour is a pipe  
Blown by surmises, jealousies, conjectures;  
And of so easy and so plain a stop,

M 3

That

That the blunt monster, with uncounted heads,  
The still discordant wavering multitude,  
Can play upon it.

On SLEEP. [SHAKESPEARE.]

—O Gentle sleep,  
Nature's soft nurse, how have I frighted thee,  
That thou no more wilt weigh my eye-lids down,  
And steep my senses in forgetfulness?  
Why rather, sleep, ly'st thou in smoaky cribs,  
Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee,  
And hush'd with buzzing night-flies to thy slumber;  
Than in the perfum'd chambers of the great,  
Under the canopies of costly state,  
And lull'd with sounds of sweetest melody?  
O thou dull God! why ly'st thou with the vile  
In loathsome beds, and leav'st the kingly couch  
A watch-case, or a common larum-bell?  
Wilt thou, upon the high and giddy mast,  
Seal up the ship-boy's eyes, and rock his brains  
In cradle of the rude, imperious surge?  
And in the visitation of the winds,  
Who take the ruffian billows by the top,  
Curling their monstrous heads, and hanging them  
With deaf'ning clamours on the slipp'ry shrouds,  
That, with the hurly, death itself awakes,  
Can'st thou, O partial sleep, give thy repose  
To the wet sea-boy in an hour so rude?  
And, in the calmest and the stillest night,  
With all appliances and means to boot,  
Deny it to a king? Then, happy low! lie down;  
Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.

King HENRY the Fifth's ELOQUENCE.

[SHAKESPEARE.]

HEAR him but reason in divinity,  
And, all admiring, with an inward wish,  
You would desire the king were made a prelate.  
Hear him debate on common-wealth affairs,  
You'd say, it hath been all in all his study.  
Lift his discourse of war, and you shall hear  
A fearful battle render'd you in music.

Turn



Turn him to any cause of policy,  
 The gordian knot of it he will unloose,  
 Familiar as his garter. When he speaks,  
 The air, a charter'd libertine, is still:  
 And the mute wonder lurketh in mens ears,  
 To steal his sweet and honied sentences.

## The COMMON-WEALTH of BEES.

[SHAKESPEARE.]

**S**O work the honey-bees:  
 Creatures, that by a ruling nature teach  
 The art of order to a peopled kingdom.  
 They have a king and officers of sort:  
 Where some, like magistrates, correct at home:  
 Others, like merchants, venture trade abroad:  
 Others, like soldiers, armed in their stings,  
 Make boot upon the summer's velvet buds:  
 Which pillage they with merry march bring home  
 To the tent-royal of their emperor:  
 Who, busied in his majesty, surveys  
 The singing mason, building roofs of gold;  
 The civil citizens kneading up the honey;  
 The poor mechanic porters crowding in  
 Their heavy burdens at his narrow gate:  
 The sad-ey'd justice, with his surly hum,  
 Delivering o'er to executors pale  
 The lazy, yawning drone.

## DESCRIPTION of a FLEET setting Sail.

[SHAKESPEARE.]

— **S**UPPOSE that you have seen  
 The well-appointed king at Hampton-pier  
 Embark his royalty; and his brave fleet  
 With silken streamers the young Phœbus fanning,  
 Play with your fancies; and in them behold,  
 Upon the hempen tackle, ship-boys climbing;  
 Hear the shrill whistle, which doth order give  
 To sounds confus'd; behold the threaden sails,  
 Borne with th' invisible and creeping wind,  
 Draw the huge bottoms through the furrow'd sea,  
 Breasting the lofty surge!

## DESCRIPTION of NIGHT in a CAMP.

[SHAKESPEARE.]

**F**ROM camp to camp, through the foul womb of night,  
 The hum of either army stilly sounds;  
 That the fix'd centinels almost receive  
 The secret whispers of each other's watch.  
 Fire answers fire; and through their paly flames  
 Each battle sees the other's umber'd face.  
 Steed threatens steed, in high and boastful neighs,  
 Piercing the night's dull ear; and from the tents,  
 The armourers, accomplishing the knights,  
 With busy hammers closing rivets up,  
 Give dreadful note of preparation.  
 The country cocks do crow, the clocks do toll:  
 And (the third hour of drowzy morning nam'd)  
 Proud of their numbers and secure in soul,  
 The confident and over-lusty French  
 Do the low-rated English play at dice;  
 And chide the cripple tardy-gaited night,  
 Who, like a foul and ugly witch, does limp  
 So tediously away. The poor condemned English,  
 Like sacrifices, by their watchful fires  
 Sit patiently, and inly ruminate  
 The morning's danger: and their gesture sad,  
 (Investing lank-lean cheeks, and war-worn coats,)  
 Presenteth them unto the gazing moon  
 So many horrid ghosts. Who now beholds  
 The royal captain of this ruin'd band,  
 Walking from watch to watch, from tent to tent,  
 Let him cry, praise and glory on his head!  
 For forth he goes, and visits all his host,  
 Bids them good morrow with a modest smile,  
 And calls them brothers, friends, and countrymen.  
 Upon his royal face there is no note,  
 How dread an army hath enrounded him;  
 Nor doth he dedicate one jot of colour  
 Unto the weary and all-watched night;  
 But freshly looks, and overbears attaint,  
 With chearful semblance, and sweet majesty;  
 That ev'ry wretch, pining and pale before,  
 Beholding him, plucks comfort from his looks.  
 A largests universal, like the sun,

His

His lib'ral eye doth give to ev'ry one,  
Thawing cold fear.

The HAPPINESS of a SHEPHERD's LIFE.

[SHAKESPEARE.]

**M**ETHINKS, it were a happy life  
To be no better than a homely swain;  
To sit upon a hill, as I do now,  
To carve out dials quaintly, point by point,  
Thereby to see the minutes how they run;  
How many make the hour full compleat,  
How many hours bring about the day,  
How many days will finish up the year,  
How many years a mortal man may live:  
When this is known, then to divide the time;  
So many hours, must I tend my flock;  
So many hours, must I take my rest;  
So many hours, must I contemplate;  
So many hours, must I sport myself;  
So many days, my ewes have been with young;  
So many weeks, ere the poor fools will yean;  
So many months, ere I shall shear the fleece;  
So minutes, hours, days, weeks, months and years,  
Past over, to the end they were created,  
Would bring white hairs unto a quiet grave.  
Ah! what a life were this! how sweet, how lovely!  
Gives not the hawthorn-bush a sweeter shade  
To shepherds looking on their silly sheep,  
Than doth a rich-embroider'd canopy  
To kings, that fear their subjects' treachery?  
O, yes, it doth; a thousand-fold it doth.  
And to conclude, the shepherd's homely curds,  
His cold thin drink out of his leather-bottle,  
His wonted sleep under a fresh tree's shade,  
All which secure and sweetly he enjoys,  
Is far beyond a prince's delicates,  
His viands sparkling in a golden cup,  
His body couched in a curious bed,  
When care, mistrust, and treason, wait on him.

The VICISSITUDES of LIFE.

[SHAKESPEARE.]

**S**O farewell to the little good you bear me!  
Farewell, a long farewell to all my greatness!



This is the state of man ; to-day he puts forth  
 The tender leaves of hope, to-morrow blossoms,  
 And bears his blushing honours thick upon him ;  
 The third day comes a frost, a killing frost,  
 And when he thinks, good easy man, full surely  
 His greatness is a ripening, nips his root ;  
 And then he falls as I do. I have ventur'd,  
 Like little wanton boys, that swim on bladders,  
 These many summers in a sea of glory,  
 But far beyond my depth ; my high-blown pride  
 At length broke under me ; and now has left me,  
 Weary, and old with service, to the mercy  
 Of a rude stream, that must for ever hide me.  
 Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye ;  
 I feel my heart new open'd. Oh, how wretched  
 Is that poor man, that hangs on princes' favours !  
 There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire to,  
 That sweet aspect of princes, and our ruin,  
 More pangs and fears than war or women have ;  
 And, when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,  
 Never to hope again.

Cardinal WOLSEY's SPEECH to CROMWELL.

[SHAKESPEARE.]

**C**ROMWELL, I did not think to shed a tear  
 In all my miseries ; but thou hast forc'd me,  
 Out of thy honest truth, to play the woman—  
 Let's dry our eyes ; and thus far hear me, Cromwell ;  
 And when I am forgotten, as I shall be,  
 And sleep in dull cold marble, where no mention  
 Of me must more be heard ; say then I taught thee ;  
 Say, Wolsey, that once trod the ways of glory,  
 And founded all the depths and shoals of honour,  
 Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in ;  
 A sure and safe one, though thy master miss'd it.  
 Mark but my fall, and that which ruin'd me :  
 Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition :  
 By that sin fell the angels ; how can man then  
 (The image of his maker) hope to win by't ?  
 Love thyself last : cherish those hearts that hate thee :  
 Corruption wins not more than honesty.  
 Still in thy right-hand carry gentle peace,  
 To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not.

Let

Let all the ends, thou aim'st at, be thy country's,  
Thy God's, and truth's; then if thou fall'st, O Cromwell,  
Thou fall'st a blessed martyr.

NEWS-TELLERS on the DEATH of ARTHUR.

[SHAKESPEARE.]

**O**LD men and beldams, in the streets,  
Do prophesy upon it dangerously:  
Young Arthur's death is common in their mouths;  
And, when they talk of him, they shake their heads,  
And whisper one another in the ear.  
And he that speaks doth gripe the hearer's wrist,  
Whilst he that hears makes fearful action.  
With wrinkled brows, with nods, with rolling eyes,  
I saw a smith stand with his hammer, thus,  
The whilst his iron did on the anvil cool,  
With open mouth swallowing a taylor's news,  
Who, with his shears and measure in his hand,  
Standing on slippers, which his nimble haste  
Had fallably thrust upon contrary feet,  
Told of a many thousand warlike French,  
That were embattled and rank'd in Kent.  
Another lean, unwash'd artificer  
Cuts off his tale, and talks of Arthur's death.

PATRIOTISM. [SHAKESPEARE.]

**W**HAT is it, that you would impart to me?  
If it be aught towards the general good,  
Set honour in one eye, and death i' th' other,  
And I will look on both indifferently:  
For let the Gods so speed me, as I love  
The name of honour more than I fear death.

CASSIUS in Contempt of CÆSAR.

[SHAKESPEARE.]

**W**HY man, he doth bestride the narrow world,  
Like a Colossus; and we petty men  
Walk under his huge legs, and peep about  
To find ourselves dishonourable graves.  
Men at some times are masters of their fates:  
The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars

But in ourselves, that we are underlings.  
 Brutus and Cæsar! what should be in that Cæsar?  
 Why should that name be sounded more than yours?  
 Write them together; yours is as fair a name:  
 Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well;  
 Weigh them, it is as heavy; conjure with 'em,  
 Brutus will start a spirit as soon as Cæsar.  
 Now in the names of all the Gods at once,  
 Upon what meat doth this our Cæsar feed,  
 That he is grown so great? Age, thou art sham'd;  
 Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods.  
 When went there by an age, since the great flood,  
 But it was fam'd with more than with one man?  
 When could they say, till now, that talk'd of Rome,  
 That her wide walls encompass'd but one man?

AMBITION, covered with specious HUMILITY.

[SHAKESPEARE.]

—BUT 'tis a common proof,  
 That lowliness is young ambition's ladder,  
 Whereto the climber upwards turns his face;  
 But when he once attains the upmost round,  
 He then unto the ladder turns his back,  
 Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees  
 By which he did ascend.

Against the FEAR of DEATH.

[SHAKESPEARE.]

COWARDS die many times before their deaths;  
 The valiant never taste of death but once:  
 Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,  
 It seems to me most strange, that men should fear:  
 Seeing that death, a necessary end,  
 Will come, when it will come.

ANTONY'S FUNERAL ORATION upon CÆSAR.

[SHAKESPEARE.]

FRIENDS, Romans, Countrymen, lend me your ears;  
 I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.  
 The evil that men do, lives after them;  
 The good is oft interred with their bones;  
 So let it be with Cæsar! noble Brutus

Hath



Hath told you Cæsar was ambitious;  
 If it were so, it was a grievous fault;  
 And grievously hath Cæsar answer'd it.  
 Here, under leave of Brutus, and the rest,  
 (For Brutus is an honourable man;  
 So are they all, all honourable men.)  
 Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.  
 He was my friend, faithful and just to me;  
 But Brutus says he was ambitious,  
 And Brutus is an honourable man.  
 He hath brought many captives home to Rome,  
 Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill?  
 Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious?  
 When that the poor hath cry'd, Cæsar hath wept;  
 Ambition should be made of sterner stuff:  
 Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;  
 And Brutus is an honourable man.  
 You all did see, that, on the Lupercal,  
 I thrice presented him a kingly crown,  
 Which he did thrice refuse. Was this ambition?  
 Yet Brutus says, he was ambitious,  
 And sure he is an honourable man.  
 I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke;  
 But here I am to speak what I do know.  
 You all did love him once, not without cause;  
 What cause with-holds you then to mourn for him?  
 O judgment, thou art fled to brutish beasts,  
 And men have lost their reason.—Bear with me,  
 My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,  
 And I must pause 'till it come back to me.

## B R U T U S to C A S S I U S.

[SHAKESPEARE.]

**T**H E R E is no terror, Cassius, in your threats;  
 For I am arm'd so strong in honesty,  
 That they pass by me, as the idle wind,  
 Which I respect not. I did send to you  
 For certain sums of gold, which you deny'd me;  
 For I can raise no money by vile means.  
 By heaven I had rather coin my heart,  
 And drop my blood for drachmas, than to wring  
 From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash,  
 By any indirection. I did send

To

To you for gold to pay my legions,  
Which you deny'd me : was that done like Cassius ?  
Should I have answer'd Caius Cassius so ?  
When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous,  
To lock such rascal-counters from his friends,  
Be ready, Gods, with all your thunderbolts,  
Dash him to pieces !

### OPPORTUNITY to be seized in all AFFAIRS.

[SHAKESPEARE.]

**T**HERE is a tide in the affairs of men,  
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune ;  
Omitted, all the voyage of their life  
Is bound in shallows and in miseries.  
On such a full sea are we now afloat :  
And we must take the current when it serves,  
Or lose our ventures.

### ANTHONY's CHARACTER of BRUTUS.

[SHAKESPEARE.]

**T**HIS was the noblest Roman of them all :  
All the conspirators, save only he,  
Did, that they did, in envy of great Cæsar :  
He, only, in a general honest thought,  
And common good to all, made one of them.  
His life was gentle, and the elements  
So mixt in him, that nature might stand up,  
And say to all the world ; " This was a man ! "

### LEAR's passionate Exclamations amidst the TEMPEST.

[SHAKESPEARE.]

**B**LOW winds, and crack your cheeks ; rage, blow !  
You cataracts, and hurricanoes, spout  
Till you have drencht our steeples, drown'd the cocks !  
You sulph'rous, and thought-executing fires,  
Vaunt-couriers of oak-cleaving thunderbolts,  
Singe my white head. And thou, all shaking thunder,  
Strike flat the thick rotundity o' th' world ;  
Crack nature's mould, all germins spill at once  
That make ingrateful man.  
Rumble thy belly-full, spit fire, spout rain ;

Nor

Nor rain, wind, thunder, fire, are my daughters :  
 I tax not you, you elements, with unkindness ;  
 I never gaye you kingdom, call'd you children ;  
 You owe me no Subscription. Then let fall  
 Your horrible pleasure ;—here I stand your slave,  
 A poor, infirm, weak, and despis'd old man !  
 But yet I call you servile ministers,  
 That have with two pernicious daughters join'd  
 Your high-engender'd battles, 'gainst a head  
 So old and white as this. Oh ! oh ! 'tis foul.

Pr'ythee go in thyself ; seek thine own ease ;  
 This tempest will not give me leave to ponder  
 On things would hurt me more—but I'll go in :  
 In, boy, go first. You houseless poverty—  
 Nay, get thee in ; I'll pray, and then I'll sleep—  
 Poor naked wretches, wherefoe'er you are,  
 That bide the pelting of this pitiless storm,  
 How shall your houseless heads, and unfed sides,  
 Your loop'd and window'd raggedness defend you  
 From seasons such as these ?—O, I have ta'en  
 Too little care of this ! take physic, pomp ;  
 Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel,  
 That thou may'st shake the superflux to them,  
 And shew the heavens more just.

## DESCRIPTION of DOVER CLIFF.

[SHAKESPEARE.]

COME on, fir, here's the place—stand still. How  
 And dizzy 'tis to cast one's eyes so low !  
 The crows and choughs, that wing the midway air,  
 Shew scarce so gross as beetles. Half way down  
 Hangs one that gathers samphire ; dreadful trade !  
 Methinks, he seems no bigger than his head.  
 The fishermen, that walk upon the beach,  
 Appear like mice ; and yon tall anchoring bark,  
 Diminish'd to her cock ; her cock, a buoy  
 Almost too small for sight. The murmuring surge,  
 That on th' unnumber'd idle pebbles chafes,  
 Cannot be heard so high. I'll look no more,  
 Lest my brain turn, and the deficient sight  
 Topple down headlong.

An



## An oppress'd COUNTRY.

[SHAKESPEARE.]

**A** L A S, poor country,  
 Almost afraid to know itself ! It cannot  
 Be call'd our mother, but our grave ; where nothing,  
 But who knows nothing, is once seen to smile :  
 Where sighs and groans, and shrieks that rend the air,  
 Are made, not mark'd ; where violent sorrow seems  
 A modern ecstasy ; the dead man's knell  
 Is there scarce ask'd, for whom : and good men's lives  
 Expire before the flowers in their caps,  
 Dying or ere they sicken.

OTHELLO's RELATION of his COURTSHIP  
 to the SENATE. [SHAKESPEARE.]

**M** O S T potent, grave, and reverend signiors,  
 My very noble, and approv'd good masters ;  
 That I have ta'en away this old man's daughter,  
 It is most true ; true I have married her ;  
 The very head, and front of my offending,  
 Hath this extent ; no more. Rude am I in my speech,  
 And little bless'd with the soft phrase of peace ;  
 For since these arms of mine had seven years' pith,  
 'Till now, some nine moons wasted, they have us'd  
 Their dearest action in the tented field ;  
 And little of this great world can I speak,  
 More then pertains to feats of broils and battle ;  
 And therefore little shall I grace my cause,  
 In speaking for myself. Yet, by your gracious patience,  
 I will a round unvarnish'd tale deliver,  
 Of my whole course of love ; what drugs, what charms,  
 What conjuration, and what mighty magic,  
 (For such proceeding I am charg'd withal)  
 I won his daughter with——  
 Her father lov'd me, oft invited me ;  
 Still question'd me the story of my life,  
 From year to year ; the battles, sieges, fortunes,  
 That I have past.  
 I ran it through, e'en from my boyish days,  
 To the very moment that he bade me tell it :  
 Wherein I spoke of most disastrous chances,  
 Of moving accidents by flood and field ;

Of hair-breadth 'scapes i' th' imminent deadly breach ;  
 Of being taken by the insolent foe,  
 And sold to slavery ; of my redemption thence,  
 And with it all my travels' history.

All these to hear,  
 Would Desdemona seriously incline ;  
 But still the house-affairs would draw her thence,  
 Which ever as she could with haste dispatch,  
 She'd come again, and with a greedy ear  
 Devour up my discourse : which I observing,  
 Took once a pliant hour, and found good means  
 To draw from her a prayer of earnest heart,  
 That I would all my pilgrimage dilate,  
 Whereof by parcels she had something heard,  
 But not distinctively ; I did consent,  
 And often did beguile her of her tears,  
 When I did speak of some distressful stroke,  
 That my youth suffer'd. My story being done,  
 She gave me for my pains a world of sighs ;  
 She swore in faith, 'twas strange, 'twas passing strange,  
 'Twas pitiful, 'twas wondrous pitiful—  
 She wish'd she had not heard it, yet she wish'd  
 That heav'n had made her such a man ;—she thank'd me,  
 And bade me, if I had a friend that lov'd her,  
 I should but teach him how to tell my story,  
 And that would woo her. On this hint I spake ;  
 She lov'd me for the dangers I had pass'd,  
 And I lov'd her, that she did pity them.

## R E P U T A T I O N.

[SHAKESPEARE.]

GOOD name in man or woman, dear my lord,  
 Is the immediate jewel of their souls ;  
 Who steals my purse steals trash, 'tis something, nothing ;  
 'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands ;  
 But he that filches from me my good name,  
 Robs me of that which not enriches him,  
 And makes me poor indeed.

BANISH.

## BANISHMENT, CONSOLATION under it.

[SHAKESPEARE.]

**A**LL places that the eye of heaven visits,  
 Are to a wise man ports and happy havens.  
 Teach thy necessity to reason thus :  
 There is no virtue like necessity,  
 And think not, that the king did banish thee ;  
 But thou the king. Woe doth the heavier sit  
 Where it perceives it is but faintly borne.  
 Go say, I sent thee forth to purchase honour,  
 And not the king exil'd thee. Or suppose,  
 Devouring pestilence hangs in our air,  
 And thou art flying to a fresher clime.  
 Look, what thy soul holds dear, imagine it  
 To lye that way thou go'st, not whence thou com'st.  
 Suppose the singing birds, musicians ;  
 The grass, whereon thou tread'st, the presence floor ;  
 The flow'rs, fair ladies ; and thy steps no more  
 Than a delightful measure or a dance.  
 For gnarling sorrow hath less power to bite  
 The man, that mocks at it, and sets it light.

## THOUGHTS ineffectual to moderate AFFLICTIONS.

[SHAKESPEARE.]

**O**H, who can hold a fire in his hand,  
 By thinking on the frosty Caucasus ?  
 Or cloy the hungry edge of appetite,  
 By bare imagination of a feast ?  
 Or wallow naked in December snow,  
 By thinking on fantastic summer's heat ?  
 Oh, no, the apprehension of the good  
 Gives but the greater feeling to the worse ;  
 Fell sorrow's tooth doth never rankle more  
 Than when it bites, but lanceth not the sore.

## ENGLAND. [SHAKESPEARE.]

**T**HIS royal throne of kings, this scepter'd isle,  
 This earth of Majesty, this seat of Mars,  
 This other Eden, demi-Paradise,  
 This fortress built by nature for herself,  
 Against infection, and the hand of war ;

This



This happy breed of men, this little world,  
 This precious stone set in the silver sea,  
 Which serves it in the office of a wall,  
 Or of a moat defensive to a house,  
 Against the envy of less happy lands :

England, bound in with the triumphant sea,  
 Whose rocky shores beat back the envious siege  
 Of wat'ry Neptune, is bound in with shame,  
 With inky blots, and rotten parchment-bonds.  
 That England, that was wont to conquer others,  
 Hath made a shameful conquest of itself.

The SUN rising after a dark NIGHT.

[SHAKESPEARE.]

—K Now'lt thou not,  
 That when the searching eye of heav'n is hid  
 Behind the globe, and lights the lower world,  
 Then thieves and robbers range abroad unseen,  
 In murders, and in outrage bloody here :  
 But when from under this terrestrial ball  
 He fires the proud tops of the eastern pines,  
 And darts his light through every guilty hole,  
 Then murders, treasons, and detested fins,  
 The cloak of night being pluck'd from off their backs,  
 Stand bare and naked, trembling at themselves.

The CARES of ROYALTY.

[SHAKESPEARE.]

PRINCES have but their titles for their glories,  
 An outward honour, for an inward toil ;  
 And, for unfelt imaginations,  
 They often feel a world of endless cares ;  
 So that between their titles, and low name,  
 There's nothing differs but the outward fame.

SUBMISSION to HEAVEN, our DUTY.

[SHAKESPEARE.]

I N common worldly things 'tis call'd ungrateful  
 With dull unwillingness to pay a debt,  
 Which with a bounteous hand was kindly lent  
 Much more to be thus opposite to heav'n ;  
 For it requires the royal debt it lent you.

The

## The VANITY of TRUST in MAN.

[SHAKESPEARE.]

**O** Momentary grace of mortal men,  
Which we more hunt for than the grace of God!  
Who builds his hope in air of your fair looks,  
Lives like a drunken sailer on a mast,  
Ready with every nod to tumble down  
Into the fatal bowels of the deep.

Queen MARGARET upbraiding Queen ANNE, the  
Consort of RICHARD III. [SHAKESPEARE.]

**I** Call'd thee then poor shadow, painted queen,  
One heav'd on high, to be hurl'd down below:  
A mother only mock'd with two fair babes;  
A dream of what thou wast; a garish flag,  
To be the aim of ev'ry dangerous shot;  
A sign of dignity, a breath, a bubble;  
A queen in jest, only to fill the scene.  
Where is thy husband now, where be thy brothers?  
Where be thy children? wherein dost thou joy?  
Who sues and kneels, and says, God save the queen?  
Where be the bending peers that flatter'd thee?  
Where be the thronging troops, that follow'd thee?  
Decline all this, and see what now thou art.  
For happy wife, a most distressed widow;  
For joyful mother, one that wails the name;  
For one being su'd to, one that humbly sues;  
For queen, a very caitiff crown'd with care;  
For one that scorn'd at me, now scorn'd of me:  
For one being fear'd of all, now fearing one;  
For one commanding all, obey'd of none.  
Thus hath the course of justice wheel'd about,  
And left thee but a very prey to time;  
Having no more but thought of what thou wert,  
To torture thee the more, being what thou art.

On D R E A M S. [SHAKESPEARE.]

**O** Then I see Queen Mab hath been with you.  
She is the fancy's midwife, and she comes  
In shape no bigger than an agat-stone  
On the fore finger of an alderman,  
Drawn with a team of little atomies,

Athwart

Athwart men's noses as they lie asleep :  
 Her waggon-spokes made of long spinners legs ;  
 The cover, of the wings of grasshoppers ;  
 The traces, of the smallest spider's web ;  
 The collars, of the moonshine's wat'ry beam ;  
 Her whip, of cricket's bone ; the lash, of film ;  
 Her waggoner, a small grey-coated gnat,  
 Not half so big as a round little worm,  
 Prickt from the lazy finger of a maid,  
 Her chariot is an empty hazle-nut,  
 Made by the joiner squirrel or old grub,  
 Time out of mind the fairies' coach-makers :—  
 And in this state she gallops night by night,  
 Thro' lovers' brains, and then they dream of love :  
 On courtiers' knees, that dream on curtsies straight :  
 O'er lawyers' fingers, who straight dream on fees :  
 O'er ladies' lips, who straight on kisses dream,  
 Which oft the angry Mab with blisters plagues,  
 Because their breaths with sweet-meats tainted are.  
 Sometimes she gallops o'er a courtier's nose,  
 And then dreams he of smelling out a suit :  
 And sometimes comes she with a tithe-pig's tail,  
 Tickling the parson as he lies asleep ;  
 Then dreams he of another benefice,  
 Sometimes she driveth o'er a soldier's neck,  
 And then dreams he of cutting foreign throats,  
 Of breaches, ambuscadoes, Spanish blades,  
 Of healths five fathom deep ; and then anon  
 Drums in his ears, at which he starts and wakes,  
 And being thus frightened, swears a prayer or two,  
 And sleeps again.

DESCRIPTION of an APOTHECARY and his  
SHOP. [SHAKESPEARE.]

**I** Do remember an apothecary,  
 And hereabouts he dwells, whom late I noted  
 In tatter'd weeds, with overwhelming brows,  
 Culling of simples ; meagre were his looks ;  
 Sharp misery had worn him to the bones ;  
 And in his needy shop a tortoise hung,  
 An alligator stuff, and other skins  
 Of ill-shap'd fishes ; and about his shelves  
 A beggarly account of empty boxes ;



Green earthen pots, bladders, and musty seeds,  
Remnants of packthread, and old cakes of roses,  
Were thinly scatter'd to make up a show.

ADVERSITY the TEST of real MERIT.

[SHAKESPEARE.]

— **W**HY then, you princes,  
Do you with cheeks abash'd behold our  
works?

And think them shame, which are, indeed, nought else  
But the protractive trials of great Jove,  
To find persifive constancy in man?  
The fineness of which metal is not found  
In fortune's love; for then, the bold and coward,  
The wise and fool, the artist and unread,  
The hard and soft, seem all affin'd, and kin.  
But in the wind and tempest of her frown,  
Distinction with a broad and pow'rful fan,  
Puffing at all, winnows the light away;  
And what hath mass, or matter by itself,  
Lies rich in virtue, and unmingled.

The CHARACTER of TROILUS.

[SHAKESPEARE.]

**T**HE youngest son of Priam, a true knight;  
Not yet mature, yet matchless; firm of word;  
Speaking in deeds, and deedless in his tongue;  
Not soon provok'd, nor being provok'd, soon calm'd.  
His heart and hand both open, and both free;  
For what he has he gives; what thinks, he shews:  
Yet gives he not, till judgment guide his bounty;  
Nor dignifies an impair thought with breath:  
Manly as Hector, but more dangerous;  
For Hector in his blaze of wrath subscribes  
To tender objects: but he in heat of action  
Is more vindicative than jealous love.

SOLITUDE preferred to a COURT-LIFE, and the  
ADVANTAGES of ADVERSITY.

[SHAKESPEARE.]

**N**OW my co-mates and brothers in exile,  
Hath not old custom made this life more sweet  
Than that of painted pomp? Are not these woods

More

More free from peril, than the envious court?  
 Here feel we but the penalty of Adam,  
 The season's difference; as the icy phang,  
 And churlish chiding of the winter's wind;  
 Which, when it bites and blows upon my body,  
 Even till I shrink with cold, I smile, and say,  
 "This is no flattery;" these are counsellors,  
 That feelingly persuade me what I am.  
 Sweet are the uses of adversity,  
 Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,  
 Wears yet a precious jewel in his head:  
 And this our life, exempt from public haunt,  
 Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,  
 Sermons in stones, and good in every thing.

## GRATITUDE in an OLD SERVANT.

[SHAKESPEARE.]

**B**UT do not so: I have five hundred crowns,  
 The thrifty hire I sav'd under your father,  
 Which I did store to be my foster-nurse  
 When service should in my old limbs lie lame,  
 And unregarded age in corners thrown:  
 Take that; and he that doth the ravens feed,  
 Yea, providently caters for the sparrow,  
 Be comfort to my age! here is the gold;  
 All this I give you, let me be your servant:  
 Tho' I look old, yet I am strong and lusty;  
 For in my youth I never did apply  
 Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood:  
 Nor did I with unbashful forehead woo  
 The means of weakness and debility:  
 Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,  
 Frosty but kindly; let me go with you,  
 I'll do the service of a younger man  
 In all your business and necessities.

## A M E R R Y M A N.

[SHAKESPEARE.]

**A** Merrier man,  
 Within the limit of becoming mirth,  
 I never spent an hour's talk withal.  
 His eye begets occasion for his wit,  
 For every object that the one doth catch

The

The other turns to a mirth-moving jest ;  
Which his fair tongue (conceit's expositor)  
Delivers in such apt and gracious words,  
That aged ears play truant at his tales ;  
And younger hearings are quite ravish'd ;  
So sweet and voluble is his discourse.

V I R T U E given to be EXERTED.

[SHAKESPEARE.]

**H**EAUV'N doth with us as we with torches do,  
Not light them for themselves : for if our virtues  
Did not go forth of us, 'twere all alike  
As if we had them not. Spirits are not finely touch'd,  
But to fine issues : nor nature never lends  
The smallest scruple of her excellence,  
But, like a thrifty goddess, she determines  
Herself the glory of a creditor,  
Both thanks and use.

A F F E C T E D G R A V I T Y.

[SHAKESPEARE.]

**I** Tell thee what, Antonio,  
There are a sort of men whose visages  
Do cream and mantle like a standing pond ;  
And do a wilful stillness entertain,  
With purpose to be drest in an opinion  
Of wisdom, gravity, profound conceit ;  
As who shou'd say, I am Sir Oracle,  
And when I ope my lips, let no dog bark.  
O, my Antonio, I do know of those,  
That therefore only are reputed wise,  
For saying nothing.—

The DECEIT of ORNAMENT or APPEARANCES.

[SHAKESPEARE.]

**T**HE world is still deceiv'd with ornament.  
In law, what plea so tainted and corrupt,  
But being season'd with a gracious voice,  
Obscures the show of evil ? In religion,  
What damned error, but some sober brow  
Will bless it, and approve it with a text,  
Hiding the grossness with fair ornament ?  
There is no vice so simple, but assumes



Some mark of virtue on its outward parts.  
 How many cowards, whose hearts are all as false  
 As flairs of sand, wear yet upon their chins  
 The beards of Hercules, and frowning Mars;  
 Who, inward search'd, have livers white as milk!  
 And these assume but valour's excrement,  
 To render them redoubted. Look on beauty,  
 And you shall see, 'tis purchas'd by the weight,  
 Which therein works a miracle in nature,  
 Making them lightest, that wear most of it.  
 So are those crisped, snaky, golden locks,  
 Which make such wanton gambols with the wind  
 Upon supposed fairness, often known  
 To be the dowry of a second head,  
 The scull that bred them in the sepulchre.  
 Thus ornament is but the guiled shore  
 To a most dangerous sea; the beauteous scarf  
 Veiling an Indian beauty; in a word,  
 The seeming truth which cunning time puts on  
 T' entrap the wisest. —

## FEMALE FRIENDSHIP.

[SHAKESPEARE.]

**I**S all the council that we two have shar'd,  
 The sister-vows, the hours that we have spent,  
 When we have chid the hasty-footed time  
 For parting us: O! and is all forgot?  
 All school-days' friendship, childhood-innocence?  
 We, Hermia, like two artificial-gods,  
 Created with our needles both one flower,  
 Both on one sampler, sitting on one cushion;  
 Both warbling of one song, both in one key;  
 As if our hands, our sides, voices and minds  
 Had been incorp'rate. So we grew together,  
 Like to a double cherry, seeming parted,  
 But yet an union in partition.

MODEST DUTY always acceptable.

[SHAKESPEARE.]

**W**HERE I have come, great clerks have purposed  
 To greet me with premeditated welcomes;  
 Where I have seen them shiver and look pale,

N

(Make)

Make periods in the midst of sentences,  
Throttle their practis'd accents in their fears,  
And, in conclusion, dumbly have broke off,  
Not paying me a welcome; trust me, sweet,  
Out of this silence yet I pick'd a welcome:  
And in the modesty of fearful duty  
I read as much as from the rattling tongue  
Of saucy and audacious eloquence.

## YOUTHFUL INNOCENCE.

[SHAKESPEARE.]

**W**E were, fair queen,  
Two lads, that thought there was no more behind,  
But such a day to-morrow as to-day,  
And to be boy eternal.  
We were as twinn'd lambs, that did frisk i'th' sun,  
And bleat the one at th' other: what we chang'd,  
Was innocence for innocence; we knew not  
The doctrine of ill-doing: no, nor dream'd,  
That any did: had we pursu'd that life,  
And our weak spirits ne'er had been higher rear'd  
With stronger blood, we should have answer'd heav'n  
Boldly, not guilty.

Part of the KING's despairing SOLILOQUY in  
HAMLET. [SHAKESPEARE.]

**I**N the corrupted currents of this world,  
Offence's gilded hand may shove by justice;  
And oft 'tis seen the wicked prize itself  
Buys out the law: but 'tis not so above;  
There is no shuffling, there the action lies  
In its true nature, we ourselves compell'd,  
Even to the teeth and forehead of our faults,  
To give in evidence. What then? what rests?  
Try what repentance can; what can it not?  
Yet what can it, when one cannot repent?  
O, wretched state! O bosom black as death!  
O, limed soul! that, struggling to be free,  
Art more engag'd! Help, angels, make assay;  
Bow, stubborn knees; and heart, with strings of steel,  
Be soft as sinews of the new-born babe;  
All may be well.

PRECEPTOR.

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A HEALTH.

[SHAKESPEARE.]

—GIVE me the cup,  
And let the kettle to the trumpets speak,  
The trumpets to the cannoneer without,  
The cannons to the heavens, the heavens to earth;  
Now the king drinks to Hamlet.

REFLECTIONS on a CROWN.

[SHAKESPEARE.]

O Polish'd perturbation! golden care!  
That keep'st the ports of slumber open'd wide  
To many a watchful night: sleep with it now!  
Yet not so sound, and half so deeply sweet,  
As he, whose brow with homely biggen bound,  
Snores out the watch of night. O majesty!  
When thou dost pinch thy bearer, thou dost fit  
Like a rich armour, worn in heat of day,  
That scalds with safety.

The MISERIES of ROYALTY.

[SHAKESPEARE.]

O Hard condition, and twin-born with greatness!  
Subject to breath of ev'ry fool, whose sense  
No more can feel but his own wringing.  
What infinite heart-ease must kings neglect,  
That private men enjoy? And what have kings,  
That private have not too,—save ceremony?—  
Save gen'ral ceremony?  
And what art thou, thou idle ceremony?  
What kind of god art thou, that suffer'st more  
Of mortal griefs, than do thy worshippers?  
What are thy rents? What are thy comings-in?  
O ceremony, shew me but thy worth:  
What is the soul of adoration?  
Art thou aught else but place, degree, and form,  
Creating awe and fear in other men?  
Wherein thou art less happy, being fear'd,  
Than they in fearing.  
What drink'st thou oft, instead of homage sweet,  
But poison'd flattery? O be sick, great greatness,



And bid thy ceremony give the cure.  
 Think'st thou, the fiery fever will go out  
 With titles blown from adulation?  
 Will it give place to flexure and low bending?  
 Can'st thou, when thou command'st the beggar's knee,  
 Command the health of it? No, thou proud dream,  
 That play'st so subtly with a king's repose.  
 I am a king, that find thee, and I know,  
 'Tis not the balm, the sceptre, and the ball,  
 The sword, the mace, the crown imperial,  
 The enter-tissued robe of gold and pearl,  
 The farfed-titled running fore the king,  
 The throne he sits on, nor the tide of pomp,  
 That beats upon the high shoar of this world;  
 No, not all these thrice-gorgeous ceremonies,  
 Not all these, laid in bed majestical,  
 Can sleep so soundly as the wretched slave;  
 Who, with a body fill'd, and vacant mind,  
 Gets him to rest, cramm'd with distressful bread;  
 Never sees horrid night, the child of hell;  
 But, like a lacquey, from the rise to set,  
 Sweats in the eye of Phoebus; and all night  
 Sleeps in Elysium: next day, after dawn,  
 Doth rise and help Hyperion to his Horse:  
 And follows so the ever-running year  
 With profitable labour to his grave:  
 And (but for ceremony) such a wretch,  
 Winding up days with toil, and nights with sleep,  
 Hath the fore-hand and vantage of a king.

## The MISERIES of WAR.

[SHAKESPEARE.]

**H**ER vine, the merry chearer of the heart,  
 Unpruned lies: her hedges even pleach'd,  
 Like prisoners wildly overgrown with hair,  
 Put forth disorder'd twigs: her fallow leas  
 The darnel, hemlock, and rank fumitory,  
 Doth root upon; while that the culture rusts,  
 That should deracinate such savagery.  
 The even mead, that erst brought sweetly forth  
 The freckled cowslip, burnet, and green clover,  
 Wanting the scythe, all-uncorrected, rank,  
 Conceives by idleness, and nothing teems

But

But hateful docks, rough thistles, keekfies, burs,  
Losing both beauty and utility :  
And all our vineyards, fallows, meads and hedges,  
Defective in their natures, grow to wildness.

## A - good C O N S C I E N C E.

[SHAKESPEARE.]

**W**HAT stronger breast-plate than a heart untainted?  
Thrice is he arm'd, that hath his quarrel just ;  
And he but naked (though lock'd up in steel)  
Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted.

## A D V I C E. [SHAKESPEARE.]

**B**E thou blest, Bertram, and succeed thy father,  
In manners, as in shape ; thy blood and virtue  
Contend for empire in thee, and thy goodness  
Share with thy birth-right ! Love all ; trust a few ;  
Do wrong to none ; be able for thine enemy  
Rather in power than use ; and keep thy friend  
Under thy own life's key : be check'd for silence ;  
But never tax'd for speech.——

## HONOUR due to personal MERIT, not to BIRTH.

[SHAKESPEARE.]

**F**ROM lowest place when virtuous things proceed,  
The place is dignified by th' doer's deed,  
Where great additions swell, and virtues none,  
It is a dropstied honour ; good alone  
Is good without a name ; vileness is so ;  
The property, by what it is, shou'd go,  
Not by the title. She is young, wise, fair ;  
In these, to nature she's immediate heir ;  
And these breed honour ; That is honour's scorn,  
Which challenges itself as honour's born,  
And is not like the fire. Honours best thrive,  
When rather from our acts we them derive  
Than our foregoers : the mere word's a slave  
Debaucht on every tomb, on every grave ;  
A lying trophy.

## Against DELAY. [SHAKESPEARE.]

**L**ET's take the instant by the forward top ;  
 For we are old, and on our quick'ft decrees  
 Th' inaudible and noiseless foot of time  
 Steals, ere we can effect them.

A fine DESCRIPTION of a sleeping MAN, about to  
 be destroyed by a SNAKE and a LIONESS.

[SHAKESPEARE.]

**U**NDER an oak, whose boughs were moss'd with age,  
 And high top bald with dry antiquity ;  
 A wretched, ragged man, o'ergrown with hair,  
 Lay sleeping on his back ; about his neck  
 A green and gilded snake had wreath'd itself,  
 Who with her head, nimble in threats approach'd  
 The opening of his mouth, but suddenly  
 Seeing Orlando, it unlink'd itself,  
 And with indented glides did slip away  
 Into a bush ; under which bush's shade  
 A lioness, with udders all drawn dry,  
 Lay couching, head on ground, with cat-like watch,  
 When that the sleeping man should stir : for 'tis  
 The royal disposition of that beast  
 To prey on nothing that doth seem as dead.

DESCRIPTION of a beggarly CONJUROR or a  
 FORTUNE-TELLER. [SHAKESPEARE.]

— **A** Hungry, lean-fac'd villain,  
 A mere anatomy, a mountebank,  
 A thread-bare juggler, and a fortune-teller,  
 A needy, hollow-ey'd, sharp-looking wretch,  
 A living dead man : this pernicious slave  
 Forsooth took on him as a conjurer ;  
 And gazing in my eyes, feeling my pulse,  
 And with no face, as 'twere, outfacing me,  
 Cries out, I was posselt. —

MERCY in GOVERNORS commended.

[SHAKESPEARE.]

**N**O ceremony that to great ones 'longs,  
 Not the king's crown nor the deputed sword,

The



The marshal's truncheon, nor the judge's robe,  
Become them with one half so good a grace,  
As mercy does.

## P R E C E P T S against ILL-FORTUNE.

[SHAKESPEARE.]

—**Y**OU were us'd  
To say, extremity was the trier of spirits;  
That common chances common men could bear;  
That, when the sea was calm, all boats alike  
Shew'd mastership in floating. Fortune's blows,  
When most struck home, being gently warded, craves  
A noble cunning. You were us'd to load me  
With precepts, that would make invincible  
The heart that conn'd them.

E N G L A N D invincible, if unanimous.

[SHAKESPEARE.]

**E**NGLAND never did, nor ever shall  
Lye at the proud foot of a conqueror,  
But when it first did help to wound itself.  
Now these her princes are come home again,  
Come the three corners of the world in arms;  
And we shall shock them.—Nought shall make us rue,  
If England to itself do rest but true.

C E R E M O N Y insincere.

[SHAKESPEARE.]

—**E**VER note, Lucilius,  
When love begins to sicken and decay,  
It useth an enforced ceremony:  
There are no tricks in plain and simple faith;  
But hollow men, like horses hot at hand,  
Make gallant shew and promise of their mettle;  
But when they should endure the bloody spur,  
They fall their crest, and, like deceitful jades,  
Sink in the trial.

H O U N D S and H U N T I N G.

[SHAKESPEARE.]

**I** Was with Hercules and Cadmus once,  
When, in a wood of Crete they bay'd the boar  
With hounds of Sparta. Never did I hear

Such gallant chiding; for beside the groves,  
 The skies, the fountains, every region near,  
 Seem'd all one mutual cry. I never heard  
 So musical a discord, such sweet thunder!  
 My hounds are bred out of the Spartan kind,  
 So flued, so fanded, and their heads are hung  
 With ears that sweep away the morning dew,  
 Crook-knee'd, and dew-lapp'd; like Thessalian bulls,  
 Slow in pursuit, but match'd in mouths like bells,  
 Each under each: a cry more tunable  
 Was never halloo'd to, nor cheer'd with horn.

Popular INGRATITUDE and CURIOSITY.

[SHAKESPEARE.]

**O** You hard hearts! You cruel men of Rome!  
 Knew ye not Pompey? Many a time and oft  
 Have you climb'd up to walls and battlements,  
 To towers and windows, yea to chimney-tops,  
 Your infants in your arms, and there have sat  
 The live-long day with patient expectation,  
 To see great Pompey pass the streets of Rome!  
 And when you saw his chariot but appear,  
 Have you not made an universal shout,  
 That Tyber trembled underneath his banks,  
 To hear the replication of your sounds  
 Made in his concave shores?

The LIFE of an AFRICAN.

[ADDISON.]

**—**BEHOLD the African,  
 That traverses our vast Numidian deserts  
 In quest of prey, and lives upon his bow:  
 Coarse are his meals, the fortune of the chase,  
 Amidst the running stream he slakes his thirst,  
 Toils all the day, and at th' approach of night,  
 On the first friendly bank he throws him down,  
 Or rests his head upon a rock till morn;  
 Then rises fresh, pursues his wonted game,  
 And if the following day he chance to find  
 A new repast, or an untasted spring,  
 Blesses his stars and thinks it luxury.

CATO's

CATO's ADDRESS to the SENATE.

[ADDISON.]

**L**ET us appear nor rash nor diffident;  
 Immod'rate valour swells into a fault;  
 And fear admitted into public councils  
 Betrays like treason: Let us shun 'em both.  
 Fathers, I cannot see that our affairs  
 Are grown thus desp'rate; we have bulwarks round us;  
 Within our walls are troops inur'd to toil  
 In Afric's heat, and season'd to the sun;  
 Numidia's spacious kingdom lies behind us,  
 Ready to rise at its young prince's call.  
 While there is hope, do not distrust the Gods:  
 But wait at least 'till Cæsar's near approach  
 Force us to yield. 'Twill never be too late  
 To sue for chains, and own a conqueror.  
 Why should Rome fall a moment ere her time?  
 No, let us draw her term of freedom out  
 To its full length, and spin it to the last,  
 So shall we gain still one day's liberty:  
 And let me perish, but, in Cato's judgment,  
 A day, an hour of virtuous liberty,  
 Is worth a whole eternity in bondage.

DESCRIPTION of a HURRICANE.

[ADDISON.]

**S**O, where our wide Numidian wastes extend,  
 Sudden, th' impetuous hurricanes descend,  
 Wheel through the air, in circling eddies play,  
 Tear up the sands, and sweep whole plains away.  
 The helpless traveller, with wild surprize  
 Sees the dry desert all around him rise,  
 And, smother'd in the dusty whirlwind, dies.

CATO's ADVICE to his FRIENDS.

[ADDISON.]

**R**EMEMBER, O my friends, the laws, the rights,  
 The gen'rous plan of pow'r deliver'd down  
 From age to age, by your renown'd forefathers,



(So dearly bought, the price of so much blood :)  
 Oh, let it never perish in your hands !  
 But piously transmit it to your children.  
 Do thou, great liberty, inspire our souls,  
 And make our lives in thy possession happy,  
 Or our deaths glorious in thy just defence.

## C A T O's A D V I C E to his S O N.

[ADDISON.]

**P**ORTIUS, draw near : my son, thou oft has seen  
 Thy fire engag'd in a corrupted state,  
 Wrestling with vice and faction : now thou see'st me  
 Spent, overpower'd, despairing of success ;  
 Let me advise thee to retreat betimes  
 To thy paternal seat, the Sabine field,  
 Where the great Censor toil'd with his own hands,  
 And all our frugal ancestors were blest'd  
 In humble virtues, and a rural life ;  
 There live retir'd, pray for the peace of Rome ;  
 Content thyself to be obscurely good,  
 When vice prevails, and impious men bear sway,  
 The post of honour is a private station,

## A C T I O N oppos'd to C O N T E M P L A T I O N.

[BELLERS.]

**T**HIS were to lose the very end of being,  
 And render virtue useless to the world.  
 'Tis action gives its beauteous image life,  
 As it diffuses health to human kind.  
 Which is, without it, but a fair idea,  
 A painted prospect, void of all the worth  
 Which its appearance boasts. This were to be  
 The mere outside, the statue of a man.

## A M B I T I O N inseparable from G R E A T M I N D S.

[S. JOHNSON.]

**A**M B I T I O N is the stamp, impress'd by Heav'n,  
 To mark the noblest minds ; with active heat  
 Inform'd, they mount the precipice of pow'r,

Grasp at command and tow'r in quest of empire;  
 While vulgar souls compassionate their cares,  
 Gaze at their height, and tremble at their danger;  
 Thus meaner spirits with amazement mark  
 The varying seasons, and revolving skies,  
 And ask, what guilty pow'r's rebellious hand  
 Rolls with eternal toil the pond'rous orbs;  
 While some Archangel nearer to perfection,  
 In easy state presides o'er all their motions,  
 Directs the planets with a careless nod,  
 Conducts the sun, and regulates the spheres,

The Unsteadiness of an arbitrary GOVERNMENT,  
 and the Misery of a despotic PRINCE.

[TRAPP.]

**N**O government can e'er be safe that's founded  
 On lust, on murder, and despotic power.  
 'Tis not in lawless strength to turn and manage  
 This cumb'rous and unwieldy bulk of empire,  
 Which like the restless sea still works and tosses,  
 Vex'd with continual change and revolution.  
 How few of my unhappy successors  
 Will 'scape my fate? Ev'n while we keep the throne,  
 We fear those subjects' threats on whom we frown,  
 Infringe their liberty, and lose our own;  
 And hourly prove by arbitrary sway,  
 That he's the greatest slave, whom none but slaves obey.

The HAPPINESS of a free GOVERNMENT.

[S. JOHNSON.]

**I**F there be any land, as fame reports,  
 Where common laws restrain the prince and subject,  
 A happy land, where circulating pow'r  
 Flows through each member of th' embodied state,  
 Sure not unconscious of the mighty blessing,  
 Her grateful sons shine bright with ev'ry Virtue;  
 Untainted with the lust of innovation,  
 Sure all unite to hold her league of rule  
 Unbroken as the sacred chain of nature,  
 That links the jarring elements in peace.

## The KILLING of a BOAR.

[OTWAY.]

**F**ORTH from the thicket rush'd another boar,  
 So large he seem'd the tyrant of the woods,  
 With all his dreadful bristles rais'd up high;  
 They seem'd a grove of spears upon his back:  
 Foaming he came at me, where I was posted,  
 Whetting his huge long tusks, and gaping wide,  
 As he already had me for his prey;  
 Till brandishing my well-pois'd javelin high,  
 With this bold executing arm I struck  
 The ugly brindled monster to the heart.

The same. [SMITH.]

—**W**E pursued the chase,  
 When from behind the wood, with rustling  
 sound,  
 A monstrous boar rush'd forth: his baleful eyes  
 Shot glaring fire, and his stiff-pointed bristles  
 Rose high upon his back: at me he made,  
 Whetting his tusks, and chewing hideous foam.  
 Then, then Hyppolitus flew in to aid me!  
 Collecting all himself, and rising to the blow,  
 He launch'd the whistling spear, the well-aim'd javelin  
 Pierc'd his tough side, and quiver'd in his heart;  
 The monster fell, and gnashing with huge tusks,  
 Plough'd up the crimson earth.

## DESCRIPTION of a POPULOUS CITY.

[YOUNG.]

**T**HIS ancient city,  
 How wanton sits she, amidst nature's smiles!  
 Nor from her highest turret has to view  
 But golden land skips and luxuriant scenes,  
 A waste of wealth, the store-house of the world;  
 Here fruitful vales far stretching fly the sight,  
 There sails unnumber'd whiten all the stream,  
 While from the banks full twenty thousand cities

Survey



Survey their pride, and see their gilded towers  
Float on the waves, and break against the shoar.

Various nations meet

As in a sea, yet not confin'd in space,  
But streaming freely thro' the spacious streets,  
Which send forth millions at each brazen gate ;  
Whene'er the trumpet calls high over head,  
On the broad walls the chariots bound along.

## RURAL COURTSHIP.

[D R Y D E N .]

— **H**E preferr'd me  
Above the maidens of my age and rank ;  
Still shun'd their company, and still sought mine.  
I was not won by gifts ; yet still he gave ;  
And all his gifts, tho' small, yet spoke his love :  
He pick'd the earliest strawberries in the woods,  
The cluster'd filberts, and the purple grapes :  
He taught a prating Stare to speak my name ;  
And when he found a nest of nightingales,  
Or calow linnets, he would shew 'em me,  
And let me take 'em out.

DESCRIPTION of a PERSON left on a desert ISLAND.

[T H O M S O N .]

— **N**E X T night—a dreary night !  
Cast on the wildest of the Cyclad Isles,  
Where never human foot had mark'd the shore,  
These Ruffians left me. —————

————— Beneath a shade  
I sat me down, more heavily oppress'd,  
More desolate at heart, than e'er I felt  
Before. When Philomela o'er my head  
Began to tune her melancholy strain,  
As piteous of my woes ; till, by degrees,  
Composing sleep on wounded nature shed  
A kind but short relief. At early morn  
Wak'd by the chaunt of birds, I look'd around  
For usual objects : objects found I none,  
Except before me stretch'd the toiling main,  
And rocks and woods, in savage view, behind.

The

## The first FEATS of a young EAGLE.

[R O W E.]

SO the eagle,  
 That bears the thunder of our grandsire Jove,  
 With joy beholds his hardy youthful offspring  
 Forsake the nest, to try his tender pinions  
 In the wide untrack'd air, till bolder grown,  
 Now like a whirlwind on the shepherd's fold  
 He darts precipitate, and gripes the prey;  
 Or fixing on some dragon's scaly hide,  
 Eager of combat, and his future feast,  
 Bears him aloft, reluctant, and in vain  
 Wreathing his spiry tail.

## The true END of EDUCATION.

[R O W E.]

AND therefore wer't thou hred to virtuous knowledge,  
 And wisdom early planted in thy soul,  
 That thou might'st know to rule thy fiery passions:  
 To bind their rage, and stay their headlong course;  
 To bear with accidents, and every change  
 Of various life; to struggle with adversity;  
 To wait the leisure of the righteous Gods,  
 Till they, in their own good appointed hour,  
 Shall bid thy better days come forth at once;  
 A long and shining train; till thou, well pleas'd,  
 Shalt bow, and bless thy fate, and say the Gods are just.

## FILIAL PIETY.

[M A L L E T.]

E'ER since reflection beam'd her light upon me,  
 You, sir, have been my study. I have plac'd  
 Before mine eyes in ev'ry light of life,  
 The father and the king. What weight of duty  
 Lay on a son from such a parent sprung;  
 What virtuous toil to shine with his renown;  
 Has been my thought by day, my dream by night  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
 But first and ever nearest to my heart

Was

Was this prime duty ; so to frame my conduct  
Tow'rd such a father, as, were I a father,  
My soul would wish to meet with from a son.  
And may reproach transmit my name abhorr'd  
To latest time—if ever thought was mine  
Unjust to filial reverence, filial love,

The same. [THOMSON.]

—**H**AVE I then no tears for thee, my father?  
Can I forget thy cares, from helpless years  
Thy tenderness for me? An eye still beam'd  
With love? A brow that never knew a frown?  
Nor a harsh word thy tongue? Shall I for these  
Repay thy stooping venerable age  
With shame, disquiet, anguish and dishonour?  
It must not be!—thou first of angels! Come  
Sweet filial piety! and firm my breast!  
Yes, let one daughter to her fate submit,  
Be nobly wretched—but her father happy.—

**BAD FORTUNE** more easily borne than **GOOD**.

[R. O. W. E.]

**W**ITH such unshaken temper of the soul  
To bear the swelling tide of prosp'rous fortune,  
Is to deserve that fortune. In adversity  
The mind grows tough by buffeting the tempest;  
But in success dissolving, sinks to ease,  
And loses all her firmness.

**DESPAIR** never to be **INDULGED**.

[P H I L I P S.]

**T**H O' plung'd in ills, and exercis'd in care,  
Yet never let the noble mind despair:  
When press'd by dangers, and beset with foes,  
The Gods their timely succour interpose;  
And when our virtue sinks, o'erwhelm'd with grief,  
By unforeseen expedients bring relief.



A FRIEND to FREEDOM can never be a  
 TRAITOR. [THOMSON.]

— **H**E who contends for freedom,  
 Can ne'er be justly deem'd his sovereign's foe;  
 No, 'tis the wretch that tempts him to subvert it,  
 The soothing slave, the traitor in the bosom,  
 Who best deserves that name; he is a worm  
 That eats out all the happiness of kingdoms.

DESCRIPTION of a HAG.

[OTWAY.]

**I**N a close lane, as I pursued my journey,  
 I spy'd a wither'd hag, with age grown double,  
 Picking dry sticks, and mumbling to herself;  
 Her eyes with scalding rheum were gall'd and red,  
 Cold palsy shook her head, her hands seem'd wither'd,  
 And on her crooked shoulders had she wrapp'd  
 The tatter'd remnants of an old strip'd hanging,  
 Which serv'd to keep her carcase from the cold:  
 So there was nothing of a piece about her.  
 Her lower weeds were all o'er coarsely patch'd  
 With different-colour'd rags, black, red, white, yellow,  
 And seem'd to speak variety of wretchedness.

HAPPINESS the inseparable Companion of VIRTUE.

[ROWE.]

— **T**O be good is to be happy; angels  
 Are happier than men, because they're better.  
 Guilt is the source of sorrow; 'tis the fiend,  
 Th' avenging fiend that follows us behind  
 With whips and stings: the bless'd know none of this,  
 But rest in everlasting peace of mind,  
 And find the height of all their Heav'n is goodness.

HONOUR superior to JUSTICE.

[THOMSON.]

**H**ONOUR, my Lord, is much too proud to catch  
 At every slender twig of nice distinctions.  
 These for th' unfeeling vulgar may do well:

But

## P R E C E P T O R.

281

But those, whose souls are by the nicer rule  
Of virtuous delicacy only sway'd,  
Stand at another bar than that of laws.

In what Manner PRINCES ought to be TAUGHT.

[MALLETT.]

**L**ET truth and virtue be their earliest teachers.  
Keep from their ear the syren-voice of flattery;  
Keep from their eye the harlot-form of vice,  
Who spread, in every court, their silken snares,  
And charm but to betray. Betimes instruct them,  
Superior rank demands superior worth;  
Pre-eminence of valour, justice, mercy:  
But chief, that, tho' exalted o'er mankind,  
They are themselves but men—frail suffering dust;  
From no one injury of human lot  
Exempt; but fever'd by the same heat, chill'd  
By the same cold, torn by the same disease,  
That scorches, freezes, racks and kills the beggar.

True END of ROYALTY.

[MALLETT.]

— **O** Witness, Heaven!  
Whose eye the heart's profoundest depth ex-  
plores,  
That if not to perform my regal talk;  
To be the common father of my people,  
Patron of honour, virtue and religion;  
If not to shelter useful worth, to guard  
His well-earn'd portion from the sons of rapine,  
And deal out justice with impartial hand;  
If not to spread on all good men thy bounty,  
The treasures trusted to me, not my own;  
If not to raise anew our English name,  
By peaceful arts, that grace the land they bless,  
And generous war, to humble proud oppressors:  
Yet more; if not to build the public weal  
On that firm base, which can alone resist  
Both time and chance, fair liberty and law;  
If I for these great ends am not ordain'd—  
May I ne'er poorly fill the throne of England.

The

## The POETICAL

## The real DUTY of a KING.

[R O W E.]

— ’TIS true, I am a king:  
 Honour and glory too have been my aim:  
 But tho’ I dare face death, and all the dangers  
 Which furious war wears in its bloody front,  
 Yet could I chuse to fix my fame by peace,  
 By justice, and by mercy; and to raise  
 My trophies on the blessings of mankind:  
 Nor would I buy the empire of the world  
 With ruin of the people whom I sway,  
 Or forfeit of my honour.

## CHARACTER of a good KING.

[T H O M S O N.]

— YES, we have lost a father!  
 The greatest blessing heaven bestows on mortals,  
 And seldom found amidst these wilds of time,  
 A good, a worthy king!—Hear me, my Tancred,  
 And I will tell thee, in a few plain words,  
 How he deserv’d that best, that glorious title.  
 ’Tis nought complex, ’tis clear as truth and virtue.  
 He lov’d his people, deem’d them all his children;  
 The good exalted, and depress’d the bad:  
 He spurn’d the flattering crew, with scorn rejected  
 Their smooth advice, that only means themselves,  
 Their schemes to aggrandize him into baseness:  
 Well knowing that a people, in their rights  
 And industry protected; living safe  
 Beneath the sacred shelter of the laws;  
 Encourag’d in their genius, arts, and labours,  
 And happy each as he himself deserves;  
 Are ne’er ungrateful. With unsparing hand  
 They will for him provide: their filial love,  
 And confidence are his unfailing treasury,  
 And every honest man his faithful guard.

## The GUILT of bad KINGS.

[M A L L E T.]

WHEN those whom Heav’n distinguishes o’er mil-  
 lions  
 And showers profusely power and splendor on them,  
 Whate’er



## P R E C E P T O R.

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Whate'er th' expanded heart can wish; when they,  
Accepting the reward, neglect the duty,  
Or worse, pervert those gifts to deeds of ruin,  
Is there a wretch they rule so base as they?  
Guilty, at once, of sacrilege to Heav'n!  
And of perfidious robbery to Man!

The true END of LIFE.

[T H O M S O N.]

**W**H O, who would live, my Narva, just to breathe  
This idle air, and indolently run,  
Day after day, the still returning round  
Of life's mean offices, and sickly joys?  
But in the service of mankind to be  
A guardian God below—still to employ  
The mind's brave ardour in heroic aims,  
Such as may raise us o'er the groveling herd,  
And make us shine for ever, That is Life.

The same. [S. JOHNSON.]

**R**E F L E C T that life and death, affecting sounds,  
Are only varied modes of endless being.  
Reflect that life, like every other blessing,  
Derives its value from its use alone;  
Not for itself but for a nobler end  
Th' Eternal gave it, and that end is virtue.  
When inconsistent with a greater good,  
Reason commands to cast the less away;  
Thus life, with loss of wealth, is well preserv'd,  
And virtue cheaply sav'd with loss of life.

A L I O N overcome by a M A N.

[L E E.]

**T**H E Prince in a lone court was plac'd,  
Unarm'd, all but his hands, on which he wore  
A pair of gantlets.  
At last, the door of an old lion's den  
Being drawn up, the horrid beast appear'd:  
The flames, which from his eye shot glaring red,  
Made the sun start, as the spectators thought,  
And round them cast a day of blood and death:  
The prince walk'd forward: the large beast deserv'd

His

His prey; and with a roar, that made us pale,  
 Flew fiercely on him: but Lyfimachus  
 Starting aside, avoided his first stroke,  
 With a slight hurt; and as the lion turn'd,  
 Thrust gantlet, arm, and all, into his throat:  
 Then, with Herculean force, tore forth by th' roots  
 The foaming bloody tongue; and while the savage,  
 Faint with the loss, sunk to the blushing earth,  
 To plow it with his teeth, your conqu'ring soldier  
 Leap'd on his back, and dash'd his skull to pieces.

### CHARACTER of an excellent MAN.

[R O W E.]

**H**OW could my tongue  
 Take pleasure, and be lavish in thy praise!  
 How could I speak thy nobleness of nature?  
 Thy open manly heart, thy courage, constancy,  
 And in-born truth, unknowing to dissemble:  
 Thou art the man in whom my soul delights,  
 In whom, next Heav'n, I trust.

### VIRTUE the only true Source of NOBILITY.

[T H O M S O N.]

**I** Tell thee then, whoe'er amidst the sons  
 Of reason, valour, liberty, and virtue,  
 Displays distinguish'd merit, is a noble  
 Of Nature's own creating. Such have risen,  
 Sprung from the dust; or where had been our honours?  
 And such, in radiant bands, will rise again—  
 In yon immortal city, that, when most  
 Deprest by fate, and near apparent ruin,  
 Returns, as with an energy divine,  
 On her astonish'd foes, and shakes them from her.—

### The happy EFFECTS of MISFORTUNE.

[T H O M S O N.]

— **I**F misfortune comes, she brings along  
 The bravest virtues. And so many great  
 Illustrious spirits have convers'd with woe,  
 Have in her school been taught, as are enough

To consecrate distress, and make ambition  
Ev'n with the frown beyond the smile of fortune.

## A DESCRIPTION of the MORNING.

[O T W A Y.]

**W**ISH'D morning's come; and now upon the plains,  
And distant mountains, where they feed their flocks,  
The happy shepherds leave their homely huts,  
And with their pipes proclaim the new-born day:  
The lusty swain comes with his well-fill'd scrip  
Of healthful viands, which, when hunger calls,  
With much content and appetite he eats,  
To follow in the field his daily toil,  
And dress the grateful glebe that yields him fruits:  
The beasts, that under the warm hedges slept,  
And weather'd out the cold bleak night, are up;  
And, looking tow'rs the neighbouring pastures, raise  
Their voice, and bid their fellow brutes good-morrow:  
The chearful birds too on the tops of trees  
Assemble all in choirs; and with their notes  
Salute, and welcome up the rising sun.

Another. [L E E.]

**F**ROM amber shrouds I see the morning rise:  
Her rosy hands begin to paint the skies:  
And now the city emmets leave their hive,  
And rousing hinds to chearful labour drive;  
High cliffs and rocks are pleasing objects now,  
And nature smiles upon the mountain brow;  
The joyful birds salute the sun's approach:  
The sun too laughs, and mounts his gaudy coach;  
While from his car the dropping gems distil,  
And all the earth, and all the heavens do smile.

## The charming NOTES of the NIGHTINGALE.

[L E E.]

**T**HUS in some poplar shade, the nightingale,  
With piercing moans, does her lost young bewail:  
Which the rough hind, observing as they lay  
Warm in their downy nest, had stol'n away:

But



But she in mournful sounds does still complain,  
Sings all the night, though all her songs are vain,  
And still renews her miserable strain.

The same. [R O W E.]

**S**O when the spring renews the flow'ry field,  
And warns the pregnant nightingale to build;  
She seeks the safest shelter of the wood,  
Where she may trust her little tuneful brood;  
Where no rude swains her shady cell may know,  
No serpents climb, nor blasting winds may blow:  
Fond of the chosen place, she views it o'er,  
Sits there, and wanders through the grove no more;  
Warbling she charms it each returning night,  
And loves it with a mother's dear delight.

A worthless PERSON can claim no MERIT from the  
VIRTUES of his ANCESTORS.

[R O W E.]

**W**ERE honour to be scann'd by long descent  
From ancestors illustrious, I could vaunt  
A lineage of the greatest, and recount,  
Among my fathers, names of antient story,  
Heroes and godlike patriots, who subdued  
The world by arms and virtue:  
But that be their own praise:  
Nor will I borrow merit from the dead,  
Myself an undeserver.

The LOVE of our COUNTRY the greatest of  
VIRTUES. [T H O M S O N.]

**H**IS only blot was this; that, much provok'd,  
He rais'd his vengeful arm against his country.  
And lo! the righteous Gods have now chastis'd him,  
Ev'n by the hands of those for whom he fought.  
Whatever private views and passions plead,  
No cause can justify so black a deed:  
These, when the angry tempest clouds the soul,  
May darken reason, and her course controul;  
But when the prospect clears, her startl'd eye  
Must from the treach'rous gulph with horror fly,  
On whose wild wave, by stormy passions tost,  
So many hapless wretches have been lost.  
Then be this truth the star by which we steer,  
Above ourselves our COUNTRY should be dear.

The same. [W. WHITEHEAD.]

**L**EARN hence, ye Romans, on how sure a base  
The patriot builds his happiness; no stroke  
No keenest, deadliest, shaft of adverse fate,  
Can make his generous bosom quite despair,  
But that alone by which his country falls.  
Grief may to grief in endless round succeed,  
And nature suffer when our children bleed:  
Yet still superior must that hero prove,  
Whose first, best passion is his COUNTRY'S LOVE.

In what PHILOSOPHY really consists.

[THOMSON.]

— **P**HILOSOPHY consists not  
In airy schemes, or idle speculations:  
The rule and conduct of all social life  
Is her great province. Not in lonely cells  
Obscure she lurks, but holds her heav'nly light  
To senates and to kings, to guide their councils,  
And teach them to reform and bless mankind.  
All policy but her's is false, and rotten;  
All valour, not conducted by her precepts,  
Is a destroying fury sent from hell,  
To plague unhappy man, and ruin nations.

SCIPIO restoring the Captive PRINCESS to her  
ROYAL LOVER. [THOMSON.]

— **W**HAT with admiration  
Struck every heart was this.—A noble virgin,  
Conspicuous far o'er all the captive dames,  
Was mark'd the gen'ral's prize. She wept and blush'd,  
Young, fresh, and blooming like the morn. An eye,  
As when the blue sky trembles through a cloud  
Of purest white. A secret charm combin'd  
Her features, and infus'd enchantment through them;  
Her shape was harmony.—But eloquence  
Beneath her beauty fails; which seem'd on purpose  
By nature lavish'd on her, that mankind  
Might see the virtue, of a hero try'd  
Almost beyond the stretch of human force.

Soft

Soft as she pass'd along, with downcast eyes,  
 Where gentle sorrow swell'd, and now and then  
 Dropt o'er her modest cheek a trickling tear,  
 The Roman legions languish'd, and hard war  
 Felt more than pity. Ev'n their chief himself,  
 As on his high tribunal rais'd he sat,  
 Turn'd from the dangerous sight, and chiding ask'd  
 His officers, if by this gift they meant  
 To cloud his virtue in its very dawn.

\* \* \* \* \*

She, question'd of her birth, in trembling accents,  
 With tears and blushes broken, told her tale.  
 But when he found her royally descended,  
 Of her old captive parents the sole joy;  
 And that a hapless Celtiberian prince,  
 Her lover and belov'd, forgot his chains,  
 His lost dominions, and for her alone  
 Wept out his tender soul; sudden the heart  
 Of this young, conquering, loving, God-like Roman,  
 Felt all the great divinity of virtue.  
 His wishing youth stood check'd, his tempting power  
 Restrain'd by kind humanity.—At once  
 He for her parents and her lover call'd.  
 The various scene imagine: how his troops  
 Look'd dubious on, and wonder'd what he meant;  
 While stretch'd below the trembling suppliants lay,  
 Rack'd by a thousand mingling passions, fear,  
 Hope, jealousy, disdain, submission, grief,  
 Anxiety and love in every shape.  
 To these as different sentiments succeeded,  
 As mixt emotions, when the man divine  
 Thus the dread silence to the lover broke.  
 "We both are young, both charm'd. The right of war  
 "Has put thy beauteous mistress in my power;  
 "With whom I could in the most sacred ties  
 "Live out a happy life: but know that Romans  
 "Their hearts, as well as enemies, can conquer.  
 "Then take her to thy soul; and with her take  
 "Thy liberty and kingdom. In return  
 "I ask but this; when you behold these eyes,  
 "These charms, with transport, be a friend to Rome."

The



## The BLESSINGS of PEACE.

[THOMSON.]

—O Beauteous peace :  
 Sweet union of a state ! what else, but thou,  
 Gives safety, strength, and glory to a people !  
 I bow, Lord Constable, beneath the snow  
 Of many years ; yet in my breast revives  
 A youthful flame. Methinks, I see again  
 Those gentle days renew'd, that bless'd our isle,  
 Ere by this wasteful fury of division,  
 Worse than our *Ætna's* most destructive fires,  
 It desolated sunk. I see our plains  
 Unbounded waving with the gifts of harvest ;  
 Our seas with commerce throng'd, our busy ports  
 With chearful toil. Our *Enna* blooms afresh ;  
 Afresh the sweets of thymy *Hybla* blow.  
 Our nymphs and shepherds, sporting in each vale,  
 Inspire new song, and wake the pastoral reed.

## PROVIDENCE. [THOMSON.]

—THERE is a power  
 Unseen, that rules th' illimitable world,  
 That guides its motions, from the brightest star  
 To the least dust of this sin-tainted mold ;  
 While man, who madly deems himself the lord  
 Of all, is nought but weakness and dependance.  
 This sacred truth, by sure experience taught,  
 Thou must have learnt, when wandering all alone,  
 Each bird, each insect, flitting thro' the sky,  
 Was more sufficient for itself, than thou—

## PRUDENCE. [THOMSON.]

—LET us  
 Act with cool prudence, and with manly  
 temper,  
 As well as manly firmness. — — —  
 'Tis godlike magnanimity to keep,  
 When most provok'd, our reason calm and clear,  
 And execute her will, from a strong sense  
 Of what is right, without the vulgar aid  
 Of heat and passion, which, tho' honest, bear us  
 Often too far.

O

DESCRIP.

DESCRIPTION of SHIPS appearing at a DISTANCE,  
and approaching the SHORE. [DRYDEN.]

GUIOM. **A**S far as I could cast my eyes  
Upon the sea, something, methought, did rise  
Like blueish mists, which, still appearing more,  
Took dreadful shapes, and thus mov'd towards the shore:  
The object, I could first distinctly view,  
Was tall strait trees, which on the water flew:  
Wings on their sides instead of leaves did grow,  
Which gather'd all the breath the winds could blow;  
And at their roots grew floating palaces,  
Whose out-blow'd bellies cut the yielding seas!

MONTEZUMA. What divine monsters, O ye Gods!  
are these,  
That float in air, and fly upon the seas?  
Came they alive, or dead, upon the shore?

GUIOM. Alas! they liv'd too sure: I heard them roar:  
All turn'd their sides, and to each other spoke:  
I saw their words break out in fire and smoke.  
Sure 'tis their voice that thunders from on high,  
And these the younger brothers of the sky:  
Deaf with the noise, I took my hasty flight,  
No mortal courage can support the fright.

VIRTUE preferable to RANK.  
[Rowe.]

**W**HAT tho' no gaudy titles grace my birth!  
Titles, the servile courtier's lean reward!  
Sometimes the pay of virtue, but more oft  
The hire which greatness gives to slaves and sycophants:  
Yet Heav'n, that made me honest, made me more  
Than e'er a king did, when he made a lord.

DESCRIPTION of an ancient CATHEDRAL.  
[CONGREVE.]

—, **T**IS dreadful!  
How rev'rend is the face of this tall pile,  
Whose ancient pillars rear their marble heads,  
To bear aloft its arch'd and pond'rous roof!  
By its own weight made stedfast, and immoveable.  
Looking tranquillity, it strikes an awe  
And terror to my aking sight! The tombs

And

And monumental caves of death look cold,  
And shoot a chillness to my trembling heart.

## DESCRIPTION of a TRIUMPH.

[L E E.]

— **H**E comes, and with a port so proud,  
As if he had subdu'd the spacious world:  
And all Sinope's streets are fill'd with such  
A glut of people, you would think some God  
Had conquer'd in their cause, and them thus rank'd,  
That he might make his entrance on their heads!  
While from the scaffolds, windows, tops of houses,  
Are cast such gaudy show'rs of garlands down,  
That ev'n the crowd appear like conquerors,  
And the whole city seems like one vast meadow,  
Set all with flow'rs, as a clear heav'n with stars.  
Nay, as I've heard, e'er he the city enter'd,  
Your subjects lin'd the way for many furlongs;  
The very trees bore men: and as our God,  
When from the portal of the east he dawns,  
Beholds a thousand birds upon the boughs,  
To welcome him with all their warbling throats,  
And prune their feathers in his golden beams;  
So did your subjects, in their gaudy trim,  
Upon the pendant branches speak his praise.  
Mothers, who cover'd all the banks beneath,  
Did rob the crying infants of the breast,  
Pointing Ziphares out, to make them smile;  
And climbing boys stood on their fathers shoulders,  
Answering their shouting fires, with tender cries,  
To make the concert up of general joy.

## A SHEPHERD's LIFE happier than a KING's.

[H I L L.]

**T**H' unbusied shepherd, stretch'd beneath the haw-  
thorn,  
His careless limbs thrown out in wanton ease,  
With thoughtless gaze perusing the arch'd heavens,  
And idly whistling while his sheep feed round him;  
Enjoys a sweeter shade, than that of canopies,  
Hemm'd in by cares, and shook by storms of treason.



## VIRTUE its own REWARD.

[R O W E.]

**G**REAT minds, like heav'n, are pleas'd with doing  
 good,  
 Tho' the ungrateful subjects of their favours  
 Are barren in return. Virtue does still  
 With scorn the mercenary world regard,  
 Where abject souls do good, and hope reward:  
 Above the worthless trophies man can raise,  
 She seeks not honour, wealth, nor airy praise,  
 But with herself, herself the goddess pays.

No DIFFICULTIES insuperable to the PRUDENT  
 and BRAVE. [R O W E.]

**T**HE wise and active conquer difficulties  
 By daring to attempt them: sloth and folly  
 Shiver and shrink at sight of toil and hazard,  
 And make th' impossibility they fear.

The SCHOOL-MISTRESS. In Imitation of  
 SPENSER. [S H E N S T O N E.]

**A**H me! full sorely is my heart forlorn,  
 To think how modest worth neglected lies;  
 While partial Fame doth with her blasts adorn  
 Such deeds alone, as pride and pomp disguise;  
 Deeds of ill sort, and mischievous emprise:  
 Lend me thy clarion, goddess! let me try  
 To sound the praise of merit, ere it dies:  
 Such as I oft have chaunced to espy,  
 Lost in the dreary shades of dull obscurity.

In ev'ry village mark'd with little spire,  
 Embower'd in trees, and hardly known to fame,  
 There dwells, in lowly shed, and mean attire,  
 A matron old, whom we school-mistress name;  
 Who boasts unruly brats with birch to tame;  
 They griev'd sore, in piteous durance pent,  
 Aw'd by the pow'r of this relentless dame;  
 And oft-times on vagaries idly bent,  
 For unkempt hair, or talk unconn'd, are sorely shent.

And

And all in sight doth rise a birchen tree,  
Which Learning near her little dome did stowe;  
Whilom a twig of small regard to see,  
Tho' now so wide its waving branches flow;  
And work the simple vassals mickle woe;  
For not a wind might curl the leaves that blew,  
But their limbs shudder'd, and their pulse beat low;  
And, as they look'd, they found their horror grew,  
And shap'd it into rods, and tingled at the view.

So have I seen (who has not, may conceive)  
A lifeless phantom near a garden plac'd:  
So doth it wanton birds of peace bereave,  
Of sport, of song, of pleasure, of repast;  
They start, they stare, they wheel, they look aghast;  
Sad servitude! such comfortless annoy  
May no bold Briton's riper age e'er taste!  
Ne superstition clog his dance of joy,  
Ne vision empty, vain, his native bliss destroy.

Near to this dome is found a patch so green,  
On which the tribe their gambols do display;  
And at the door impris'ning board is seen,  
Lest weakly wights of smaller size should stray;  
Eager, perdie, to bask in sunny day!  
The noises intermix'd, which hence resound,  
Do learning's little tenement betray:  
Where sits the dame, disguis'd in look profound,  
And eyes her fairy throng, and turns her wheel around.

Her cap, far whiter than the driven snow,  
Emblem right meet of decency does yield:  
Her apron dy'd in grain, as blue, I trowe,  
As is the hare-bell that adorns the field:  
And in her hand, for sceptre, she does wield  
Tway birchen sprays, with anxious fear entwinn'd,  
With dark distrust, and sad repentance fill'd,  
And stedfast hate, and sharp affliction join'd,  
And fury uncontroll'd, and chastisement unkind.

Few but have kenn'd, in semblance meet pourtray'd,  
The childish faces of old Eol's train;  
Libs, Notus, Auster: these in frowns array'd,  
How then would fare our earth, or sky, or main,  
Were the stern god to give his slaves the reign?

And were not she rebellious breasts to quell,  
 And were not she her statutes to maintain,  
 The cot no more, I ween, were deem'd the cell,  
 Where comely peace of mind, and decent order dwell.

A russet stole was o'er her shoulders thrown :  
 A russet kirtle fenc'd the nipping air ;  
 'Twas simple russet, but it was her own ;  
 'Twas her own country bred the flock so fair ;  
 'Twas her own labour did the fleece prepare ;  
 And, sooth to say, her pupils, rang'd around,  
 Thro' pious awe, did term it passing rare ;  
 For they in gaping wonderment abound,  
 And think, no doubt, she been the greatest wight on  
 ground.

Albeit ne flatt'ry did corrupt her truth,  
 Ne pompous title did debauch her ear ;  
 Goody, good-woman, gossip, n'aunt, forsooth,  
 Or dame, the sole additions she did hear ;  
 Yet these she challeng'd, these she held right dear :  
 Ne wou'd esteem him act as mought behove,  
 Who should not honour'd eld with these revere :  
 For never title yet so mean could prove,  
 But there was eke a mind which did that title love.

One ancient hen she took delight to feed,  
 The plodding pattern of the busy dame ;  
 Which, ever and anon, impell'd by need,  
 Into her school, begirt with chickens, came ;  
 Such favour did her past deportment claim ;  
 And, if neglect had lavish'd on the ground  
 Fragment of bread, she would collect the same ;  
 For well she knew, and quaintly cou'd expound,  
 What sin it were to waste the smallest crumb she found.

Herbs too she knew, and well of each could speak,  
 That in her garden sipp'd the silv'ry dew ;  
 Where no vain flow'r disclos'd a gaudy streak ;  
 But herbs for use, and physick, not a few,  
 Of grey renown, within those borders grew :  
 The tufted basil, pun-provoking thyme,  
 Fresh balm, and mary-gold of chearful hue ;  
 The lowly gill, that never dares to climb ;  
 And more I fain would sing, disdain'g here to rhyme.

Yet



Yet euphrasy may not be left unsung,  
 That gives dim eyes to wander leagues around;  
 And pungent radish, biting infant's tongue;  
 And plantain ribb'd, that heals the reaper's wound;  
 And marj'ram sweet, in shepherd's posie found;  
 And lavender, whose spikes of azure bloom  
 Shall be, ere-while, in arid bundles bound,  
 To lurk amidst the labours of her loom,  
 And crown her kerchiefs clean, with mickle rare perfume.

And here trim rosmarine, that whilom crown'd  
 The daintiest garden of the proudest peer;  
 Ere, driven from its envied site, it found  
 A sacred shelter for its branches here;  
 Where, edg'd with gold, its glitt'ring skirts appear.  
 O wassel days! O customs meet and well!  
 Ere this was banish'd from its lofty sphere:  
 Simplicity then sought this humble cell,  
 Nor ever would she more with Thane and lordling dwell.

Here oft the dame, on sabbath's decent eve,  
 Hymned such psalms as Sternhold forth did mete;  
 If winter 'twere, she to her hearth did cleave;  
 But in her garden found a summer seat:  
 Sweet melody! to hear her then repeat  
 How Israel's sons, beneath a foreign king,  
 While taunting foe-men did a song intreat,  
 All, for the nonce, untuning every string,  
 Up hung their useless lyres—small heart had they to sing.

For she was just, and friend to virtuous lore,  
 And pass'd much time in truly virtuous deed;  
 And, in those elfins' ears, would oft deplore  
 The times, when truth by popish rage did bleed;  
 And tortious death was true devotion's meed;  
 And simple faith in iron chains did mourn,  
 That would on wooden image place her creed;  
 And lawny saints in smould'ring flames did burn:  
 Ah! dearest Lord, forefend, thilk days should e'er return.

In elbow chair, like that of Scottish stem  
 By the sharp tooth of cank'ring eld defac'd,  
 In which, when he receives his diadem,  
 Our sovereign prince and liefeft liege is plac'd,  
 The matron late; and some with rank she grac'd,

(The source of children's and of courtiers' pride!)  
 Redress'd affronts, for vile affronts there pass'd;  
 And warn'd them not the fretful to deride,  
 But love each other dear, whatever them betide.

Right well she knew each temper to descry;  
 To thwart the proud, and the submissive to raise;  
 Some with vile copper prize exalt on high,  
 And some entice with pittance small of praise;  
 And other some with baleful sprig she 'frays:  
 Ev'n absent, she the reins of pow'r doth hold,  
 While with quaint arts the giddy crowd she sways;  
 Forewarn'd, if little bird their pranks behold,  
 'Twill whisper in her ear, and all the scene unfold.

Lo now with state she utters the command!  
 Effoons the urchins to their tasks repair;  
 Their books, of stature small, they take in hand,  
 Which with pellucid horn secured are;  
 To save from finger wet the letters fair:  
 The work so gay, that on their back is seen,  
 St. George's high achievements does declare;  
 On which thilk wight that has y-gazing been,  
 Kens the forth-coming rod, unpleasing sight, I ween!

Ah! luckless he, and born beneath the beam  
 Of evil star! it irks me whilst I write!  
 As erst the \* bard by Mulla's silver stream,  
 Oft, as he told of deadly dolorous plight,  
 Sigh'd as he sung, and did in tears indite.  
 For, brandishing the rod, she doth begin  
 To loose the brogues, the stripling's late delight!  
 And down they drop; appears his dainty skin,  
 Fair as the furry coat of whitest ermine.

O ruthless scene! when, from a nook obscure,  
 His little sister doth his peril see:  
 All playful as she fate, she grows demure;  
 She finds full soon her wonted spirits flee;  
 She meditates a prayer to set him free:  
 Nor gentle pardon could this dame deny;  
 (If gentle pardon could with dames agree)  
 To her sad grief that swells in either eye,  
 And wrings her so that all for pity she could die.

Nor

Nor longer can she now her shrieks command ;  
 And hardly she forbears, thro' awful fear,  
 To rushen forth, and, with presumptuous hand,  
 To stay harsh justice in its mid career.  
 On thee she calls, on thee her parent dear !  
 (Ah ! too remote to ward the shameful blow !)  
 She sees no kind domestic visage near ;  
 And soon a flood of tears begins to flow,  
 And gives a loose, at last, to unavailing woe.

But ah ! what pen his piteous plight may trace ?  
 Or what device his loud laments explain ?  
 The form uncouth of his disguised face ?  
 The pallid hue that dyes his looks amain ?  
 The plenteous show'r that does his cheek distain ?  
 When he, in abject wise, implores the dame,  
 Ne hopeth aught of sweet reprieve to gain ;  
 Or when from high she levels well her aim,  
 And, thro' the thatch, his cries each falling stroke pro-  
 claim.

The other tribe, aghast, with sore dismay,  
 Attend, and con their tasks with mickle care :  
 By turns, astoni'd, every twig survey,  
 And from their fellow's hateful wounds beware ;  
 Knowing, I wist, how each the same may share ;  
 'Till fear has taught them a performance meet,  
 And to the well-known chest the dame repair ;  
 Whence oft with sugar'd cates she doth 'em greet,  
 And gingerbread y-rare ; now, certes, doubly sweet !

See to their seats they hye with merry glee,  
 And in befeemly order sitten there ;  
 All but the wight of bum y-galled, he  
 Abborreth bench, and stool, and fourm, and chair ;  
 (This hand in mouth y-fix'd, that rends his hair ;)  
 And eke with snubs profound, and heaving breast,  
 Convulsions intermitting ! does declare  
 His grievous wrong ; his dame's unjust behest ;  
 And scorns her offer'd love, and shuns to be caress'd.

His face besprent with liquid crystal shines,  
 His blooming face, that seems a purple flow'r,  
 Which low to earth its drooping head declines,  
 All smear'd and sully'd by a vernal show'r.



O the hard bosom of despotic pow'r!  
 All, all, but she, the author of his shame,  
 All, all, but she, regret this mournful hour:  
 Yet hence the youth, and hence the flow'r, shall claim,  
 If so I deem aright, transcending worth and fame.

Behind some door, in melancholy thought,  
 Mindless of food, he, dreary caitiff, pines;  
 Ne for his fellows' joyaunce careth aught,  
 But to the wind all merriment resigns;  
 And deems it shame, if he to peace inclines;  
 And many a sullen look askance is sent,  
 Which for his dame's annoyance he designs;  
 And still the more to pleasure him she's bent,  
 The more doth he, perverse, her haviour past resent.

Ah me! how much I fear lest pride it be!  
 But if that pride it be, which thus inspires,  
 Beware ye dames, with nice discernment see,  
 Ye quench not too the sparks of nobler fires:  
 Ah! better far than all the muses' lyres,  
 All coward arts, is valour's gen'rous heat;  
 The firm fixt breast which fit and right requires,  
 Like Vernon's patriot soul; more justly great  
 Than craft that pimps for ill, or flow'ry false deceit.

Yet nurs'd with skill, what dazzling fruits appear!  
 Ev'n now sagacious foresight points to show  
 A little bench of heedless bishops here,  
 And there a chancellor in embryo,  
 Or bard sublime, if bard may e'er be so,  
 As Milton, Shakespeare, names that ne'er shall die!  
 Tho' now he crawl along the ground so low,  
 Nor weeting how the muse should soar on high,  
 Wislieth, poor starv'ling elf! his paper-kite may fly.

And this, perhaps, who, cens'ring the design,  
 Low lays the house which that of cards doth build,  
 Shall Dennis be! if rigid fates incline,  
 And many an epic to his rage shall yield;  
 And many a poet quit th' Aonian field;  
 And, sour'd by age, profound he shall appear,  
 As he who now with 'fdainful fury thrill'd  
 Surveys mine work; and levels many a sneer,  
 And furls his wrinkly front, and cries, "What stuff is  
 here?"

But

But now Dan Phœbus gains the middle skie,  
 And liberty unbars their prison-door;  
 And, like a rushing torrent, out they fly,  
 And now the grassy cirque han cover'd o'er  
 With boist'rous revel-rout and wild uproar;  
 A thousand ways in wanton rings they run,  
 Heav'n shield their short-liv'd pastimes, I implore!  
 For well may freedom, erst so dearly won,  
 Appear to British elf more gladsome than the sun.

Enjoy, poor imps! enjoy your sportive trade;  
 And chase gay flies, and cull the fairest flow'rs:  
 For, when my bones in grass-green sods are laid,  
 For never may ye taste more careless hours  
 In nightly castles, or in ladies' bow'rs.  
 O vain to seek delight in earthly thing!  
 But most in courts, where proud ambition tow'rs;  
 Deluded wight! who weens fair peace can spring  
 Beneath the pompous dome of kefar or of king.

See in each sprite some various bent appear!  
 These rudely carol most incondite lay;  
 Those sauntering on the green, with jocund leer,  
 Salute the stranger passing on his way;  
 Some builden fragile tenements of clay;  
 Some to the standing lake their courses bend,  
 With pebbles smooth at duck and-drake to play;  
 Thilke to the huxter's sav'ry cottage tend,  
 In pastry kings and queens th' allotted mite to spend.

Here, as each season yields a diff'rent store,  
 Each season's stores in order ranged been;  
 Apples with cabbage-net y-cover'd o'er,  
 Galling full sore th' unmoney'd wight, are seen;  
 And goose-b'rie clad in liv'ry red or green;  
 And here, of lovely dye, the cath'rine pear,  
 Fine pear! as lovely for thy juice, I ween:  
 O may no wight e'er pennyless come there,  
 Left, smit with ardent love, he pine with hopeless care!

See! cherries here, ere cherries yet abound,  
 With thread so white in tempting posies ty'd,  
 Scatt'ring like blooming maid their glances round,  
 With pamper'd look draw little eyes aside;  
 And must be bought, though penury betide.

The plum all azure, and the nut all brown,  
 And here, each season, do those cakes abide,  
 Whose honour'd names th' inventive city own,  
 Rend'ring thro' Britain's isle Salopia's praises known.\*

Admir'd Salopia! that, with venial pride,  
 Eyes her bright form in Severn's ambient wave,  
 Fam'd for her loyal cares in perils try'd,  
 Her daughters lovely, and her striplings brave:  
 Ah! midst the rest, may flow'rs adorn his grave,  
 Whose art did first these dulcet cakes display!  
 A motive fair to learning's imps he gave,  
 Who chearless o'er her darkling regions stray;  
 \*Till reason's morn arise, and light them on their way.

A LETTER from ITALY, to the Right Honourable  
 CHARLES LORD HALIFAX, in the Year 1701.

[ADDISON.]

WHILE you, my lord, the rural shades admire,  
 And from Britannia's public posts retire,  
 Nor longer, her ungrateful sons to please,  
 For their advantage sacrifice your ease;  
 Me into foreign realms my fate conveys,  
 Through nations fruitful of immortal lays,  
 Where the soft season and inviting clime  
 Conspire to trouble your repose with rhyme.

For wheresoe'er I turn my ravish'd eyes,  
 Gay gilded scenes and shining prospects rise,  
 Poetic fields encompass me around,  
 And still I seem to tread on Classic ground;  
 For here the Muse so oft her harp has strung,  
 That not a mountain rears its head unsung,  
 Renown'd in verse each shady thicket grows,  
 And ev'ry stream in heav'nly numbers flows.  
 How am I pleas'd to search the hills and woods  
 For rising springs and celebrated floods!  
 To view the Nar, tumultuous in his course,  
 And trace the smooth Clitumnus to his source;  
 To see the Mincio draw his wat'ry store  
 Through the long windings of a fruitful shore,  
 And heavy Albula's infected tide  
 O'er the warm bed of smoking sulphur glide.

Fir'd

\* Shrewsbury cakes.



Fir'd with a thousand raptures I survey  
 Eridanus through flow'ry meadows stray,  
 The king of floods! that rolling o'er the plains  
 The tow'ring Alps of half their moisture drains,  
 And, proudly swoln with a whole winter's snows,  
 Distributes wealth and plenty where he flows.

Sometimes, misguided by the tuneful throng,  
 I look for streams immortaliz'd in song,  
 That lost in silence and oblivion lie,  
 (Dumb are their fountains and their channels dry)  
 Yet run for ever by the Muse's skill,  
 And in the smooth description murmur still.

Sometimes to gentle Tiber I retire,  
 And the fam'd river's empty shores admire,  
 That, destitute of strength, derives its course  
 From thrifty urns and an unfruitful source;  
 Yet sung so often in poetic lays,  
 With scorn the Danube and the Nile surveys;  
 So high the deathless muse exalts her theme!  
 Such was the Boyne, a poor inglorious stream,  
 That in Hibernian vales obscurely stray'd,  
 And, unobserv'd, in wild meanders play'd,  
 'Till by your lines and Nassau's sword renown'd,  
 Its rising billows through the world resound,  
 Where'er the Hero's godlike acts can pierce,  
 Or where the fame of an immortal verse.

Oh cou'd the Muse my ravish'd breast inspire  
 With warmth like yours, and raise an equal fire,  
 Unnumber'd beauties in my verse should shine,  
 And Virgil's Italy shou'd yield to mine!  
 See how the golden groves around me smile,  
 That shun the coast of Britain's stormy isle,  
 Or, when transplanted and preserv'd with care,  
 Curse the cold clime, and starve in northern air.  
 Here kindly warmth their mounting juice ferments:  
 To nobler tastes, and more exalted scents:  
 E'en the rough rocks with tender myrtle bloom,  
 And trodden weeds send out a rich perfume.  
 Bear me, some God, to Baia's gentle seats,  
 Or cover me in Umbria's green retreats;  
 Where western gales eternally reside,  
 And all the seasons lavish all their pride:  
 Blossoms, and fruits, and flow'rs together rise,  
 And the whole year in gay confusion lies.

Immortal

Immortal glories in my mind revive,  
 And in my soul a thousand passions strive,  
 When Rome's exalted beauties I descry,  
 Magnificent in piles of ruin lie.  
 An amphitheatre's amazing height  
 Here fills my eye with terror and delight,  
 That on its public shews unpeopled Rome,  
 And held uncrowded nations in its womb:  
 Here pillars rough with sculpture pierce the skies:  
 And here the proud triumphal arches rise,  
 Where the old Romans' deathless acts display'd  
 Their base degenerate progeny upbraid:  
 Whole rivers here forsake the fields below,  
 And, wond'ring at their height, through airy channels flow.

Still to new scenes my wand'ring Muse retires;  
 And the dumb show of breathing rocks admires;  
 Where the smooth chisel all its force has shown,  
 And soften'd into flesh the rugged stone.  
 In solemn silence, a majestic band,  
 Heroes, and Gods, and Roman Consuls, stand,  
 Stern tyrants, whom their cruelties renown,  
 And emperors, in Parian marble frown;  
 While the bright dames, to whom they humbly su'd,  
 Still show the charms that their proud hearts subdu'd.

Fain would I Raphael's godlike art rehearse,  
 And show th' immortal labours in my verse,  
 Where, from the mingled strength of shade and light,  
 A new creation rises to my sight.  
 Such heav'nly figures from his pencil flow,  
 So warm with life his blended colours glow.  
 From theme to theme with secret pleasure tost,  
 Amidst the soft variety I'm lost:  
 Here pleasing airs my ravish'd soul confound  
 With circling notes, and labyrinths of sound:  
 Here domes and temples rise in distant views,  
 And opening palaces invite my Muse.

How has kind Heav'n adorn'd the happy land,  
 And scatter'd blessings with a wasteful hand!  
 But what avail her unexhausted stores,  
 Her blooming mountains, and her sunny shores,  
 With all the gifts that Heav'n and earth impart,  
 The smiles of nature, and the charms of art,  
 While proud Oppression in her valleys reigns,  
 And Tyranny usurps her happy plains?

The poor inhabitant beholds in vain  
 The redd'ning Orange and the swelling grain:  
 Joyless he sees the growing oils and wines,  
 And in the Myrtle's fragrant shade repines:  
 Starves, in the midst of nature's bounty curst,  
 And in the loaden vineyard dies for thirst.  
 Oh Liberty, thou goddess heav'nly bright,  
 Profuse of bliss, and pregnant with delight!  
 Eternal pleasures in thy presence reign,  
 And smiling Plenty leads thy wanton train;  
 Eas'd of her load Subjection grows more light,  
 And Poverty looks chearful in thy sight;  
 Thou mak'st the gloomy face of Nature gay,  
 Giv'st beauty to the Sun, and pleasure to the Day.

Thee, goddess, thee, Britannia's isle adores;  
 How has she oft exhausted all her stores,  
 How oft, in fields of death, thy presence sought,  
 Nor thinks the mighty prize too dearly bought!  
 On foreign mountains may the sun refine  
 The grape's soft juice, and mellow it to wine,  
 With Citron groves adorn a distant soil,  
 And the fat Olive swell with floods of oil:  
 We envy not the warmer clime, that lies  
 In ten degrees of more indulgent skies,  
 Nor at the coarseness of our Heav'n repine,  
 Tho' o'er our heads the frozen Pleiads shine:  
 'Tis Liberty that crowns Britannia's isle,  
 And makes her barren rocks and her bleak mountains smile.

Others with tow'ring piles may please the sight,  
 And in their proud aspiring domes delight;  
 A nicer touch to the stretch'd canvass give,  
 Or teach their animated rocks to live:  
 'Tis Britain's care to watch o'er Europe's fate,  
 And hold in balance each contending state;  
 To threaten bold presumptuous kings with war,  
 And answer her afflicted neighbour's pray'r.  
 The Dane and Swede, rous'd up by fierce alarms,  
 Bless the wise conduct of her pious arms:  
 Soon as her fleets appear, their terrors cease,  
 And all the northern world lies hush'd in peace.

Th' ambitious Gaul beholds with secret dread  
 Her thunder aim'd at his aspiring head,  
 And fain her godlike sons wou'd disunite  
 By foreign gold, or by domestic spite:



But strives in vain to conquer or divide,  
Whom Nassau's arms defend and counsels guide:  
Fir'd with the name, which I so oft have found,  
The distant climes and diff'rent tongues resound,  
I bridle in my struggling Muse with pain,  
That longs to launch into a bolder strain.

But I've already troubled you too long,  
Nor dare attempt a more advent'rous song.  
My humble verse demands a softer theme,  
A painted meadow, or a purling stream;  
Unfit for Heroes; whom immortal lays,  
And lines like Virgil's, or like your's, shou'd praise.

To the EARL of DORSET.

[PHILIPS.]

*Copenhagen, March 9, 1709.*

**F**ROM frozen climes, and endless tracts of snow,  
From streams which northern winds forbid to flow,  
What present shall the Muse to Dorset bring,  
Or how, so near the Pole, attempt to sing?  
The hoary winter here conceals from sight  
All pleasing objects which to verse invite.  
The hills and dales, and the delightful woods,  
The flow'ry plains, and silver-streaming floods,  
By snow disguis'd, in bright confusion lie,  
And with one dazzling waste fatigue the eye.

No gentle breathing breeze prepares the spring,  
No birds within the desert region sing.  
The ships, unmoor'd, the boist'rous winds defy,  
While rattling chariots o'er the ocean fly.  
The vast Leviathan wants room to play,  
And spout his waters in the face of day.  
The starving wolves along the main sea prowl,  
And to the moon in icy valleys howl.  
O'er many a shining league the level main  
Here spreads itself into a glassy plain:  
There solid billows of enormous size,  
Alps of green ice, in wild disorder rise.

And yet but lately have I seen, ev'n here,  
The winter in a lovely dress appear,  
Ere yet the clouds let fall the treasur'd snow,  
Or winds begun through hazy skies to blow,

At ev'ning a keen eastern breeze arose,  
 And the descending rain unfully'd froze.  
 Soon as the silent shades of night withdrew,  
 The ruddy morn' disclos'd at once to view  
 The face of nature in a rich disguise,  
 And brighten'd ev'ry object to my eyes:  
 For ev'ry shrub, and ev'ry blade of grass,  
 And ev'ry pointed thorn, seem'd wrought in glass;  
 In pearls and rubies rich the hawthorns shew,  
 While through the ice the crimson berries glow.  
 The thick-sprung reeds, which wat'ry marshes yield,  
 Seem'd polish'd lances in a hostile field.  
 The stag in limpid currents, with surprize,  
 Sees crytal branches on his forehead rise:  
 The spreading oak, the beech, and tow'ring pine,  
 Glaz'd over, in the freezing æther shine.  
 The frighted birds the rattling branches shun,  
 Which wave and glitter in the distant sun.

When if a sudden gust of wind arise,  
 The brittle forest into atoms flies,  
 The crackling wood beneath the tempest bends,  
 And in a spangled show'r the prospect ends:  
 Or, if a southern gale the region warm,  
 And by degrees unbind the wintry charm,  
 The traveller a miry country sees,  
 And journies sad beneath the dropping trees:  
 Like some deluded peasant, Merlin leads  
 Through fragrant bow'rs, and thro' delicious meads,  
 While here enchanted gardens to him rise,  
 And airy fabricks there attract his eyes,  
 His wand'ring feet the magic paths pursue,  
 And while he thinks the fair illusion true,  
 The trackless scenes disperse in fluid air,  
 And woods, and wilds, and thorny ways appear,  
 A tedious road the weary wretch returns,  
 And, as he goes, the transient vision mourns.

To the EARL of WARWICK, on the DEATH of  
 Mr. ADDISON. [TICKELL.]

**I**F, dumb too long, the drooping Muse hath stay'd,  
 And left her debt to Addison unpaid,  
 Blame not her silence, Warwick, but bemoan,  
 And judge, oh judge, my bosom by your own.

What

What mourner ever felt poetic fires !  
 Slow comes the verse that real woe inspires :  
 Grief unaffected suits but ill with art,  
 Or flowing numbers with a bleeding heart.

Can I forget the dismal night, that gave  
 My soul's best part for ever to the grave !  
 How silent did his old companions tread,  
 By midnight lamps, the mansions of the dead,  
 Thro' breathing statues, then unheeded things,  
 Thro' rows of warriors, and thro' walks of kings !  
 What awe did the slow solemn knell inspire ;  
 The pealing organ, and the pausing choir ;  
 The duties by the lawn-rob'd prelate pay'd ;  
 And the last words, that dust to dust convey'd !  
 While speechless o'er thy closing grave we bend,  
 Accept these tears, thou dear departed friend ;  
 Oh gone for ever, take this long adieu ;  
 And sleep in peace, next thy lov'd Montague.

To strew fresh laurels let the task be mine,  
 A frequent pilgrim, at thy sacred shrine ;  
 Mine with true sighs thy absence to bemoan,  
 And grave with faithful epitaphs thy stone.  
 If e'er from me thy lov'd memorial part,  
 May shame afflict this alienated heart ;  
 Of thee forgetful if I form a song,  
 My lyre be broken, and untun'd my tongue ;  
 My grief be doubled from thy image free,  
 And mirth a torment, unchastis'd by thee.

Oft let me range the gloomy isles alone,  
 Sad luxury ! to vulgar minds unknown,  
 Along the walls, where speaking marbles show  
 What worthies form the hallow'd mould below :  
 Proud names, who once the reins of empire held ;  
 In arms who triumph'd, or in arts excell'd ;  
 Chiefs, grac'd with scars, and prodigal of blood ;  
 Stern patriots, who for sacred Freedom stood ;  
 Just men, by whom impartial laws were given ;  
 And saints who taught, and led the way to heav'n.  
 Ne'er to these chambers, where the mighty rest,  
 Since their foundation, came a nobler guest ;  
 Nor e'er was to the bow'rs of bliss convey'd  
 A fairer spirit, or more welcome shade.

In what new region, to the just assign'd,  
 What new employments please th' unbody'd mind ?

A winged



A winged Virtue, through th' etherial sky,  
 From world to world, unweary'd, does he fly?  
 Or, curious, trace the long laborious maze  
 Of Heaven's decrees, where wond'ring angels gaze?  
 Does he delight to hear bold seraphs tell  
 How Michael battel'd, and the Dragon fell;  
 Or, mix'd with milder cherubim, to glow  
 In hymns of love, not ill essay'd below?  
 Or dost thou warn poor mortals left behind,  
 A task well suited to thy gentle mind?  
 Oh! if, sometimes, thy spotless form descend,  
 To me, thy aid, thou guardian genius, lend!  
 When Rage misguides me, or when Fear alarms,  
 When Pain distresses, or when Pleasure charms,  
 In silent whisp'rings purer thoughts impart,  
 And turn from ill a frail and feeble heart;  
 Lead through the paths thy virtue trod before,  
 Till Bliss shall join, nor Death can part us more.

That awful form, (which, so ye Heav'n's decree,  
 Must still be lov'd, and still deplor'd by me)  
 In nightly visions seldom fails to rise,  
 Or, rous'd by Fancy, meets my waking eyes.  
 If business calls, or crowded courts invite,  
 Th' unblemish'd statesman seems to strike my sight;  
 If in the stage I seek to sooth my care,  
 I meet his soul which breathes in Cato there:  
 If, pensive, to the rural shades I rove,  
 His shape o'ertakes me in the lonely grove;  
 'Twas there of just and good he reason'd strong,  
 Clear'd some great truth, or rais'd some serious song:  
 There, patient, shew'd us the wise course to steer,  
 A candid censor, and a friend severe;  
 There taught us how to live, and (oh! too high  
 The price for knowledge) taught us how to die.

Thou hill, whose brow the antique structures grace,  
 Rear'd by bold chiefs of Warwick's noble race,  
 Why, once so lov'd, when'er thy bow'r appears,  
 O'er my dim eye-balls glance the sudden tears!  
 How sweet were once thy prospects, fresh and fair,  
 Thy sloping walks, and unpolluted air!  
 How sweet the glooms beneath thy aged trees,  
 Thy noon-tide shadow, and thy ev'ning breeze!  
 His image thy forsaken bow'rs restore;  
 Thy walks and airy prospects charm no more;

No more the summer in thy glooms allay'd,  
Thy evening breezes, and thy noon-day shade.

From other ills, however Fortune frown'd,  
Some refuge in the muse's art I found;  
Reluctant, now, I touch the trembling string,  
Bereft of him who taught me how to sing;  
And these sad accents, murmur'd o'er his urn,  
Betray that absence they attempt to mourn.  
O! must I, then, (now fresh my bosom bleeds,  
And Craggs in death to Addison succeeds)  
The verse, begun to one lost friend, prolong,  
And weep a second in th' unfinish'd song!

These works divine, which on his death-bed laid,  
To thee, O Craggs, th' expiring sage convey'd,  
Great, but ill-omen'd monument of fame,  
Nor he surviv'd to give, nor thou to claim.  
Swift after him thy social spirit flies,  
And close to his, how soon! thy coffin lies.  
Blest pair! whose union future bards shall tell  
In future tongues; each other's boast, farewell!  
Farewell! whom join'd in fame, in friendship try'd,  
No chance could sever, nor the grave divide.

### COLIN and LUCY. A BALLAD.

[TICKELL.]

OF Leinster, fam'd for maidens fair,  
Bright Lucy was the grace;  
Nor e'er did Liffy's limpid stream  
Reflect a fairer face;  
Till luckless love, and pining care,  
Impair'd her rosy hue,  
Her coral lips, and damask cheeks,  
And eyes of glossy blue.  
Oh! have you seen a lily pale,  
When beating rains descend?  
So droop'd the slow-consuming maid,  
Her life now near its end.  
By Lucy warn'd, of flatt'ring swains  
Take heed, ye easy fair:  
Of vengeance due to broken vows,  
Ye perjur'd swains, beware.  
Three times, all in the dead of night,  
A bell was heard to ring;

And

And, shrieking at her window thrice,  
 The raven flapp'd his wing :  
 Too well the love-lorn maiden knew  
 The solemn boding sound :  
 And thus, in dying words, bespoke,  
 The virgins weeping round :  
 " I hear a voice you cannot hear,  
 Which says, I must not stay ;  
 I see a hand you cannot see,  
 Which beckons me away.  
 By a false heart, and broken vows,  
 In early youth I die :  
 Was I to blame, because his bride  
 Was thrice as rich as I ?  
 " Ah Colin ! give not her thy vows,  
 Vows due to me alone :  
 Nor thou, fond maid, receive his kiss,  
 Nor think him all thy own.  
 To-morrow, in the church to wed,  
 Impatient, both prepare !  
 But know, fond maid, and know, false man,  
 That Lucy will be there !  
 " Then bear my corse, ye comrades dear,  
 This bridegroom blithe to meet ;  
 He in his wedding-trim so gay,  
 I in my winding-sheet."  
 She spoke, she dy'd ; her corse was borne,  
 The bridegroom blithe to meet,  
 He in his wedding-trim so gay,  
 She in her winding-sheet.  
 Then what were perjur'd Colin's thoughts ?  
 How were these nuptials kept ?  
 The bride-men flock'd round Lucy dead,  
 And all the village wept.  
 Compassion, shame, remorse, despair,  
 At once his bosom swell :  
 The damps of death bedew'd his brow ;  
 He groan'd, he shook, he fell.  
 From the vain bride, ah bride no more,  
 The varying crimson fled,  
 When, stretch'd beside her rival's corse,  
 She saw her husband dead.  
 He to his Lucy's new-made grave,  
 Convey'd by trembling swains,



## The POETICAL

In the same mould, beneath one sod,  
 Forever now remains.  
 Oft, at this place, the constant hind,  
 And plighted maid, are seen;  
 With garlands gay, and true-love knots,  
 They deck the sacred green.  
 But, swain forsworn, whoe'er thou art,  
 This hallow'd ground forbear;  
 Remember Colin's dreadful fate,  
 And fear to meet him there.

EDWIN and EMMA.

[MALLET.]

**F**AR in the windings of a vale,  
 Fast by a sheltering wood,  
 The safe retreat of health and peace,  
 A humble cottage stood.  
 There beauteous EMMA flourish'd fair  
 Beneath a mother's eye,  
 Whose only wish on earth was now  
 To see her blest, and die.  
 The softest blush that nature spreads  
 Gave colour to her cheek;  
 Such orient colour smiles thro' heav'n  
 When May's sweet mornings break.  
 Nor let the pride of great ones scorn  
 This charmer of the plain;  
 That sun which bids their diamond blaze,  
 To deck our lily deigns.  
 Long had she fill'd each youth with love,  
 Each maiden with despair;  
 And tho' by all a wonder own'd,  
 Yet knew not she was fair;  
 Till EDWIN came, the pride of swains,  
 A soul that knew no art,  
 And from whose eyes, serenely mild,  
 Shone forth the feeling heart.  
 A mutual flame was quickly caught,  
 Was quickly too reveal'd;  
 For neither bosom lodg'd a wish,  
 Which virtue keeps conceal'd.

# PRECEPTOR.

311

What happy hours of heart-felt bliss,  
Did love on both bestow !

But bliss too mighty long to last,  
Where fortune proves a foe.

His sister, who, like envy form'd,  
Like her in mischief joy'd,  
To work them harm, with wicked skill  
Each darker art employ'd.

The father too; a sordid man,  
Who love nor pity knew,  
Was all unfeeling as the clod  
From whence his riches grew.

Long had he seen their mutual flame,  
And seen it long unmov'd;  
Then with a father's frown at last,  
He sternly disapprov'd.

In EDWIN's gentle heart a war,  
Of differing passions strove;  
His heart which durst not disobey,  
Yet could not cease to love.

Deny'd her sight, he oft behind  
The spreading hawthorn crept,  
To snatch a glance, to mark the spot,  
Where EMMA walk'd and wept.

Oft too in Stanmore's wintry waste,  
Beneath the moonlight shade,  
In sighs to pour his soften'd soul  
The midnight mourner stray'd.

His cheeks, where love with beauty glow'd,  
A deadly pale o'ercast;  
So fades the fresh rose in its prime,  
Before the northern blast.

The parents now, with late remorse,  
Hung o'er his dying bed,  
And weary'd Heav'n with fruitless pray'rs,  
And fruitless sorrows shed.

'Tis past, he cry'd; but if your souls  
Sweet mercy yet can move,  
Let these dim eyes once more behold  
What they must ever love.

She

She came; his cold hand softly touch'd,  
And bath'd with many a tear;  
Fast falling o'er the primrose pale  
So morning dews appear.

But oh! his sister's jealous care  
(A cruel sister she!)

Forbad what EMMA came to say,  
My EDWIN, live for me.

Now homeward as she hopeless went,  
The church-yard path along,  
The blast blew cold, the dark owl scream'd  
Her lover's fun'ral song.

Amid the falling gloom of night,  
Her startling fancy found  
In ev'ry bush his hovering shade,  
His groan in every sound.

Alone, appall'd, thus had she pass'd  
The visionary vale,  
When lo! the death-bell smote her ear,  
Sad sounding in the gale.

Just then she reach'd, with trembling steps,  
Her aged mother's door;  
He's gone, she cry'd, and I shall see  
That angel face no more.

I feel, I feel this breaking heart  
Beat high against my side:  
From her white arm down sunk her head,  
She shiver'd, sigh'd, and died.

## CELADON AND AMELIA.

[THOMSON.]

'TIS listening fear, and dumb amazement all:  
When to the startled eye the sudden glance  
Appears far south, eruptive thro' the cloud;  
And following slower, in explosion vast,  
The Thunder raises his tremendous voice.  
At first, heard solemn o'er the verge of heaven,  
The tempest growls; but as it nearer comes,  
And rolls its awful burden on the wind,

The



The lightnings flash a larger curve, and more  
 The noise astounds: till over head a sheet  
 Of livid flame discloses wide; then shuts,  
 And opens wider; shuts and opens still  
 Expansive, wrapping ether in a blaze.  
 Follows the loosen'd aggravated roar,  
 Enlarging, deepening, mingling; peal on peal  
 Crush'd horrible, convulsing heaven and earth.

Guilt hears appall'd, with deeply-troubled thought,  
 And yet not always on the guilty head  
 Descends the fated flash. Young CELADON  
 And his AMELIA were a matchless pair;  
 With equal virtue form'd, and equal grace,  
 The same, distinguish'd by their sex alone:  
 Hers the mild lustre of the blooming morn,  
 And his the radiance of the risen day.

They lov'd: but such their guileless passion was,  
 As in the dawn of time inform'd the heart  
 Of innocence, and undissembled truth.  
 'Twas friendship heighten'd by the mutual wish,  
 Th' enchanting hope, and sympathetic glow,  
 Beam'd from the mutual eye. Devoting all  
 To love, each was to each a dearer self;  
 Supremely happy in th' awaken'd power  
 Of giving joy. Alone, amid the shades,  
 Still in harmonious intercourse they liv'd  
 The rural day, and talk'd the flowing heart,  
 Or sigh'd, and look'd unutterable things.

So pass'd their life, a clear united stream,  
 By care unruffled: till, in evil hour,  
 The tempest caught them on the tender walk,  
 Heedless how far, and where its mazes stray'd,  
 While, with each other blest, creative love  
 Still bade eternal Eden smile around.  
 Heavy with instant fate her bosom heav'd  
 Unwonted sighs, and stealing oft a look  
 Tow'rd the big gloom, on CELADON her eye  
 Fell tearful, wetting her disorder'd cheek.  
 In vain assuring love, and confidence  
 In heav'n, repress'd her fear; it grew, and shook  
 Her frame near dissolution. He perceiv'd  
 Th' unequal conflict, and as angels look  
 On dying saints, his eyes compassion shed,  
 With love illumin'd high. "Fear not, he said,

P

" Sweet

" Sweet innocence ! thou stranger to offence,  
 " And inward storm ! He, who yon skies involves  
 " In frowns of darkness, ever smiles on thee  
 " With kind regard. O'er thee the secret shaft  
 " That wastes at midnight, or th' undreaded hour  
 " Of noon, flies harmless : and that very voice,  
 " Which thunders terror thro' the guilty heart,  
 " With tongues of seraphs whispers peace to thine.  
 " 'Tis safety to be near thee sure, and thus  
 " To clasp perfection !" From his void embrace  
 (Myfterious heaven !) that moment to the ground,  
 A blacken'd corse, was struck the beauteous maid.  
 But who can paint the lover, as he stood,  
 Pierc'd by severe amazement, hating life,  
 Speechless, and fix'd in all the death of woe !  
 So, faint resemblance ! on the marble tomb,  
 The well-dissembled mourner stooping stands,  
 For ever silent, and for ever sad.

## JUNIO and THEANA.

[GRAINGER.]

**S**OON as young reason dawn'd in Junio's breast,  
 His father sent him from these genial isles,  
 To where old Thames with conscious pride surveys  
 Green Eton, soft abode of every muse.  
 Each classic beauty soon he made his own ;  
 And soon fam'd Ifis saw him woo the Nine,  
 On her inspiring banks : Love tun'd his song ;  
 For fair Theana was his only theme,  
 Acasto's daughter, whom, in early youth  
 He oft distinguish'd ; and for whom he oft  
 Had climb'd the bending cocoa's airy height,  
 To rob it of its nectar ; which the maid,  
 When he presented, more nectareous deem'd.—  
 The sweetest sappadillas oft he brought ;  
 From him more sweet ripe sappadillas seem'd.—  
 Nor had long absence yet effac'd her form ;  
 Her charms still triumph'd o'er Britannia's fair.  
 One morn he met her in Sheen's royal walks ;  
 Nor knew, till then, sweet Sheen contain'd his all.  
 His taste mature approv'd his infant choice.  
 In colour, form, expression, and in grace,  
 She shone all perfect ; while each pleasing art,

And

And each soft virtue that the sex adorns,  
Adorn'd the woman. My imperfect strain  
Can ill describe the transports Junio felt  
At this discovery : He declar'd his love ;  
She own'd his merit, nor refus'd his hand.

And shall not Hymen light his brightest torch,  
For this delighted pair ? Ah, Junio knew,  
His fire detested his Theana's house !—  
Thus duty, reverence, gratitude, conspir'd  
To check their happy union. He resolv'd  
(And many a sigh that resolution cost)

To pass the time, till death his fire remov'd,  
In visiting old Europe's letter'd climes :  
While she (and many a tear that parting drew)  
Embark'd, reluctant, for her native isle.

Tho' learned, curious, and tho' nobly bent,  
With each rare talent to adorn his mind,  
His native land to serve ; no joys he found.—  
Yet sprightly Gaul ; yet Belgium, Saturn's reign ;  
Yet Greece, of old the seat of ev'ry muse,  
Of freedom, courage ; yet Ausonia's clime,  
His steps explor'd ; where painting, music's strains,  
Where arts, where laws, (philosophy's best child)  
With rival beauties, his attention claim'd.  
To his just-judging, his instructed eye,  
The all-perfect Medicean Venus seem'd  
A perfect semblance of his Indian fair :  
But, when she spoke of love, her voice surpass'd  
The harmonious warblings of Italian song.

Twice one long year elaps'd, when letters came,  
Which briefly told him of his father's death.  
Afflicted, filial, yet to Heaven resign'd,  
Soon he reach'd Albion, and as soon embark'd,  
Eager to clasp the object of his love.  
Blow, prosperous breezes ; swiftly sail, thou Po :  
Swift sail'd the Po, and happy breezes blew.

In Biscay's stormy seas an armed ship,  
Of force superior, from loud Charente's wave  
Clapt them on board. The frighted flying crew  
Their colours strike ; when dauntless Junio, fir'd  
With noble indignation, kill'd the chief,  
Who on the bloody deck dealt slaughter round.  
The Gauls retreat ; the Britons loud huzza ;  
And touch'd with shame, with emulation stung,



So plied their cannon, plied their missile fires,  
That soon in air the hapless thunderer blew.

Blow, prosperous breezes; swiftly sail, thou Po:  
May no more dangerous fights retard thy way!

Soon Porto Santo's rocky heights they 'spy,  
Like clouds dim rising in the distant sky.

Glad Eurus whistles; laugh the sportive crew;

Each sail is set to catch the favouring gale,

While on the yard-arm the harpooner sits,

Strikes the boneta, or the shark insnares.

The little Nautilus with purple pride

Expands his sails, and dances o'er the waves:

Small winged fishes on the shrouds alight;

And beauteous dolphins gently play'd around.

Tho' faster than the Tropic-bird they flew,

Oft Junio cried, ah! when shall we see land?

Soon land they made: and now in thought he clasp'd

His Indian bride, and deem'd his toils o'erpaid.

She, no less anxious, every evening walk'd

On the cool margin of the purple main,

Intent her Junio's vessel to descry.

One eve, (faint calms for many a day had rag'd)

The winged dæmons of the tempest rose;

Thunder, and rain, and light'ning's awful power.

She fled: could innocence, could beauty claim

Exemption from the grave; the ethereal bolt,

That stretch'd her speechless, o'er her lovely head

Had innocently roll'd.

Mean while, impatient Junio leapt ashore,

Regardless of the dæmons of the storm.

Ah, youth! what woes, too great for man to bear,

Are ready to burst on thee? Urge not so

Thy flying courser. Soon Theana's porch

Receiv'd him: at his sight, the ancient slaves

Affrighted shriek, and to the chamber point:—

Confounded, yet unknowing what they meant,

He enter'd hasty—

Ah! what a sight for one who lov'd so well!

All pale and cold, in every feature death,

Theana lay; and yet a glimpse of joy

Play'd on her face, while with faint, faltering voice,

She thus address'd the youth, whom yet she knew.

“ Welcome, my Junio, to thy native shore!

“ Thy sight repays this summons of my fate:

“ Live,

" Live, and live happy ; sometimes think of me :  
 " By night, by day, you still engag'd my care ;  
 " And next to God, you now my thoughts employ :  
 " Accept of this—My little all I give ;  
 " Would it were larger"—Nature could no more ;  
 She look'd, embrac'd him, with a groan expir'd.

But say, what strains, what language can express  
 The thousand pangs which tore the lover's breast ?  
 Upon her breathless corse himself he threw,  
 And to her clay-cold lips, with trembling haste,  
 Ten thousand kisses gave. He strove to speak ;  
 Nor words he found : he clasp'd her in his arms ;  
 He sigh'd, he swoon'd, look'd up, and died away.

One grave contains this hapless, faithful pair ;  
 And still the cane-isles tell their matchless love !

The SPLENDID SHILLING. An Imitation of  
MILTON. [J. PHILIPS.]

**H**APPY the man, who, void of cares and strife,  
 In silken or in leathern purse retains  
 A Splendid Shilling : He nor hears with pain  
 New oysters cry'd, nor sighs for chearful ale ;  
 But with his friends, when nightly mists arise,  
 To Juniper's Magpye, or Town-Hall repairs :  
 Where, mindful of the nymph, whose wanton eye  
 Transfix'd his soul, and kindled amorous flames,  
 Chloe, or Phillis ; he each circling glass  
 Wisheth her health, and joy, and equal love.  
 Mean while he smoaks and laughs at merry tale,  
 Or Pun ambiguous, or Conundrum quaint.  
 But I, whom griping penury surrounds,  
 And hunger, sure attendant upon want,  
 With scanty offals, and small acid tiff  
 (Wretched repast !) my meagre corps sustain :  
 Then solitary walk, or doze at home  
 In garret vile, and with a warming puff  
 Regale chill'd fingers ; or from tube as black  
 As winter chimney, or well-polish'd jet,  
 Exhale Mundungus, ill-perfuming scent :  
 Not blacker tube, nor of a shorter size  
 Smoaks Cambro-Briton (vers'd in pedigree,  
 Sprung from Cadwalladar and Arthur, kings  
 Full famous in romantic tale) when he  
 O'er many a craggy hill, and barren cliff,

Upon a cargo of fam'd Cestrian cheese,  
 High over-shadowing rides, with a design  
 To vend his wares, or at th' Arvonian mart,  
 Or Maridunum, or the ancient town  
 Yclep'd Brechinia, or where Vaga's stream  
 Encircles Ariconium, fruitful soil,  
 Whence flow nectareous wines, that well may vie  
 With Massic, Setin, or renown'd Falern.

Thus, while my joyless minutes tedious flow,  
 With looks demure, and silent pace, a Dun,  
 Horrible monster! hated by gods and men,  
 To my aerial citadel ascends:  
 With vocal heel thrice thund'ring at my gate,  
 With hideous accent thrice he calls; I know  
 The voice ill-boding, and the solemn sound.  
 What should I do? or whither turn? Amaz'd,  
 Confounded, to the dark recess I fly  
 Of wood-hole; strait my bristling hairs erect  
 Thro' sudden fear; a chilly sweat bedews  
 My shudd'ring limbs, and (wonderful to tell!)  
 My tongue forgets her faculty of speech;  
 So horrible he seems! his faded brow  
 Entrench'd with many a frown, and conic beard,  
 And spreading band, admir'd by modern saints,  
 Disastrous acts forebode; in his right hand  
 Long scrolls of paper solemnly he waves,  
 With characters, and figures dire inscrib'd,  
 Grievous to mortal eyes; (ye gods avert  
 Such plagues from righteous men!) behind him stalks  
 Another monster, not unlike himself,  
 Sullen of aspect, by the vulgar call'd  
 A Catchpole, whose polluted hands the gods  
 With force incredible, and magic charms,  
 Erst have endu'd; if he his ample palm  
 Should haply on ill-fated shoulder lay  
 Of Debtor, strait his body, to the touch  
 Obsequious, (as whilom knights were wont)  
 To some enchanted castle is convey'd,  
 Where gates impregnable, and coercive chains  
 In durance strict detain him, till in form  
 Of money, Pallas sets the captive free.  
 Beware, ye debtors, when ye walk beware,  
 Be circumspect; oft with insidious ken  
 This caitiff eyes your steps aloof, and oft



Lies perdue in a nook or gloomy cave,  
 Prompt to inchant some inadvertent wretch  
 With his unhallow'd touch. So (poets sing)  
 Grimalkin to domestic vermin sworn  
 An everlasting foe, with watchful eye  
 Lies nightly brooding o'er a chinky gap,  
 Protending her fell claws, to thoughtless mice-  
 Sure ruin. So her disembowell'd web  
 Arachne in a hall, or kitchen spreads,  
 Obvious to vagrant flies: She secret stands  
 Within her woven cell; the humming prey,  
 Regardless of their fate, rush on the toils  
 Inextricable, nor will ought avail  
 Their arts, or arms, or shapes of lovely hue;  
 The wasp insidious, and the buzzing drone,  
 And butterfly proud of expanded wings  
 Distinct with gold, entangled in her snares,  
 Useless resistance make: with eager strides,  
 She tow'ring flies to her expected spoils;  
 Then with envenom'd jaws the vital blood  
 Drinks of reluctant foes, and to her cave  
 Their bulky carcases triumphant drags.

So pass my days. But when nocturnal shades  
 This world envelop, and th' inclement air  
 Persuades men to repel benumbing frosts  
 With pleasant wines, and crackling blaze of wood;  
 Me lonely sitting, nor the glimmering light  
 Of make-weight candle, nor the joyous talk  
 Of loving friend delights; distress'd, forlorn,  
 Amidst the horrors of the tedious night,  
 Darkling I sigh, and feed with dismal thoughts  
 My anxious mind; or sometimes mournful verse  
 Indite, and sing of groves and myrtle shades,  
 Or desperate lady near a purling stream,  
 Or lover pendent on a willow-tree.  
 Mean while, I labour with eternal drought,  
 And restless wish, and rave; my parched throat  
 Finds no relief, nor heavy eyes repose:  
 But if a slumber haply does invade  
 My weary limbs, my fancy, still awake,  
 Thoughtful of drink, and eager, in a dream  
 Tipples imaginary pots of ale:  
 In vain; awake I find the settled thirst  
 Still gnawing, and the pleasant phantom curse.

Thus do I live from pleasure quite debarr'd,  
 Nor taste the fruits that the sun's genial rays  
 Mature, John-Apple, nor the downy Peach,  
 Nor Walnut in rough furrow'd coat secure,  
 Nor Medlar, fruit delicious in decay :  
 Afflictions great ! yet greater still remain :  
 My Galligaskins that have long withstood  
 The winter's fury, and encroaching frosts,  
 By time subdu'd, (what will not time subdue !)  
 An horrid chasm disclose, with orifice  
 Wide, discontinuous ; at which the winds  
 Eurus and Auster, and the dreadful force  
 Of Boreas, that congeals the Cronian waves,  
 Tumultuous enter with dire chilling blasts,  
 Portending agues. Thus a well-fraught ship  
 Long sail'd secure, or thro' th' Ægean deep,  
 Or the Ionian, till cruising near  
 The Lilybean shore, with hideous crash  
 On Scylla, or Charibdis (dang'rous rocks)  
 She strikes rebounding, whence the shatter'd oak,  
 So fierce a shock unable to withstand,  
 Admits the sea ; in at the gaping side  
 The crowding waves gush with impetuous rage,  
 Resistless, overwhelming ; horrors seize  
 The mariners, death in their eyes appears,  
 They stare, they lave, they pump, they swear, they pray :  
 (Vain efforts !) still the battering waves rush in  
 Implacable, till delug'd by the foam,  
 The ship sinks found'ring in the vast abyfs.

#### DESCRIPTION of the THAMES, and of STAG-HUNTING.

[DENHAM'S COOPER'S HILL.]

**M**Y eye, descending from the hill, surveys  
 Where Thames among the wanton vallies strays ;  
 Thames, the most lov'd of all the ocean's sons  
 By his old sire, to his embraces runs,  
 Hast'ning to pay his tribute to the sea,  
 Like mortal life to meet eternity.  
 Tho' with those streams he no resemblance hold,  
 Whose foam is amber, and their gravel gold ;  
 His genuine and less guilty wealth t' explore,  
 Search not his bottom, but survey his shore ;  
 O'er which he kindly spreads his spacious wing,  
 And hatches plenty for th' ensuing spring :

Nor

Nor then destroys it with too fond a stay,  
 Like mothers which their infants overlay;  
 Nor, with a sudden and impetuous wave,  
 Like profuse kings, resumes the wealth he gave.  
 No unexpected inundations spoil  
 The mower's hopes, or mock the ploughman's toil:  
 But, godlike, his unwearied bounty flows;  
 First loves to do, then loves the good he does.  
 Nor are his blessings to his banks confin'd,  
 But free and common as the sea or wind;  
 When he to boast, or to disperse his stores,  
 Full of the tributes of his grateful shores,  
 Visits the world, and, in his flying towers,  
 Brings home to us, and makes both Indies ours;  
 Finds wealth where 'tis, bestows it where it wants,  
 Cities in deserts, woods in cities plants;  
 So that to us no thing, no place is strange,  
 While his fair bosom is the world's exchange.  
 O could I flow like thee, and make thy stream  
 My great example, as it is my theme!  
 Tho' deep, yet clear; tho' gentle, yet not dull;  
 Strong, without rage, without o'erflowing, full.  
 Heav'n her Eridanus no more shall boast,  
 Whose fame in thine, like lesser currents, lost,  
 Thy nobler streams shall visit Jove's abodes,  
 To shine among the stars, and bathe the gods.  
 Here nature, whether more intent to please  
 Us or herself, with strange varieties,  
 (For things of wonder give no less delight  
 To the wise maker's, than beholder's sight:  
 Tho' these delights from several causes move;  
 For so our children, thus our friends we love)  
 Wisely she knew the harmony of things,  
 As well as that of sounds, from discord springs.  
 Such was the discord, which did first disperse  
 Form, order, beauty, through the universe;  
 While dryness moisture, coldness heat resists,  
 All that we have, and that we are, subsists.  
 While the steep, horrid roughness of the wood  
 Strives with the gentle calmness of the flood,  
 Such huge extremes when nature doth unite,  
 Wonder from thence results, from thence delight.  
 The stream is so transparent, pure and clear,  
 That, had the self-enamour'd youth gaz'd here,



So fatally deceiv'd he had not been,  
 While he the bottom, not his face, had seen.  
 But his proud head the airy mountain hides  
 Among the clouds; his shoulders, and his sides,  
 A shady mantle clothes; his curled brows  
 Frown on the gentle stream, which calmly flows,  
 While winds and storms his lofty forehead beat;  
 The common fate of all that's high or great.  
 Low at his foot a spacious plain is plac'd,  
 Between the mountain and the stream embrac'd;  
 Which shade and shelter from the hill derives,  
 While the kind river wealth and beauty gives;  
 And in the mixture of all these appears  
 Variety, which all the rest endears.  
 This scene had some bold Greek, or British bard,  
 Beheld of old, what stories had we heard,  
 Of fairies, satyrs, and the nymphs their dames,  
 Their feasts, their revels, and their am'rous flames?  
 'Tis still the same, although their airy shape  
 All but a quick poetic sight escape.  
 There Faunus and Sylvanus keep their courts,  
 And thither all the horned host resorts,  
 To graze the ranker mead; that noble herd,  
 On whose sublime and shady fronts is rear'd  
 Nature's great master-piece, to shew how soon  
 Great things are made, but sooner are undone.  
 Here have I seen the king, when great affairs  
 Gave leave to slacken and unbend his cares,  
 Attended to the chase by all the flow'r  
 Of youth, whose hopes a noble prey devour:  
 Pleasure, with praise and danger, they would buy,  
 And wish a foe that would not only fly.  
 The stag, now conscious of his fatal growth,  
 At once indulgent to his fear and sloth,  
 To some dark covert his retreat had made,  
 Where nor man's eye, nor Heaven's should invade  
 His soft repose; when th' unexpected sound  
 Of dogs and men his wakeful ear does wound:  
 Rouz'd with the noise, he scarce believes his ear,  
 Willing to think th' illusions of his fear  
 Had giv'n this false alarm, but straight his view  
 Confirms, that more than all he fears is true.  
 Betray'd in all his strengths, the wood beset,  
 All instruments, all arts of ruin met;

He calls to mind his strength, and then his speed,  
His winged heels, and then his armed head ;  
With these t'avoid, with that his fate to meet :  
But fear prevails, and bids him trust his feet.  
So fast he flies, that his reviewing eye  
Has lost the chasers, and his ear the cry ;  
Exulting, till he finds their nobler sense  
Their disproportion'd speed does recompense ;  
Then curses his conspiring feet, whose scent  
Betrays that safety which their swiftness lent.  
Then tries his friends among the baser herd,  
Where he so lately was obey'd and fear'd,  
His safety seeks : the herd, unkindly wise,  
Or chases him from thence, or from him flies ;  
Like a declining statesman, left forlorn,  
To his friends' pity, and pursuers' scorn,  
With shame remembers, while himself was one  
Of the same herd, himself the same had done.  
Thence to the coverts, and the conscious groves,  
The scenes of his past triumphs and his loves ;  
Sadly surveying where he rang'd alone  
Prince of the soil and all the herd his own ;  
And, like a bold knight-errant, did proclaim  
Combat to all, and bore away the dame ;  
And taught the woods to echo to the stream  
His dreadful challenge, and his clashing beam :  
Yet faintly now declines the fatal strife ;  
So much his love was dearer than his life.  
Now ev'ry leaf, and every moving breath,  
Presents a foe, and ev'ry foe a death.  
Weary'd, forsaken, and pursu'd, at last,  
All safety in despair of safety plac'd ;  
Courage he thence resumes, resolv'd to bear  
All their assaults, since 'tis in vain to fear.  
And now, too late, he wishes, for the fight,  
That strength he wasted in ignoble flight :  
But, when he sees the eager chace renew'd,  
Himself by dogs, the dogs by men pursu'd,  
He strait revokes his bold resolve, and more  
Repents his courage, than his fear before ;  
Finds that uncertain ways unsafest are,  
And doubt a greater mischief than despair.  
Then to the stream, when neither friends, nor force,  
Nor speed, nor art avail, he shapes his course ;

Thinks not their rage so desp'rate, to essay.  
 An element more merciless than they.  
 But, fearless, they pursue, nor can the flood  
 Quench their dire thirst; alas, they thirst for blood.  
 So tow'rs a ship the oar-finn'd gallies ply,  
 Which wanting sea to ride, or wind to fly,  
 Stands but to fall reveng'd on those that dare  
 Tempt the last fury of extreme despair.  
 So fares the stag among th' enraged hounds,  
 Repels their force, and wounds returns for wounds,  
 And as a hero, whom his baser foes  
 In troops surround, now these assails, now those,  
 Though prodigal of life, disdains to die  
 By common hands; but, if he can descry  
 Some nobler foe approach, to him he calls,  
 And begs his fate, and then contented falls.  
 So when the king a mortal shaft lets fly  
 From his unerring hand, then, glad to die,  
 Proud of the wound, to it resigns his blood,  
 And stains the crystal with a purple flood.  
 This a more innocent, and happy chase  
 Than when of old, but in the self-same place,  
 Fair Liberty, pursu'd, and meant a prey  
 To lawless power, \* here turn'd, and stood at bay,  
 When in that remedy all hope was plac'd,  
 Which was, or should have been at least, the last.  
 Here was that charter seal'd, wherein the crown  
 All marks of arbitrary pow'r lays down:  
 Tyrant and slave, those names of hate and fear,  
 The happier stile of king and subject bear:  
 Happy, when both to the same center move,  
 When kings give liberty, and subjects love.  
 Therefore not long in force this charter stood,  
 Wanting that seal, it must be seal'd in blood.  
 The subjects arm'd, the more their princes gave,  
 Th' advantage only took, the more to crave:  
 'Till kings, by giving, give themselves away,  
 And ev'n that pow'r, that shou'd deny, betray.  
 "Who gives constrain'd, but his own fear reviles,  
 "Not thank'd, but scorn'd; nor are they gifts, but spoils."  
 Thus kings, by grasping more than they could hold,  
 First made their subjects, by oppression, bold:

And

\* Runnimede; where the great charter was first sealed.



And popular sway, by forcing kings to give  
 More than was fit for subjects to receive,  
 Ran to the same extremes; and one excess  
 Made both, by striving to be greater, less.  
 When a calm river, rais'd with sudden rains,  
 Or snows dissolv'd, o'erflows th' adjoining plains,  
 The husbandmen with high-rais'd banks secure  
 Their greedy hopes, and this he can endure.  
 But if with bays and dams they strive to force  
 His channel to a new, or narrow, course;  
 No longer, then, within his banks he dwells,  
 First to a torrent, then a deluge, swells:  
 Stronger and fiercer by restraint he roars,  
 And knows no bound, but makes his pow'r his shores.

INTERVIEW between HEALTH and Dr. HERVEY  
 in the INFERNAL REGIONS.

[GARTH'S DISPENSARY.]

THEY hasten now to that delightful plain,  
 Where the glad manes of the bless'd remain:  
 Where Hervey gathers simples, to bestow  
 Immortal youth on heroes' shades below.  
 Soon as the bright Hygeia was in view,  
 The venerable sage her presence knew:

Thus he——

Hail, blooming goddess! thou propitious pow'r,  
 Whose blessings mortals more than life implore,  
 With so much lustre your bright looks endear,  
 That cottages are courts where those appear.  
 Mankind, as you vouchsafe to smile or frown,  
 Finds ease in chains, or anguish in a crown.

With just resentment and contempt you see  
 The foul dissensions of the Faculty;  
 How your sacred sick'ning art now hangs her head;  
 And, once a science, is become a trade.  
 Her sons ne'er rifle her mysterious store,  
 But study nature less, and lucre more.  
 Not so, when Rome to th' Epidaurian rais'd  
 A temple, where devoted incense blaz'd.  
 Oft father Tyber views the lofty fire,  
 As the learn'd son is worshipp'd like the fire;

The sage with Romulus like honours claim ;  
The gift of life and laws were then the same.

I shou'd, of old, how vital currents glide,  
And the meanders of their reflux tide.

Then, Willis, why spontaneous actions here,  
And whence involuntary motions there :

And how the spirits, by mechanic laws,  
In wild careers tumultuous riots cause.

Nor wou'd our Wharton, Bates, and Glisson lie  
In the abyss of blind Obscurity.

But, now, such wond'rous searches are forborne,  
And Pæan's art is by divisions torn.

Then let your charge attend, and I'll explain  
How her lost health your science may regain.

Haste, and the matchless Atticus address ;  
From Heav'n and great Nassau he has the mace.

Th' oppress'd to his asyllum still repair ;

Arts he supports, and Learning is his care.

He softens the harsh rigour of the laws,

Blunts their keen edge, and grinds their harpy claws ;

And, graciously, he casts a pitying eye

On the sad state of virtuous poverty.

Whene'er he speaks, Heav'ns ! how the list'ning throng  
Dwells on the melting music of his tongue !

His arguments are emblems of his mien,

Mild, but not faint ; and forcing, tho' serene ;

And, when the pow'r of eloquence he'd try,

Here, light'ning strikes you ; there, soft breezes sigh.

To him you must your sickly state refer ;

Your charter claims him as your Visiter.

Your wounds he'll close, and sov'reignly restore

Your science to the height it had before.

Then Nassau's Health shall be your glorious aim,  
His life should be as lasting as his fame.

Some princes' claims from devastations spring,

He condescends, in pity, to be king : -

And when, amidst his olives plac'd, he stands.

And governs more by candour than commands,

Ev'n then not less a hero he appears,

Than when a Laurel diadem he wears.

Wou'd Phœbus, or his G——le, but inspire

Their sacred veh'mence of poetic fire,

To celebrate in song that godlike pow'r,

Which did the lab'ring universe restore :

Fair Albion's cliffs would echo to the strain,  
And praise the arm that conquer'd, to regain  
The earth's repose, and empire o'er the main.

Still may th' immortal man his cares repeat,  
To make his blessings endless as they're great ;  
Whilst Malice and Ingratitude confess  
They've strove for ruin long, without success.  
When, late, Jove's eagle from the pyle shall rise,  
To bear the victor to the boundless skies,  
Awhile the God puts off paternal care,  
Neglects the earth to give the heav'ns a star.  
Near thee, Alcides, shall the hero shine ;  
His rays resembling, as his labours, thine.

Had some fam'd patriot, of the Latin blood,  
Like Julius great, and like Octavius good,  
But thus preserv'd the Latin liberties,  
Aspiring columns soon had reach'd the skies :  
Loud Io's the proud capitol had shook,  
And all the statues of the gods had spoke.

No more the sage his raptures could pursue :  
He paus'd ; and Celsus, with his guide, withdrew.

## R U L E S for W R I T I N G W E L L.

[Duke of BUCKINGHAM's Essay on Poetry.]

**O**F all those arts in which the wise excel,  
Nature's chief master-piece is writing well :  
No writing lifts exalted man so high,  
As sacred and soul-moving poesy :  
No kind of work requires so nice a touch ;  
And, if well finish'd, nothing shines so much.  
But Heav'n forbid we should be so profane,  
To grace the vulgar with that noble name.  
'Tis not a flash of fancy, which, sometimes,  
Dazzling our minds, sets off the slightest rhimes ;  
Bright as a blaze, but in a moment done :  
True wit is everlasting, like the sun,  
Which, tho' sometimes behind a cloud retir'd,  
Breaks out again, and is by all admir'd.  
Number and rhyme, and that harmonious sound,  
Which not the nicest ear with harshness wound,  
Are necessary, yet but vulgar arts ;  
And all in vain these superficial parts  
Contribute to the structure of the whole,  
Without a genius too ; for that's the soul :



A spirit which inspires the work throughout,  
 As that of nature moves the world about ;  
 A flame that glows amidst conceptions fit ;  
 Ev'n something of divine, and more than wit ;  
 Itself unseen, yet all things by it shown,  
 Describing all men, but describ'd by none.  
 Where dost thou dwell ? What caverns of the brain  
 Can such a vast and mighty thing contain ?  
 When I, at vacant hours, in vain thy absence mourn,  
 Oh ! where dost thou retire ? and why dost thou return,  
 Sometimes with pow'rful charms to hurry me away,  
 From pleasures of the night, and bus'ness of the day ?  
 Ev'n now, too far transported, I am fain  
 To check thy course, and use the needful rein.  
 As all is dulness, when the fancy's bad,  
 So, without judgment, fancy is but mad ;  
 And judgment has a boundless influence  
 Not only in the choice of words, or sense,  
 But on the world, on manners, and on men ;  
 Fancy is but the feather of the pen ;  
 Reason is that substantial, useful part,  
 Which gains the head, while t'other wins the heart.

Here I shall all the various sorts of verse,  
 And the whole art of poetry rehearse ;  
 But who that task would after Horace do ?  
 The best of masters, and examples too !  
 Echoes at best, all we can say is vain ;  
 Dull the design, and fruitless were the pain.  
 'Tis true, the ancients we may rob with ease ;  
 But who with that mean shift himself can please,  
 Without an actor's pride ? A player's art  
 Is above his who writes a borrow'd part.  
 Yet modern laws are made for later faults,  
 And new absurdities inspire new thoughts ;  
 What need has Satire, then, to live on theft,  
 When so much fresh occasion still is left ?  
 Fertile bur soil, and full of rankest weeds,  
 And monsters worse than ever Nilus breeds.  
 But hold, the fools shall have no cause to fear ;  
 'Tis wit and sense that is the subject here :  
 Defects of witty men deserve a cure,  
 And those who are so, will e'en this endure.  
 First, then, of Songs, which now so much abound ;  
 Without his song no sop is to be found ;

A most offensive weapon, which he draws  
 On all he meets, against Apollo's laws.  
 Tho' nothing seems more easy, yet no part  
 Of poetry requires a nicer art;  
 For as in rows of richest pearl there lies  
 Many a blemish that escapes our eyes,  
 The least of which defects is plainly shown  
 In one small ring, and brings the value down:  
 So Songs should be to just perfection brought:  
 Yet where can one be seen without a fault?  
 Exact propriety of words and thought;  
 Expression easy, and the fancy high;  
 Yet that not seem to creep, nor this to fly;  
 No words transpos'd, but in such order all,  
 As wrought with care, yet seem by chance to fall?  
 Here, as in all things else, is most unfit  
 Bare ribaldry, that poor pretence to wit;  
 Such nauseous songs by a late author made,  
 Call an unwilling censure on his shade.  
 Not that warm thoughts of the transporting joy  
 Can shock the chastest, or the nicest cloy;  
 But words obscene, too gross to move desire,  
 Like heaps of fuel, only choak the fire.  
 On other themes he well deserves our praise;  
 But palls that appetite he meant to raise.

Next, elegy, of sweet, but solemn voice,  
 And of a subject grave, exacts the choice;  
 The praise of beauty, valour, wit contains;  
 And there too oft despairing love complains:  
 In vain, alas! for who by wit is mov'd?  
 That Phoenix-she deserves to be belov'd;  
 But noisy nonsense, and such fops as vex  
 Mankind, take most with that fantastic sex.  
 This to the praise of those who better knew;  
 The many raise the value of the few.  
 But here (as all our sex too oft have try'd)  
 Women have drawn my wand'ring thoughts aside.  
 Their greatest fault, who in this kind have writ,  
 Is not defect in words, or want of wit;  
 But should this muse harmonious numbers yield,  
 And ev'ry couplet be with fancy fill'd;  
 If yet a just coherence be not made  
 Between each thought, and the whole model laid

So right, that ev'ry line may higher rise,  
 Like goodly mountains, till they reach the skies :  
 Such trifles may, perhaps, of late, have pass'd,  
 And may be lik'd awhile, but never last :  
 'Tis epigram, 'tis point, 'tis what you will,  
 But not an elegy, nor writ with skill,  
 No Panegyric, nor a Cooper's Hill.

A higher flight, and of a happier force,  
 Are Odes ; the Muses' most unruly horse,  
 That bounds so fierce, the rider has no rest,  
 Here foams at mouth, and moves like one possess'd.  
 The poet, here, must be, indeed, inspir'd,  
 With fury too, as well as fancy fir'd.  
 Cowley might boast to have perform'd this part,  
 Had he with nature join'd the rules of art ;  
 But, sometimes, diction mean, or verse ill-wrought,  
 Deadens, or clouds, his noble frame of thought.  
 Tho' all appear in heat and fury done,  
 The language still must soft and easy run.  
 These laws may sound a little too severe ;  
 But judgment yields and fancy governs here,  
 Which tho' extravagant, this muse allows,  
 And makes the work much easier than it shows.

Of all the ways that wisest men could find  
 To mend the age, and mortify mankind,  
 Satire well writ has most successful prov'd,  
 And cures, because the remedy is lov'd ;  
 'Tis hard to write on such a subject more,  
 Without repeating things said oft before :  
 Some vulgar errors only we'll remove,  
 That stain a beauty which we so much love.  
 Of chosen words some take not care enough,  
 And think they should be, as the subject, rough ;  
 This poem must be more exactly made,  
 And sharpest thoughts in smoothest words convey'd.  
 Some think, if sharp enough, they cannot fail,  
 As if their only bus'ness was to rail :  
 But human frailty nicely to unfold,  
 Distinguishes a satyr from a scold.  
 Rage you must hide, and prejudice lay down ;  
 A satyr's smile is sharper than his frown ;  
 So, while you seem to slight some rival youth,  
 Malice itself may pass sometimes for truth.



The Laureat, here, may justly claim our praise,  
Crown'd by Mack-Fleckno with immortal bays;  
Yet once his Pegasus has borne dead weight,  
Rid by some lumpish minister of state.

### CHARACTER and DUTY of a true CRITIC.

[POPE'S Essay on Criticism.]

'TIS hard to say, if greater want of skill  
Appear in writing, or in judging ill;  
But of the two, less dang'rous is th' offence  
To tire our patience, than mislead our sense.  
Some few in that, but numbers err in this,  
Ten censure wrong for one who writes amiss;  
A fool might once himself alone expose,  
Now one in verse makes many more in prose.

'Tis with our judgments as our watches, none  
Go just alike, yet each believes his own.

In Poets as true genius is but rare,  
True Taste as seldom is the Critic's share;  
Both must alike from Heav'n derive their light,  
These born to judge, as well as those to write.  
Let such teach others who themselves excel,  
And censure freely who have written well.  
Authors are partial to their wit, 'tis true;  
But are not Critics to their judgment too?

Yet if we look more closely, we shall find  
Most have the seeds of judgment in their mind:  
Nature affords at least a glimm'ring light;  
The lines, tho' touch'd but faintly, are drawn right.  
But as the slightest sketch, if justly trac'd,  
Is by ill-colouring but the more disgrac'd,  
So by false learning is good sense defac'd:  
Some are bewilder'd in the maze of schools,  
And some made coxcombs Nature meant but fools.  
In search of wit these lose their common sense,  
And then turn Critics in their own defence:  
Each burns alike, who can, or cannot write,  
Or with a Rival's, or an Eunuch's spite.  
All fools have still an itching to deride,  
And fain would be upon the laughing side.  
If Mævius scribble in Apollo's spight,

There are, who judge still worse than he can write.

Some have at first for Wits, then Poets past,  
Turn'd Critics next, and prov'd plain Fools at last.

Some

Some neither can for Wits nor Critics pass,  
 As heavy mules are neither horse nor ass.  
 Those half-learn'd wittlings, num'rous in our isle,  
 As half-form'd insects on the banks of Nile;  
 Unfinish'd things, one knows not what to call,  
 Their generation's so equivocal:  
 To tell 'em, would a hundred tongues require,  
 Or one vain wit's, that might a hundred tire.

But you who seek to give and merit fame,  
 And justly bear a Critic's noble name,  
 Be sure yourself and your own reach to know,  
 How far your genius, taste, and learning go;  
 Launch not beyond your depth, but be discreet,  
 And mark that point where sense and dulness meet.

Nature to all things fix'd the limits fit,  
 And wisely curb'd proud man's pretending wit.  
 As on the land while here the ocean gains,  
 In other parts it leaves wide sandy plains;  
 Thus in the soul while memory prevails,  
 The solid pow'r of understanding fails;  
 Where beams of warm imagination play,  
 The memory's soft figures melt away.  
 One science only will one genius fit;  
 So vast is art, so narrow human wit:  
 Not only bounded to peculiar arts,  
 But oft' in those confin'd to single parts.  
 Like Kings we lose the conquests gain'd before,  
 By vain ambition still to make them more:  
 Each might his sev'ral province well command,  
 Would all but stoop to what they understand.

First follow Nature, and your judgment frame  
 By her just standard, which is still the same:  
 Unerring NATURE, still divinely bright,  
 One clear, unchang'd, and universal light,  
 Life, force, and beauty, must to all impart,  
 At once the source, and end, and test of Art.  
 Art from that fund each just supply provides;  
 Works without show, and without pomp presides:  
 In some fair body thus th' informing soul  
 With spirits feeds, with vigour fills the whole,  
 Each motion guides, and ev'ry nerve sustains;  
 Itself unseen, but in th' effects remains.  
 Some, to whom Heav'n in wit has been profuse,  
 Want as much more, to turn it to its use;

For wit and judgment often are at strife,  
 Tho' meant each other's aid, like man and wife.  
 'Tis more to guide, than spur the Muse's steed;  
 Restrain his fury, than provoke his speed;  
 The winged courser, like a gen'rous horse,  
 Shews most true mettle when you check his course.

Those RULES of old discover'd, not devis'd,  
 Are Nature still, but Nature methodiz'd;  
 Nature, like Liberty, is but restrain'd  
 By the same Laws which first herself ordain'd.

Hear how learn'd Greece her useful rules indites,  
 When to repress, and when indulge our flights:  
 High on Parnassus' top her sons she show'd,  
 And pointed out those arduous paths they trod;  
 Held from afar, aloft, th' immortal prize,  
 And urg'd the rest by equal steps to rise.  
 Just precepts thus from great examples giv'n,  
 She drew from them what they deriv'd from Heav'n.  
 The gen'rous Critic fann'd the poet's fire,  
 And taught the world with Reason to admire.  
 Then Criticism the Muse's handmaid prov'd,  
 To dress her charms, and make her more belov'd:  
 But following wits from that intention stray'd,  
 Who could not win the mistress, woo'd the maid;  
 Against the poets their own arms they turn'd,  
 Sure to hate most the men from whom they learn'd.  
 So modern 'Pothecaries, taught the art  
 By Doctors' bills to play the Doctor's part,  
 Bold in the practice of mistaken rules,  
 Prescribe, apply, and call their masters fools.  
 Some on the leaves of ancient authors prey,  
 Nor time nor moths e'er spoil'd so much as they:  
 Some drily plain, without invention's aid,  
 Write dull receipts how poems may be made.  
 These leave the sense, their learning to display,  
 And those explain the meaning quite away.

You, then, whose judgment the right course would steer,  
 Know well each ANCIENT's proper character;  
 His Fable, Subject, scope in ev'ry page,  
 Religion, Country, genius of his Age:  
 Without all these at once before your eyes,  
 Cavil you may, but never criticize.  
 Be Homer's works your study and delight,  
 Read them by day, and meditate by night;

Thence



Thence form your judgment, thence your maxims bring,  
 And trace the Muses upward to their spring.  
 Still with itself compar'd, his text peruse;  
 And let your comment be the Mantuan Muse.

When first young Maro in his boundless mind  
 A work t' outlast immortal Rome design'd,  
 Perhaps he seem'd above the critic's law,  
 And but from Nature's fountain scorn'd to draw:  
 But when t' examine ev'ry part he came,  
 Nature and Homer were, he found, the same.  
 Convinc'd, amaz'd, he checks the bold design:  
 And rules as strict his labour'd verse confine,  
 As if the Stagirite o'erlook'd each line.  
 Learn hence for ancient rules a just esteem;  
 To copy Nature is to copy them.

Some beauties yet no Precepts can declare,  
 For there's a happiness as well as care.  
 Music resembles Poetry, in each  
 Are nameless Graces which no methods teach,  
 And which a master hand alone can reach.  
 If, where the rules not far enough extend,  
 (Since rules were made but to promote their end)  
 Some lucky Licence answer to the full  
 Th' intent propos'd, that Licence is a rule.  
 Thus Pegasus, a nearer way to take,  
 May boldly deviate from the common track;  
 From vulgar bounds with brave disorder part,  
 And snatch a grace beyond the reach of art,  
 Which, without passing through the judgment, gains  
 The heart, and all its end at once attains.  
 In prospects thus, some objects please our eyes,  
 Which out of nature's common order rise,  
 The shapeless rock, or hanging precipice.  
 Great Wits sometimes may gloriously offend,  
 And rise to faults true Critics dare not mend.  
 But tho' the Ancients thus their rules invade,  
 (As kings dispense with laws themselves have made)  
 Moderns, beware! or if you must offend  
 Against the precept, ne'er transgress its End;  
 Let it be seldom, and compell'd by need;  
 And have, at least, their precedent to plead.  
 The Critic else proceeds without remorse,  
 Seizes your fame, and puts his laws in force.

I know

I know there are, to whose presumptuous thoughts,  
Those freer beauties, ev'n in them, seem faults.  
Some figures monstrous, and mis-shap'd appear,  
Consider'd singly, or beheld too near,  
Which, but proportion'd to their light, or place,  
Due distance reconciles to form and grace.  
A prudent chief not always must display  
His pow'rs in equal ranks, and fair array,  
But with th' occasion and the place comply,  
Conceal his force, nay seem sometimes to fly.  
Those oft are stratagems which errors seem,  
Nor is it Homer nods, but we that dream.

Still green with bays each ancient altar stands,  
Above the reach of sacrilegious hands;  
Secure from Flames, from Envy's fiercer rage,  
Destructive War, and all-involving Age.  
See from each clime the learn'd their incense bring!  
Hear, in all tongues consenting Pæans ring!  
In praise so just let ev'ry voice be join'd,  
And fill the gen'ral chorus of mankind.  
Hail, Bards triumphant! born in happier days;  
Immortal heirs of universal praise!  
Whose honours with increase of ages grow,  
As streams roll down, enlarging as they flow;  
Nations unborn your mighty names shall sound,  
And worlds applaud that must not yet be found!  
O may some spark of your celestial fire  
The last, the meanest of your sons inspire,  
That on weak wings, from far, pursues your flights;  
Glow while he reads, but trembles as he writes.

CAUSES that mislead the JUDGMENT in Criticising  
the WRITINGS of OTHERS.

[POPE's Essay on Criticism.]

OF all the Causes which conspire to blind  
Man's erring judgment, and misguide the mind,  
What the weak head with strongest bias rules,  
Is PRIDE, the never-failing vice of fools.  
Whatever Nature has in worth deny'd,  
She gives in large recruits of needful Pride.  
For as in bodies, so in souls, we find  
What wants in blood and spirits, swell'd with wind:

Pride,

Pride, where Wit fails, steps in to our defence,  
 And fills up all the mighty Void of sense.  
 If once right reason drives that cloud away,  
 Truth breaks upon us with resistless day.  
 Trust not yourself; but your defects to know,  
 Make use of ev'ry friend—and ev'ry foe.  
 A *little learning* is a dang'rous thing;  
 Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring:  
 There shallow draughts intoxicate the brain,  
 And drinking largely sobers us again.  
 Fir'd at first sight with what the Muse imparts,  
 In fearless youth we tempt the heights of Arts,  
 While from the bounded level of our mind,  
 Short views we take, nor see the lengths behind;  
 But more advanc'd, behold with strange surprize  
 New distant scenes of endless science rise!  
 So pleas'd at first the tow'ring Alps we try,  
 Mount o'er the vales, and seem to tread the sky,  
 Th' eternal snows appear already past,  
 And the first clouds and mountains seem the last.  
 But, those attain'd, we tremble to survey  
 The growing labours of the lengthen'd way,  
 Th' increasing prospect tires our wand'ring eyes,  
 Hills peep o'er hills, and Alps on Alps arise!

A perfect Judge will read each work of Wit  
 With the same spirit that its author writ:  
 Survey the **WHOLE**, nor seek slight faults to find  
 Where nature moves, and rapture warms the mind;  
 Nor lose, for that malignant dull delight,  
 The gen'rous pleasure to be charm'd with wit.  
 But in such lays as neither ebb, nor flow,  
 Correctly cold, and regularly low,  
 That shunning faults, one quiet tenor keep;  
 We cannot blame indeed—but we may sleep.  
 In Wit, as Nature, what affects our hearts  
 Is not th' exactness of peculiar parts;  
 'Tis not a lip, or eye, we beauty call,  
 But the joint force and full result of all.  
 Thus when we view some well-proportion'd dome,  
 (The world's just wonder, and ev'n thine, O Rome!)  
 No single parts unequally surprize,  
 All comes united to th' admiring eyes;  
 No monstrous height, or breadth, or length appear;  
 The Whole at once is bold, and regular,

Whoever



Whoever thinks a faultless piece to see,  
 Thinks what ne'er was, nor is, nor e'er shall be.  
 In every work regard the writer's end,  
 Since none can compass more than they intend;  
 And if the means be just, the conduct true,  
 Applause, in spite of trivial faults, is due.  
 As men of breeding, sometimes men of wit,  
 T' avoid great errors, must the less commit:  
 Neglect the rules each verbal Critic lays,  
 For not to know some trifles, is a praise.  
 Most Critics, fond of some subservient art,  
 Still make the Whole depend upon a Part:  
 They talk of principles, but notions prize,  
 And all to one lov'd Folly sacrifice.

Once on a time, La Mancha's Knight, they say,  
 A certain Bard encount'ring on the way,  
 Discours'd in terms as just, with looks as sage,  
 As e'er could Dennis, of the Grecian stage;  
 Concluding all were desp'rate sots and fools,  
 Who durst depart from Aristotle's rules.  
 Our Author happy in a judge so nice,  
 Produc'd his Play, and begg'd the Knight's advice;  
 Made him observe the subject, and the plot,  
 The manners, passions, unities; what not?  
 All which, exact to rule, were brought about,  
 Were but a combat in the lists left out.

"What! leave the Combat out?" exclaims the Knight,  
 Yes, or we must renounce the Stagirite.

"Not so by Heav'n (he answers in a rage)

"Knights, squires, and steeds, must enter on the stage."

So vast a throng the stage can ne'er contain.

"Then build a new, or act it in a plain."

Thus Critics, of less judgment than caprice,  
 Curious, not knowing, not exact but nice,  
 Form short Ideas; and offend in arts  
 (As most in manners) by a love to parts.

Some to *Conceit* alone their taste confine,  
 And glitt'ring thoughts struck out at ev'ry line;  
 Pleas'd with a work where nothing's just or fit;  
 One glaring Chaos and wild heap of wit.  
 Poets like painters, thus, unskill'd to trace  
 The naked nature and the living grace,  
 With gold and jewels cover ev'ry part,  
 And hide with ornaments their want of art.

True Wit is Nature to advantage dress'd,  
 What oft was thought, but ne'er so well express'd;  
 Something, whose truth convinc'd at sight we find,  
 That gives us back the image of our mind.  
 As shades more sweetly recommend the light,  
 So modest plainness sets off sprightly wit.  
 For works may have more wit than does 'em good,  
 As bodies perish thro' excess of blood.

Others for *Language* all their care express,  
 And value books, as women men, for Dress:  
 Their Praise is still,—the Style is excellent:  
 The Sense, they humbly take upon content.  
 Words are like leaves; and where they most abound,  
 Much fruit of sense beneath is rarely found.  
 False eloquence, like the prismatic glass,  
 Its gaudy colours spreads on ev'ry place;  
 The face of nature we no more survey,  
 All glares alike, without distinction gay;  
 But true Expression, like th' unchanging Sun,  
 Clears, and improves whate'er it shines upon,  
 It gilds all objects, but it alters none.  
 Expression is the dress of thought, and still  
 Appears more decent, as more suitable;  
 A vile conceit in pompous words express'd  
 Is like a clown in regal purple dress'd:  
 For different styles with different subjects sort,  
 As sev'ral garbs, with country, town, and court.  
 Some by old words to fame have made pretence,  
 Ancients in phrase, mere moderns in their sense;  
 Such labour'd nothings, in so strange a style,  
 Amaze th' unlearn'd, and make the learned smile.  
 Unlucky, as Fungoso in the play,  
 These sparks with awkward vanity display  
 What the fine gentleman wore yesterday;  
 And but so mimic ancient wits at best,  
 As apes our grandfathers, in their doublets dress'd.  
 In words, as fashions, the same rule will hold;  
 Alike fantastick, if too new or old:  
 Be not the first by whom the new are try'd,  
 Nor yet the last to lay the old aside.

The CHOICE of HERCULES: From the Greek of  
PRODICUS. [SPENCE.]

**N**OW had the son of Jove, mature, attain'd  
The joyful prime; when youth, elate and gay,  
Steps into life; and follows unrestrain'd  
Where passion leads, or prudence points the way.  
In the pure mind, at those ambiguous years,  
Or vice, rank weed, first strikes her pois'nous root;  
Or haply virtue's op'ning bud appears  
By just degrees; fair bloom of fairest fruit:  
For, if on youth's untainted thought imprest,  
The gen'rous purpose still shall warm the manly breast.

As on a day, reflecting on his age  
For highest deeds now ripe, Alcides sought  
Retirement; nurse of contemplation sage;  
Step following step, and thought succeeding thought:  
Musing, with steady pace the youth pursu'd  
His walk, and lost in meditation stray'd  
Far in a lonely vale, with solitude  
Conversing; while intent his mind survey'd  
The dubious path of life: before him lay  
Here virtue's rough ascent, there pleasure's flow'ry way.

Much did the view divide his wavering mind:  
Now glow'd his breast with generous thirst of fame;  
Now love of ease to softer thoughts inclin'd  
His yielding soul, and quench'd the rising flame:  
When, lo! far off two female forms he 'spies;  
Direct to him their steps they seem to bear;  
Both large and tall, exceeding human size;  
Both far exceeding human beauty, fair.  
Graceful, yet each with different grace, they move:  
This, striking sacred awe; that, softer winning love.

The first in native dignity surpass'd;  
Artless and unadorn'd she pleas'd the more:  
Health o'er her looks a genuine lustre cast;  
A vest, more white than new-fall'n snow, she wore.  
August she trod, yet modest was her air;  
Serene her eye, yet darting heav'nly fire.  
Still she drew near; and nearer still more fair,  
More mild appear'd: yet such as might inspire  
Pleasure corrected with an awful fear;  
Majestically sweet, and amiably severe.



The other dame seem'd ev'n of fairer hue ;  
 But bold her mien ; unguarded rov'd her eye ;  
 And her flush'd cheeks confess'd at nearer view  
 The borrow'd blushes of an artful dye.  
 All soft and delicate, with airy swim  
 Lightly she danc'd along ; her robe betray'd  
 Thro' the clear texture every tender limb,  
 Height'ning the charms it only seem'd to shade :  
 And as it flow'd adown, so loose and thin,  
 Her stature shew'd more tall ; more snowy-white, her skin.

Oft with a smile she view'd herself askance ;  
 Ev'n on her shade a conscious look she threw :  
 Then all around her cast a careless glance,  
 To mark what gazing eyes her beauty drew.  
 As they came near, before that other maid  
 Approaching decent, eagerly she press'd  
 With hasty step ; nor of repulse afraid,  
 With freedom bland the wond'ring youth address'd ;  
 With winning fondness on his neck she hung ;  
 Sweet as the honey-dew flow'd her enchanting tongue.

" Dear Hercules, whence this unkind delay ?  
 Dear youth, what doubts can thus distract thy mind ?  
 Securely follow, where I lead the way ;  
 And range thro' wilds of pleasure unconfin'd.  
 With me retire, from noise, and pain, and care,  
 Embath'd in bliss, and wrapt in endless ease :  
 Rough is the road to fame, thro' blood and war ;  
 Smooth is my way, and all my paths are peace.  
 With me retire, from toils and perils free ;  
 Leave honour to the wretch ! pleasures were made for thee.

Then will I grant thee all thy soul's desire ;  
 All that may charm thine ear, and please thy sight :  
 All that thy thought can frame, or wish require,  
 To steep thy ravish'd senses in delight :  
 The sumptuous feast, enhanc'd with music's sound ;  
 Fittest to tune the melting soul to love :  
 Rich odours, breathing choicest sweets around ;  
 The fragrant bow'r, cool fountain, shady grove ;  
 Fresh flowers, to strew thy couch, and crown thy head ;  
 Joy shall attend thy steps, and ease shall smooth thy bed.

These

These will I freely, constantly supply;  
 Pleasures, not earn'd with toil, nor mix'd with woe:  
 Far from thy rest repining want shall fly;  
 Nor labour bathe in sweat thy careful brow.  
 Mature the copious harvest shall be thine;  
 Let the laborious hind subdue the soil;  
 Leave the rash soldier spoils of war to win;  
 Won by the soldier thou shalt share the spoil:  
 These softer cares my blest allies employ,  
 New pleasures to invent; to wish, and to enjoy."

Her winning voice the youth attentive caught:  
 He gaz'd impatient on the smiling maid;  
 Still gaz'd, and listen'd: then her name besought:  
 "My name, fair youth, is Happiness," she said.  
 "Well can my friends this envy'd truth maintain:  
 They share my bliss; they best can speak my praise:  
 Tho' slander call me Sloth—detraction vain!  
 Heed not what slander, vain detracter, says:  
 Slander, still prompt true merit to defame;  
 To blot the brightest worth, and blast the fairest name."

By this, arriv'd the fair majestic maid:  
 (She all the while, with the same modest pace,  
 Compos'd, advanc'd.) "Know, Hercules," she said  
 With manly tone, "thy birth of heav'nly race;  
 Thy tender age that lov'd instruction's voice,  
 Promis'd thee generous, patient, brave and wise;  
 When manhood should confirm thy glorious choice:  
 Now expectation waits to see thee rise.  
 Rise, youth! exalt thyself, and me: approve  
 Thy high descent from heaven; and dare be worthy Jove."

But what truth prompts, my tongue shall not disguise;  
 The steep ascent must be with toil subdu'd:  
 Watching and cares must win the lofty prize  
 Propos'd by heaven; true bliss, and real good.  
 Honour rewards the brave and bold alone:  
 She spurns the timorous, indolent, and base:  
 Danger and toil stand stern before her throne,  
 And guard (so Jove commands) the sacred place:  
 Who seeks her must the mighty cost sustain,  
 And pay the price of fame—labour, and care, and pain.

Wou'dst thou engage the gods' peculiar care?  
 O Hercules, th' immortal powers adore!  
 With a pure heart, with sacrifice and pray'r  
 Attend their altars; and their aid implore.  
 Or wou'dst thou gain thy country's loud applause,  
 Lov'd as her father, as her god ador'd?  
 Be thou the bold asserter of her cause;  
 Her voice, in council; in the fight, her sword.  
 In peace, in war, pursue thy country's good:  
 For her, bare thy bold breast, and pour thy generous blood.

Wou'dst thou, to quell the proud and lift th' oppress'd,  
 In arts of war and matchless strength excel?  
 First conquer thou thyself. To ease, to rest,  
 To each soft thought of pleasure, bid farewell.  
 The night alternate, due to sweet repose,  
 In watches waste; in painful march, the day:  
 Congeal'd, amidst the rigorous winter's snows;  
 Scorch'd, by the summer's thirst-inflaming ray.  
 Thy harden'd limbs shall boast superior might:  
 Vigour shall brace thine arm, resistless in the fight."

"Hear'st thou, what monsters then thou must engage?  
 What dangers, gentle youth, she bids thee prove?"  
 (Abrupt says Sloth) "Ill fit thy tender age  
 Tumult and wars; fit age, for joy and love.  
 Turn, gentle youth, to me, to love and joy!  
 To these I lead: no monsters here shall stay  
 Thine easy course; no cares thy peace annoy:  
 I lead to bliss a nearer, smoother way.  
 Short is my way; fair, easy, smooth, and plain:  
 Turn, gentle youth! with me eternal pleasures reign."

"What pleasures, vain mistaken wretch, are thine!"  
 (Virtue with scorn reply'd) "who sleep'st in ease  
 Insensate; whose soft limbs the toil decline  
 That seasons bliss, and makes enjoyment please.  
 Draining the copious bowl, ere thirst require;  
 Feasting, ere hunger to the feast invite:  
 Whose tasteless joys anticipate desire;  
 Whom luxury supplies with appetite:  
 Yet nature loaths; and you employ in vain  
 Variety and art to conquer her disdain.



The sparkling nectar, cool'd with summer snows ;  
 The dainty board, with choicest viands spread ;  
 To thee are tasteless all ! sincere repose  
 Flies from thy flow'ry couch and downy bed.  
 For thou art only tir'd with indolence ;  
 Nor is thy sleep with toil and labour bought :  
 Th' imperfect sleep, that lulls thy languid sense  
 In dull oblivious interval of thought ;  
 That kindly steals th' inactive hours away  
 From the long, ling'ring space, that lengthens out the day.

From bounteous nature's unexhausted stores  
 Flows the pure fountain of sincere delights :  
 Averse to her, you waste the joyless hours ;  
 Sleep drowns thy days, and riot rules thy nights.  
 Immortal tho' thou art, indignant Jove  
 Hurl'd thee from heaven, th' immortals' blissful place ;  
 For ever banish'd from the realms above,  
 To dwell on earth, with man's degenerate race :  
 Fitter abode ! on earth alike disgrac'd ;  
 Rejected by the wise, and by the fool embrac'd.

Fond wretch, that vainly weene'st all delight  
 To gratify the sense reserv'd for thee !  
 Yet the most pleasing object to the sight,  
 Thine own fair action, never didst thou see.  
 Tho' lull'd with softest sounds thou liest along ;  
 Soft music, warb'ling voices, melting lays ;  
 Ne'er didst thou hear, more sweet than sweetest song  
 Charming the soul, thou ne'er didst hear thy praise !  
 No—To thy revels let the fool repair :  
 To such, go smooth thy speech ; and spread thy tempting snare.

Vast happiness enjoy thy gay allies !  
 A youth, of follies ; an old age, of cares :  
 Young, yet enervate ; old, yet never wise ;  
 Vice waits their vigour, and their mind impairs.  
 Vain, idle, delicate, in thoughtless ease,  
 Reserving woes for age, their prime they spend ;  
 All wretched, hopeless, in the evil days,  
 With sorrow, to the verge of life they tend.  
 Griev'd with the present ; of the past ashamed ;  
 They live, and are despis'd : they die, nor more are nam'd.

But with the gods, and godlike men, I dwell :  
 Me, his supreme delight, th' Almighty Sire  
 Regards well-pleas'd : whatever works excel,  
 All or divine, or human, I inspire.  
 Counsel with strength, and industry with art,  
 In union meet conjoin'd, with me reside :  
 My dictates arm, instruct, and mend the heart ;  
 The surest policy, the wisest guide.  
 With me, true friendship dwells : she deigns to bind  
 Those generous souls alone, whom I before have join'd,

Nor need my friends the various costly feast ;  
 Hunger to them th' effects of art supplies ;  
 Labour prepares their weary limbs to rest ;  
 Sweet is their sleep : light, cheerful, strong they rise.  
 Thro' health, thro' joy, thro' pleasure and renown,  
 They tread my paths ; and by a soft descent,  
 At length to age all gently sinking down,  
 Look back with transport on a life well-spent ;  
 In which, no hour flew unimprov'd away ;  
 In which, some generous deed distinguish'd every day.

And when, the destin'd term at length compleat,  
 Their ashes rest in peace ; eternal fame  
 Sounds wide their praise : triumphant over fate,  
 In sacred song, for ever lives their name.  
 This, Hercules, is happiness ! obey  
 My voice, and live. Let thy celestial birth  
 Lift, and enlarge, thy thoughts. Behold the way  
 That leads to fame ; and raises thee from earth  
 Immortal ! Lo, I guide thy steps. Arise,  
 Pursue the glorious path ; and claim thy native skies."

Her words breathe fire celestial, and impart  
 New vigour to his soul, that sudden caught  
 The generous flame : with great intent his heart  
 Swells full ; and labours with exalted thought :  
 The mist of error from his eyes dispell'd,  
 Thro' all her fraudful arts in clearest light  
 Sloth in her native form he now beheld ;  
 Unveil'd, she stood confess'd before his sight :  
 False Siren ! — All her vaunted charms, that shone  
 So fresh erewhile, and fair ; now wither'd, pale, and gone.

No more the rosy bloom in sweet disguise  
 Masks her dissembled looks : each borrow'd grace  
 Leaves her wan cheek ; pale sickness clouds her eyes  
 Livid and sunk, and passions dim her face.  
 As when fair Iris has a while display'd  
 Her watry arch, with gaudy painture gay ;  
 While yet we gaze, the glorious colours fade,  
 And from our wonder gently steal away :  
 Where shone the beauteous phantom erst so bright,  
 Now lowers the low-hung cloud, all gloomy to the sight.

But Virtue more engaging all the while  
 Disclos'd new charms ; more lovely, more serene ;  
 Beaming sweet influence. A milder smile  
 Soften'd the terrors of her lofty mien.  
 " Lead, goddess, I am thine ! (transported cry'd  
 Alcides :) O propitious pow'r, thy way  
 Teach me ! possess my soul ; be thou my guide :  
 From thee, O never, never let me stray !"  
 While ardent thus the youth his vows address'd ;  
 With all the goddess fill'd, already glow'd his breast.

The heav'nly maid, with strength divine endu'd  
 His daring soul ; there all her pow'rs combin'd :  
 Firm constancy, undaunted fortitude,  
 Enduring patience, arm'd his mighty mind.  
 Unmov'd in toils, in dangers undismay'd,  
 By many a hardy deed and bold emprise,  
 From fiercest monsters, thro' her pow'rful aid,  
 He freed the earth : thro' her he gain'd the skies.  
 'Twas Virtue plac'd him in the blest abode ;  
 Crown'd with eternal youth, among the gods, a god.

Part of the Third ODE of the third Book of HORACE,  
 imitated.

[BLACKLOCK.]

THE man, whose mind, on virtue bent,  
 Pursues some greatly good intent,  
 With undiverted aim,  
 Serene beholds the angry croud ;  
 Nor can their clamours, fierce and loud,  
 His stubborn honour tame.

Q 5

Not



Not the proud tyrant's fiercest threat,  
 Nor storms, that from their dark retreat  
     The lawless surges wake,  
 Not Jove's dread bolt, that shakes the pole,  
 The firmer purpose of his soul  
     With all its power can shake.  
 Shou'd nature's frame in ruins fall,  
 And chaos o'er the sinking ball  
     Resume primæval sway,  
 His courage chance and fate defies,  
 Nor feels the wreck of earth and skies  
     Obstruct its destin'd way.

## The P A S S I O N S : An ODE.

[COLLINS.]

**W**HEN Music, heavenly Maid! was young,  
 While yet in early Greece she sung,  
 The Passions oft, to hear her shell,  
 Throng'd around her magic cell;  
 Exulting, trembling, raging, fainting,  
 Possess'd beyond the Muse's painting,  
 By turns they felt the glowing mind  
 Disturb'd, delighted, rais'd, refin'd;  
 Till once, 'tis said, when all were fir'd,  
 Fill'd with fury, rap't, inspir'd,  
 From the supporting myrtles round  
 They snatch'd her instruments of sound;  
 And as they oft had heard apart  
 Sweet lessons of her forceful art,  
 Each, for Madness rul'd the hour,  
 Would prove his own expressive power.

First Fear his hand, its skill to try,  
 Amid the chords bewilder'd laid,  
 And back recoil'd, he knew not why,  
 Ev'n at the sound himself had made.

Next Anger rush'd, his eyes on fire  
 In lightnings own'd his secret stings;  
 In one rude clash he struck the lyre,  
 And swept with hurry'd hand the strings.

With woeful measures wan Despair—  
 Low sullen sounds his grief beguil'd;  
 A solemn, strange, and mingled air!  
 'Twas sad by fits, by starts 'twas wild.

But thou, O Hope! with eyes so fair,  
 What was thy delightful measure?  
 Still it whisper'd promis'd pleasure,  
 And bade the lovely scenes at distance hail!  
 Still would her touch the strain prolong,  
 And from the rocks, the woods, the vale,  
 She call'd on Echo still thro' all the song;  
 And where her sweetest theme she chose,  
 A soft responsive voice was heard at every close;  
 And Hope enchanted smil'd, and view'd her golden hair:  
 And longer had she sung—But with a frown  
 Revenge impatient rose;  
 He threw his blood-stain'd sword in thunder down,  
 And with a withering look  
 The war-denouncing trumpet took,  
 And blew a blast so loud and dread,  
 Were ne'er prophetic sounds so full of woe;  
 And ever and anon he beat  
 The doubling drum with furious heat;  
 And tho' sometimes, each dreary pause between,  
 Dejected Pity at his side  
 Her soul-subduing voice apply'd,  
 Yet still he kept his wild unalter'd mien,  
 While each strain'd ball of sight seem'd bursting from his  
 head.

Thy numbers, Jealousy! to nought were fix'd;  
 Sad proof of thy distressful state;  
 Of differing themes the veering song was mix'd,  
 And now it courted Love, now raving call'd on Hate.

With eyes up-rais'd, as one inspir'd,  
 Pale Melancholy sat retir'd,  
 And from her wild sequester'd seat,  
 In notes by distance made more sweet,  
 Pour'd thro' the mellow horn her pensive soul,  
 And clashing soft from rocks around  
 Bubbling runnells join'd the sound;  
 Thro' glades and glooms the mingled measure stole,  
 Or o'er some haunted streams with fond delay,  
 Round an holy calm diffusing,  
 Love of peace and lonely musing,  
 In hollow murmurs dy'd away.

But, O ! how alter'd was its sprightlier tone !  
 When cheerfulness, a nymph of healthiest hue,  
 Her bow across her shoulder hung,  
 Her buskins gemm'd with morning dew,  
 Blew an inspiring air, that dale and thicket rung,  
 The Hunter's call to Fawn and Dryad known ;  
 The oak-crown'd sisters and their chaste-ey'd queen,  
 Satyrs and sylvan boys were seen  
 Peeping from forth their alleys green ;  
 Brown Exercise rejoic'd to hear,  
 And Sport leap'd up, and seiz'd his beechen spear.  
 Last came Joy's ecstatic trial :  
 He, with viny crown advancing,  
 First to the lively pipe his hand address'd ;  
 But soon he saw the brisk, awakening viol,  
 Whose sweet entrancing voice he lov'd the best.  
 They would have thought, who heard the strain,  
 They saw, in Tempe's vale, her native maids,  
 Amidst the festal sounding shades,  
 To some unwearied minstrel dancing,  
 While, as his flying fingers kiss'd the strings,  
 Love fram'd with Mirth a gay fantastic round ;  
 Loose were her tresses seen, her zone unbound :  
 And he, amidst his frolic play,  
 As if he would the charming air repay,  
 Shook thousand odours from his dewy wings.

O Music ! sphere-descended maid,  
 Friend of Pleasure, Wisdom's aid,  
 Why, Goddess ! why to us deny'd ?  
 Lay'st thou thy ancient lyre aside ?  
 As in that lov'd Athenian bow'r  
 You learn'd an all-commanding pow'r,  
 Thy mimic soul, O nymph, endear'd !  
 Can well recall what then it heard,  
 Where is thy native simple heart,  
 Devote to virtue, fancy, art ?  
 Arise, as in that elder time,  
 Warm, energetic, chaste, sublime !  
 Thy wonders in that god-like age  
 Fill thy recording sister's page—  
 'Tis said, and I believe the tale,  
 Thy humblest reed could more prevail,



Had more of strength, diviner rage,  
 Than all which charms this laggard age,  
 Ev'n all at once together sound  
 Cæcilia's mingled world of sound—  
 O bid our vain endeavours cease,  
 Revive the just designs of Greece;  
 Return in all thy simple state;  
 Confirm the tales her sons relate.

## A N C I E N T R O M E.

[THOMSON.]

**T**HE great Republic see! that glow'd sublime,  
 With the mix'd freedom of a thousand states;  
 Rais'd on the thrones of kings her Curule Chair,  
 And by her Fasces aw'd the subject world.  
 See busy millions quick'ning all the land,  
 With cities throng'd, and teeming culture high:  
 For Nature then smil'd on her free-born sons,  
 And pour'd the plenty that belongs to Men.  
 Behold, the country cheering, villas rise,  
 In lively prospect; by the secret lapse  
 Of brooks now lost, and streams renown'd in song:  
 In Umbria's closing vales, or on the brow  
 Of her brown hills; that breathe the scented gale:  
 On Baiæ's viny coast; where peaceful seas,  
 Fann'd by kind Zephyrs, ever kiss the shore;  
 And suns unclouded shine, thro' purest air:  
 Or in the spacious neighbourhood of Rome;  
 Far-shining upward to the Sabine hills,  
 To Anio's roar, and Tibur's olive shade;  
 To where Præneste lifts her airy brow;  
 Or downward spreading to the sunny shore,  
 Where Alba breathes the freshness of the main.  
 See distant mountains leave their valleys dry,  
 And o'er the proud arcade their tribute pour,  
 To lave imperial Rome. For ages laid,  
 Deep, massy, firm, diverging every way,  
 With tombs of heroes sacred, see her roads:  
 By various nations trod, and suppliant kings;  
 With legions flaming, or with triumph gay.  
 Full in the center of these wondrous works,  
 The pride of earth! Rome in her glory see!

Behold.

Behold her demigods, in senate met ;  
 All head to counsel, and all heart to act :  
 The commonweal inspiring every tongue  
 With fervent eloquence, unbrib'd, and bold ;  
 Ere tame Corruption taught the servile herd  
 To rank obedient to a master's voice.

Her Forum see, warm, popular, and loud,  
 In trembling wonder hush'd, when the two Sires,  
 As they the private father greatly quell'd,  
 Stood up the public fathers of the state.  
 See Justice judging there, in human shape.  
 Hark ! how with freedom's voice it thunders high,  
 Or in soft murmurs sinks to Tully's tongue.

Her Tribes, her Census, see ; her generous troops,  
 Whose pay was glory, and their best reward  
 Free for their country and for me \* to die ;  
 Ere mercenary murder grew a trade.

Mark, as the purple triumph waves along,  
 The highest pomp and lowest fall of life.

Her festive games, the school of heroes, see ;  
 Her Circus, ardent with contending youth ;  
 Her streets, her temples, palaces, and baths,  
 Full of fair forms, of Beauty's eldest born,  
 And of a people cast in Virtue's mould.  
 While sculpture lives around, and Asian hills  
 Lend their best stores to heave the pillar'd dome :  
 All that to Roman strength the softer touch  
 Of Grecian art can join. - But language fails  
 To paint this sun, this center of mankind ;  
 Where every virtue, glory, treasure, art,  
 Attracted strong, in heightened lustre met.

## A N C I E N T G R E E C E.

[THOMSON.]

O Greece ! thou sapient nurse of Finer Arts !  
 Which to bright science blooming fancy bore,  
 Be this thy praise, that Thou, and Thou alone,  
 In these hast led the way, in these excell'd,  
 Crown'd with the laurel of assenting Time.

In thy full language, speaking mighty things ;  
 Like a clear torrent close, or else diffus'd  
 A broad majestic stream, and rowling on

\* Liberty is speaking.

Thro' all the winding harmony of sound :  
 In it the power of Eloquence, at large,  
 Breath'd the persuasive or pathetic soul ;  
 Still'd by degrees the democratic storm,  
 Or bade it threat'ning rise, and tyrants shook,  
 Flush'd at the head of their victorious troops.  
 In it the Muse, her fury never quench'd  
 By mean unyielding phrase, or jarring sound,  
 Her unconfin'd divinity display'd ;  
 And, still harmonious, form'd it to her will :  
 Or soft depress'd it to the shepherd's moan,  
 Or rais'd it swelling to the tongue of Gods.

Heroic Song was thine ; the Fountain-Bard,  
 Whence each poetic stream derives its course.  
 Thine the dread Moral Scene, thy chief delight !  
 Where idle Fancy durst not mix her voice,  
 When Reason spoke august ; the fervent heart  
 Or plain'd, or storm'd ; and in th' impassion'd man,  
 Concealing art with art, the poet sunk.  
 This potent school of manners, but when left  
 To loose neglect, a land-corrupting plague,  
 Was not unworthy deem'd of public care,  
 And boundless cost, by thee ; whose every son,  
 Even last mechanic, the true taste possess'd  
 Of what had flavour to the nourish'd soul.

The sweet enforcer of the poet's strain,  
 Thine was the meaning music of the heart.  
 Not the vain trill, that, void of passion, runs  
 In giddy mazes, tickling idle ears ;  
 But that deep-searching voice, and artful hand,  
 To which respondent shakes the varied soul.

Thy fair ideas, thy delightful forms,  
 By Love imagin'd, by the Graces touch'd,  
 The boast of well-pleas'd Nature ! Sculpture seiz'd,  
 And bade them ever smile in Parian stone.  
 Selecting Beauty's choice, and that again  
 Exalting, blending in a perfect whole,  
 Thy workmen left even Nature's self behind.  
 From those far different, whose prolific hand  
 People's a nation ; they for years on years,  
 By the cool touches of judicious toil,  
 Their rapid genius curbing, pour'd it all  
 Thro' the live features of one breathing stone.  
 There, beaming full, it shone ; expressing Gods :

Jove's



Jove's awful brow, Apollo's air divine,  
 The fierce atrocious frown of sinewed Mars,  
 Or the sly graces of the Cyprian queen.  
 Minutely perfect all! Each dimple sunk,  
 And every muscle swell'd, as Nature taught.  
 In tresses, braided gay, the marble wav'd;  
 Flow'd in loose robes, or thin transparent veils;  
 Sprung into motion; softened into flesh;  
 Was fir'd to passion, or refin'd to Soul.

Nor less thy Pencil, with creative touch,  
 Shed mimic life, when all thy brightest dames  
 Assembled, Zeuxis in his Helen mix'd.  
 And when Apelles, who peculiar knew  
 To give a grace that more than mortal smil'd,  
 The Soul of Beauty! call'd the Queen of Love.  
 Fresh from the billows, blushing orient charms.  
 Even such enchantment then thy pencil pour'd,  
 That cruel-thoughted War th' impatient torch  
 Dash'd to the ground; and, rather than destroy  
 The patriot picture, let the city 'scape.

First elder Sculpture taught her Sister Art:  
 Correct design; where great ideas shone,  
 And in the secret trace expression spoke:  
 Taught her the graceful attitude; the turn,  
 And beauteous airs of head; the native act,  
 Or bold, or easy; and, cast free behind,  
 The swelling mantle's well-adjusted flow.  
 Then the bright Muse, their elder Sister, came;  
 And bade her follow where she led the way;  
 Bade earth, and sea, and air, in colours rise;  
 And copious action on the canvas glow:  
 Gave her gay Fable; spread Invention's store;  
 Enlarg'd her View; taught Composition high,  
 And just Arrangement, circling round one point,  
 That starts to fight, binds and commands the whole.  
 Caught from the heavenly Muse a nobler aim,  
 And scorning the soft trade of mere delight,  
 O'er all thy temples, porticos, and schools,  
 Heroic deeds she trac'd, and warm display'd.  
 Each moral beauty to the ravish'd eye.  
 There, as th' imagin'd presence of the God  
 Arous'd the mind, or vacant hours induc'd  
 Calm contemplation, or assembled youth  
 Burn'd in ambitious circle round the sage,

The living lesson stole into the heart,  
 With more prevailing force than dwells in words.  
 These rouse to glory ; while, to rural life,  
 The softer canvas oft repos'd the soul.  
 There gaily broke the sun-illumin'd cloud ;  
 The lets'ning prospect, and the mountain blue,  
 Vanish'd in air ; the precipice frown'd, dire ;  
 White, down the rock, the rushing torrent dash'd ;  
 The sun shone, trembling o'er the distant main ;  
 The tempest foam'd, immense ; the driving storm  
 Sadden'd the skies, and, from the doubling gloom,  
 On the scath'd oak the ragged light'ning fell ;  
 In closing shades, and where the current strays,  
 With Peace, and Love, and Innocence around,  
 Pip'd the lone shepherd to his feeding flock :  
 Round happy parents smil'd their younger selves ;  
 And friends convers'd, by death divided long.

To public Virtue thus the smiling Arts,  
 Unblemish'd handmaids, serv'd ; the Graces they  
 To dress this fairest Venus. Thus rever'd,  
 And plac'd beyond the reach of sordid care,  
 The high awarders of immortal fame,  
 Alone for glory thy great masters strove ;  
 Courted by kings, and by contending states  
 Assum'd the boasted honour of their birth.

In Architecture too thy rank supreme !  
 That art where most magnificent appears  
 The little builder man ; by thee refin'd,  
 And, smiling high, to full perfection brought.  
 Such thy sure rules, that Goths of every age,  
 Who scorn'd their aid, have only loaded earth  
 With labour'd heavy monuments of shame.  
 Not those gay domes that o'er thy splendid shore  
 Shot, all proportions, up. First unadorn'd,  
 And nobly plain, the manly Doric rose ;  
 Th' Ionic then, with decent matron grace,  
 Her airy pillar heav'd ; luxuriant last,  
 The rich Corinthian spread her wanton wreath.  
 The whole so measur'd true, so lessen'd off,  
 By fine proportion, that the marble pile,  
 Form'd to repel the still or stormy waste  
 Of rolling ages, light as fabrics look'd,  
 That from the magic wand aerial rise.

The

## The KING of a FREE PEOPLE.

[THOMSON.]

—**T**HREE happy ! did they know  
 Their happiness, Britannia's bounded Kings,  
 What tho' not theirs the boast, in dungeon glooms,  
 To plunge bold Freedom ; or, to cheerless wilds,  
 To drive him from the cordial face of friend ;  
 Or fierce to strike him at the midnight hour,  
 By mandate blind, not Justice, that delights  
 To dare the keenest eye of open day.  
 What tho' no glory to controul the laws,  
 And make injurious Will their only rule,  
 They deem it. What tho', tools of wanton power,  
 Pestiferous Armies swarm not at their call,  
 What tho' they give not a relentless crew  
 Of Civil Furies, proud Oppression's fangs !  
 To tear at pleasure the dejected land,  
 With starving labour pampering idle waste.  
 To clothe the naked, feed the hungry, wipe  
 The guiltless tear from lone affliction's eye ;  
 To raise hid Merit, set th' alluring light  
 Of Virtue high to view ; to nourish Arts,  
 Direct the thunder of an injur'd state,  
 Make a whole glorious people sing for joy,  
 Bless human kind, and thro' the downward depth  
 Of future times to spread that better Sun  
 Which lights up British Soul : for deeds like these,  
 The dazzling fair career unbounded lies ;  
 While (still superior bliss !) the dark abrupt  
 Is kindly barr'd, the precipice of ill.  
 Oh luxury divine ! O poor to this,  
 Ye giddy glories of Despotic thrones !  
 By this, by this indeed, is imag'd Heav'n,  
 By boundless Good without the power of Ill.

## INDEPENDENCE. [THOMSON.]

**H**AIL ! Independence, hail ! Heav'n's next best gift,  
 To that of life and an immortal soul !  
 The life of life ! that to the banquet high  
 And sober meal gives taste ; to the bow'd roof  
 Fair-dream'd repose, and to the cottage charms.



Of public Freedom, hail, thou secret Source !  
 Whose streams, from every quarter confluent, form  
 My better Nile, that nurses human life.  
 By rills from thee deduc'd, irriguous, fed,  
 The private field looks gay, with Nature's wealth  
 Abundant flows, and blooms with each delight  
 That nature craves. Its happy master there,  
 The only Free-man, walks his pleasing round :  
 Sweet-featur'd Peace attending ; fearless Truth ;  
 Firm Resolution ; Goodness, blessing all  
 That can rejoice ; Contentment, surest friend ;  
 And, still fresh stores from Nature's book deriv'd,  
 Philosophy, companion ever-new.  
 These cheer his rural, and sustain or fire,  
 When into action call'd, his busy hours.  
 Mean-time true-judging moderate desires,  
 Economy and Taste, combin'd, direct  
 His clear affairs, and from debauching fiends  
 Secure his little kingdom. Nor can those  
 Whom Fortune heaps, without these Virtues, reach  
 That truce with pain, that animated ease,  
 That self-enjoyment springing from within ;  
 That Independence, active, or retir'd,  
 Which make the soundest bliss of man below :  
 But, lost beneath the rubbish of their means,  
 And drain'd by wants to Nature all unknown,  
 A wandering, tasteless, gayly-wretched train,  
 Tho' rich are beggars, and tho' noble, slaves.  
 Britons ! be firm ! nor let Corruption fly  
 Twine round your heart indissoluble chains !  
 The steel of Brutus burst the grosser bonds  
 By Cæsar cast o'er Rome ; but still remain'd  
 The soft enchanting fetters of the mind,  
 And other Cæsars rose. Determin'd, hold  
 Your Independence ; for, that once destroy'd,  
 Unfounded, Freedom is a morning dream,  
 That flits aërial from the spreading eye.

## P R O L O G U E to C A T O.

[P O P E.]

**T**O wake the soul by tender strokes of art,  
 To raise the genius, and to mend the heart,  
 To make mankind in conscious virtue bold,  
 Live o'er each scene, and be what they behold ;

For

For this the tragic muse first trod the stage,  
 Commanding tears to stream thro' every age:  
 Tyrants no more their savage nature kept,  
 And foes to virtue wonder'd how they wept.  
 Our author shuns by vulgar springs to move  
 The hero's glory or the virgin's love;  
 In pitying love, we but our weakness show,  
 And wild ambition well deserves its woe.  
 Here tears shall flow from a more gen'rous cause,  
 Such tears as patriots shed for dying laws:  
 He bids your breast with ancient ardour rise,  
 And calls forth Roman drops from British eyes.  
 Virtue confess'd in human shape he draws,  
 What Plato thought, and God-like Cato was:  
 No common object to your sight displays,  
 But what with pleasure Heav'n itself surveys;  
 A brave man struggling in the storms of fate,  
 And greatly falling in a falling state!  
 While Cato gives his little senate laws,  
 What bosom beats not in his country's cause?  
 Who sees him act, but envies ev'ry deed?  
 Who hears him groan, and does not wish to bleed?  
 Ev'n when proud Cæsar, 'midst triumphal cars,  
 The spoils of nations, and the pomp of wars,  
 Ignobly vain, and impotently great,  
 Shew'd Rome her Cato's figure drawn in state;  
 As her dead father's rev'rend image past,  
 The pomp was darken'd, and the day o'ercast,  
 The triumph ceas'd—tears gush'd from ev'ry eye,  
 The world's great victor pass'd unheeded by;  
 Her last good man dejected Rome ador'd,  
 And honour'd Cæsar's, less than Cato's sword.  
 Britons attend: Be worth like this approv'd,  
 And shew you have the virtue to be mov'd.

T O - M O R R O W. [Dr. COTTON.]

*Pereunt et imputantur.*

**T**O-morrow, didst thou say!  
 Methought I heard Horatio say, to-morrow.  
 Go to—I will not hear of it—to-morrow!  
 'Tis a sharper, who stakes his penury  
 Against thy plenty—who takes thy ready cash,  
 And pays thee nought but wishes, hopes, and promises,

The

The currency of idiots.—Injurious bankrupt,  
That gulls the easy creditor:—to-morrow!  
It is a Period no where to be found  
In all the hoary registers of time,  
Unless perchance in the fool's calendar.  
Wisdom disclaims the Word, not holds society  
With those who own it. No, my Horatio,  
'Tis fancy's child, and Folly is its Father;  
Wrought of such stuff as dreams are; and baseless  
As the fantastic visions of the evening.

But soft, my friend—arrest the present moments;  
For be assur'd they all are arrant tell-tales;  
And though their flight be silent, and their path  
Trackless, as the wing'd couriers of the air,  
They post to heav'n, and there record thy folly;  
Because, though stationed on th' important watch,  
Thou, like a sleeping faithless sentinel,  
Didst let them pass unnotic'd, unimprov'd.  
And know, for that thou slumber'dst on the guard,  
Thou shalt be made to answer at the bar  
For every fugitive: and when thou thus  
Shalt stand impleaded at the high tribunal  
Of hood-wink'd justice, who shall tell thy audit!

Then stay the present instant, dear Horatio;  
Imprint the marks of wisdom on its wings.  
'Tis of more worth than kingdoms! far more precious  
Than all the crimson treasures of life's fountain.  
O! let it not elude thy grasp, but like  
The good old patriarch upon record,  
Hold the fleet angel fast, until he bless thee:

## E P I T A P H. [BEN. JOHNSON.]

**U**NDERNEATH this stone doth lie  
As much virtue as cou'd die;  
Which when alive did vigour give  
To as much beauty as cou'd live.

On the Countess Dowager of PEMBROKE.

**U**NDERNEATH this marble hearse  
Lies the subject of all verse,  
Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother:  
Death, ere thou hast kill'd another,  
Fair and learn'd, and good as she,  
Time shall throw a dart at thee.



## The POETICAL

## EPI T A P H. [PRIOR.]

**N**OBLES and Heralds, by your leave,  
Here lies\*, what once was Matthew Prior;  
The son of Adam and of Eve,  
Can Stuart or Nassau claim higher?

Under MILTON'S PICTURE, before his PARADISE LOST,

[DRYDEN.]

**T**HREE Poets, in three distant ages born,  
Greece, Italy, and England did adorn.  
The first in loftiness of thought surpass'd;  
The next, in majesty; in both the last.  
The force of nature cou'd no further go;  
To make a third, she join'd the former two,

## EPI T A P H. [DRYDEN.]

**B**ELOW this marble monument is laid,  
All that Heav'n wants of this celestial maid.  
Preserve, O sacred Tomb! thy trust consign'd;  
The mold was made on purpose for the mind;  
And she would lose, if at the latter day  
One Atom could be mix'd, of other clay.  
Such were the features of her heav'nly face,  
Her limbs were form'd with such harmonious grace,  
So faultless was the frame, as if the whole  
Had been an emanation of the Soul,  
Which her own inward symmetry reveal'd,  
And like a picture shone, in glass anneal'd;  
Or like the Sun eclips'd, with shaded light,  
Too piercing, else, to be sustain'd by sight.  
Each thought was visible, that roll'd within;  
As, through a crystal glass, the figur'd hours are seen,  
And Heav'n did this transparent veil provide,  
Because she had no guilty thought to hide.  
All white, a virgin-Saint, she sought the skies;  
For marriage, though it sullies not, it dies.  
High though her wit, yet humble was her mind,  
As if she could not, or she would not find  
How much her worth transcended all her kind.  
Yet she had learn'd so much of Heav'n below,  
That, when arriv'd, she scarce had more to know;

But

\* Alluding to Westminster Abbey.

But only to refresh the former hint,  
 And read her Maker in a fairer print.  
 So pious, as she had no time to spare  
 For human thoughts, but was confin'd to pray'r;  
 Yet in such charities she pass'd the day,  
 'Twas wondrous how she found an hour to pray.  
 A soul so calm, it knew not ebbs or flows,  
 Which passion could but curl, not discompose.  
 A female softness, with a manly mind;  
 A daughter duteous, and a sister kind;  
 In sickness patient, and in death resign'd.

## E P I T A P H. [Lord LYTTLETON.]

*on Lady Lyttleton*  
**M**ADE to engage all hearts, and charm all eyes;  
 Tho' meek, magnanimous; tho' witty, wise;  
 Polite, as all her life in Courts had been;  
 Yet good, as she the world had never seen;  
 The noble fire of an exalted mind;  
 With gentle female tenderness combin'd.  
 Her Speech was the melodious voice of Love,  
 Her Song the warbling of the vernal Grove;  
 Her Eloquence was sweeter than her song,  
 Soft as her heart, and as her Reason strong;  
 Her form each beauty of her mind express'd,  
 Her mind was virtue by the Graces dress'd.

## The TWO BEAVERS: A FABLE.

[Duck.]

'**T**WERE well, my friend, for human kind,  
 Would every man his bus'ness mind;  
 In his own orbit always move,  
 Nor blame, nor envy those above.  
 A Beaver, well advanc'd in age,  
 By long experience render'd sage,  
 Was skill'd in all the useful arts,  
 And justly deem'd a beast of parts;  
 Which he apply'd (as patriots shou'd)  
 In cultivating Public Good.

This Beaver, on a certain day,  
 A friendly visit went to pay  
 To a young Cousin, pert and vain,  
 Who often rov'd about the plain;

With

With every idle beast conferr'd,  
 Hearing, and telling what he heard.  
 The vagrant youth was gone from home,  
 When th' ancient Sage approach'd the dome;  
 Who each apartment view'd with care,  
 But found each wanted much repair;  
 The walls were crack'd, decay'd the doors,  
 The corn lay mouldy on the floors;  
 Thro' gaping crannies rush'd amain  
 The blust'ring winds with snow and rain;  
 The timber all was rotten grown—  
 In short the house was tumbling down.  
 The gen'rous beast, by pity sway'd,  
 Griev'd to behold it thus decay'd;  
 And while he mourn'd the tatter'd scene,  
 The master of the lodge came in.

The first congratulations o'er,  
 They rest recumbent on the floor;  
 When thus the young conceited beast  
 His thoughts impertinent express'd.

I long have been surpriz'd to find  
 The Lion grown so wondrous kind  
 To one peculiar sort of beasts,  
 While he another sort detests;  
 His royal favour chiefly falls  
 Upon the Species of Jackals;  
 They share the profits of his throne,  
 He smiles on them, and them alone.  
 Mean while the Ferret's useful race  
 He scarce admits to see his face;  
 Traduc'd by lies and ill report,  
 They're banish'd from his regal Court,  
 And counted, over all the plain,  
 Opposers of the Lion's reign.

Now I conceiv'd a scheme last night,  
 Would doubtless set this matter right:  
 These parties should unite together;  
 The Lion partial be to neither,  
 But let them both his favours share,  
 And both consult in peace and war.  
 This method (were this method try'd)  
 Would spread politic basis wide,  
 And, on a bottom broad and strong,  
 Support the social union long—



But uncle, uncle, much I fear,  
Some have abus'd the Lion's ear;  
He listens to the Leopard's tongue;  
That curst Leopard leads him wrong:  
Were he but banish'd far away—  
You don't attend to what I say!

Why really, Couz, the Sage rejoin'd,  
The rain and snow, and driving wind,  
Beat through with such prodigious force,  
It made me deaf to your discourse.

Now, Couz, were my advice pursu'd,  
(And sure I mean it for your good)

Methinks you should this house repair;  
Be this your first and chiefest care.

Your skill the voice of prudence calls

To stop these crannies in the walls,

And prop the roof before it falls.

If you this needful task perform,

You'll make your mansion dry and warm;

And we may then converse together,

Secure from this tempestuous weather.

## NORTHUMBERLAND AND MORTON.

[SHAKESPEARE.]

NORTH. **Y**EA, this man's brow, like to a title-leaf,  
Foretels the nature of a tragic volume:

So looks the strond, whereon th' imperious flood  
Hath left a witness'd usurpation.

Say, Morton, didst thou come from Shrewsbury?

MORT. I ran from Shrewsbury, my noble lord,  
Where hateful Death put on his ugliest mask  
To fright our party.

NORTH. How doth my son and brother?—

Thou tremblest; and the whiteness in thy cheek  
Is apter than thy tongue to tell thy errand.

Even such a man, so faint, so spiritless,

So dull, so dead in look, so woe-be-gone,

Drew Priam's curtain in the dead of night,

And would have told him, half his Troy was burn'd:

But Priam found the fire, ere he his tongue;

And I my Percy's death, ere thou report'st it.

This thou would'st say: Your son did thus and thus:

R

Your

Your brother thus: so fought the noble Douglas:

Stopping my greedy ear with their bold deeds.

But in the end, to stop mine ear indeed,

Thou hast a sigh to blow away this praise,

Ending with, Brother, son, and all are dead!

MORT. Douglas is living, and your brother, yet;

But for my lord, your son——

NORTH. Why, he is dead.

See what a ready tongue suspicion hath!

He that but fears the thing he would not know,

Hath, by instinct, knowledge from others' eyes,

That what he fear'd is chanc'd. Yet, Morton, speak;

Tell thou thy earl, his divination lies;

And I will take it as a sweet disgrace,

And make thee rich for doing me such wrong.

MORT. You are too great to be by me gainsaid:

Your spirit is too true, your fears too certain.

NORTH. Yet, for all this, say not that Percy's dead.

I see a strange confession in thine eye:

Thou shak'st thy head, and hold'st it fear, or sin,

To speak a truth. If he be slain, say so:

The tongue offends not that reports his death:

And he doth sin, that doth belie the dead,

Not he which says the dead is not alive.

Yet the first bringer of unwelcome news

Hath but a losing office; and his tongue

Sounds ever after as a sullen bell,

Remember'd, tolling a departed friend.

BARDOLPH. I cannot think, my lord, your son is dead.

MORT. I'm sorry I should force you to believe

That which I would to Heav'n I had not seen.

But these mine eyes saw him in bloody state,

Rend'ring faint quittance, wearied and out-breath'd,

To Henry Monmouth; whose swift wrath beat down

The never-daunted Percy to the earth,

From whence, with life, he never more sprung up.

In few; his death (whose spirit lent a fire

Even to the dullest peasant in his camp)

Being bruited once, took fire and heat away

From the best-temper'd courage in his troops.

For from his metal was his party steel'd;

Which once in him rebated, all the rest

Turn'd on themselves, like dull and heavy lead.

And as the thing that's heavy in itself,

Upon

Upon enforcement, flies with greatest speed;  
 So did our men, heavy in Hotspur's loss,  
 Lend to this weight such lightness with their fear,  
 That arrows fled not swifter toward their aim,  
 Than did our soldiers, aiming at their safety,  
 Fly from the field. Then was that noble Wor'ster  
 Too soon ta'en prisoner: and that furious Scot,  
 The bloody Douglas, whose well-labouring sword  
 Had three times slain th' appearance of the king,  
 'Gan vail his stomach, and did grace the shame  
 Of those that turn'd their backs; and in his flight,  
 Stumbling in fear, was took. The sum of all  
 Is, that the king hath won: and hath sent out  
 A speedy pow'r to encounter you, my lord,  
 Under the conduct of young Lancaster  
 And Westmorland. This is the news at full.

NORTH. For this I shall have time enough to mourn.  
 In poison there is physic: and this news,  
 That would, had I been well, have made me sick,  
 Being sick, hath, in some measure, made me well.  
 And as the wretch, whose fever-weakened joints,  
 Like strengthless hinges, huckle under life,  
 Impatient of his fit, breaks like a fire  
 Out of his keeper's arms; ev'n so my limbs,  
 Weaken'd with grief, being now enrag'd with grief,  
 Are thrice themselves. Hence therefore, thou nice crutch;  
 A scaly gauntlet now with joints of steel  
 Must glove this hand. And hence, thou sickly quoif,  
 Thou art a guard too wanton for the head,  
 Which princes, flush'd with conquest, aim to hit.  
 Now bind my brows with iron, and approach  
 The rugged'st hour that time and spight dare bring  
 To frown upon th' enrag'd Northumberland!  
 Let heav'n kiss earth! Now let not Nature's hand  
 Keep the wild flood confin'd; let order die,  
 And let this world no longer be a stage  
 To feed contention in a ling'ring act:  
 But let one spirit of the first-born Cain  
 Reign in all bosoms, that each heart being set  
 On bloody courses, the rude scene may end,  
 And darkness be the burier of the dead!



## The POETICAL

## HYMN to CYNTHIA.

[B. JONSON.]

QUEEN, and huntress, chaste and fair,  
 Now the Sun is laid to sleep;  
 Seated in thy silver chair,  
 State in wonted manner keep:  
 Hesperus intreats thy light,  
 Goddess, excellently bright.

Earth, let not thy envious shade  
 Dare itself to interpose;  
 Cynthia's shining orb was made  
 Heaven to cheer, when day did close;  
 Bless us then with wished light,  
 Goddess, excellently bright.

Lay thy bow of pearl apart,  
 And thy crystal-shining quiver;  
 Give unto the flying hart  
 Space to breathe, how short soever:  
 Thou that mak'st a day of night,  
 Goddess, excellently bright.

## A HYMN. [THOMSON.]

THESE, as they change, ALMIGHTY FATHER, these,  
 Are but the *varied* God. The rolling year  
 Is full of thee. Forth in the pleasing Spring  
 Thy beauty walks, thy tenderness and love.  
 Wide flush the fields; the softening air is balm;  
 Echo the mountains round; the forest smiles;  
 And every sense, and every heart is joy.  
 Then comes thy Glory in the Summer-months,  
 With light and heat refulgent. Then thy sun  
 Shoots full perfection thro' the swelling year:  
 And oft thy voice in dreadful thunder speaks;  
 And oft at dawn, deep noon, or falling eve,  
 By brooks and groves, in hollow-whispering gales.  
 Thy bounty shines in Autumn unconfin'd,  
 And spreads a common feast for all that lives.  
 In Winter awful Thou! with clouds and storms  
 Around thee thrown, tempest o'er tempest roll'd,  
 Majestic darkness! on the whirlwind's wing,  
 Riding sublime, thou bid'st the world adore,  
 And humblest Nature with thy northern blast.

Mysterious

Mysterious round ! what skill, what force divine,  
 Deep-felt, in these appear ! a simple train,  
 Yet so delightful mix'd, with such kind art,  
 Such beauty and beneficence combin'd ;  
 Shade, unperceiv'd, so softening into shade ;  
 And all so forming an harmonious whole ;  
 That, as they still succeed, they ravish still.  
 But wandering oft, with brute unconscious gaze,  
 Man marks not thee, marks not the mighty hand,  
 That, ever busy, wheels the silent spheres ;  
 Works in the secret deep ; shoots, steaming, thence  
 The fair profusion that o'erspreads the Spring :  
 Flings from the sun direct the flaming day ;  
 Feeds ev'ry creature ; hurls the tempest forth,  
 And, as on Earth this grateful change revolves,  
 With transport touches all the springs of life.

Nature, attend ! join every living soul,  
 Beneath the spacious temple of the sky,  
 In adoration join ; and, ardent, raise  
 One general song ! To him, ye vocal gales,  
 Breathe soft, whose Spirit in your freshness breathes :  
 Oh talk of him in solitary glooms !  
 Where, o'er the rock, the scarcely waving pine  
 Fills the brown shade with a religious awe.  
 And ye, whose bolder note is heard afar,  
 Who shake th' astonish'd world, lift high to heaven  
 Th' impetuous song, and say from whom you rage.  
 His praise, ye brooks, attune, ye trembling rills ;  
 And let me catch it as I muse along.  
 Ye headlong torrents, rapid and profound ;  
 Ye softer floods, that lead the humid maze  
 Along the vale ; and thou, majestic main,  
 A secret world of wonders in thyself,  
 Sound his stupendous praise ; whose greater voice  
 Or bids you roar, or bids your roarings fall.  
 Soft roll your incense, herbs, and fruits, and flowers,  
 In mingled clouds to him, whose sun-exalts,  
 Whose breath perfumes you, and whose pencil paints.  
 Ye forests bend, ye harvests wave, to him ;  
 Breathe your still song into the reaper's heart,  
 As home he goes beneath the joyous moon.  
 Ye that keep watch in heaven, as earth asleep  
 Unconscious lies, effuse your mildest beams,  
 Ye constellations, while your angels strike,

Amid the spangled sky, the silver lyre.  
 Great source of day ! best image here below  
 Of thy Creator, ever pouring wide,  
 From world to world, the vital ocean round,  
 On Nature write with every beam his praise.  
 The thunder rolls : be hush'd the prostrate world ;  
 While cloud to cloud returns the solemn hymn.  
 Bleat out afresh, ye hills : ye mossy rocks,  
 Retain the sound : the broad responsive lowe,  
 Ye valleys, raise ; for the Great Shepherd reigns ;  
 And his *unsuffering* kingdom yet will come.  
 Ye woodlands all, awake : a boundless song  
 Burst from the groves ! and when the restless day,  
 Expiring, lays the warbling world asleep,  
 Sweetest of birds ! sweet Philomela, charm  
 The listening shades, and teach the night his praise.  
 Ye chief, for whom the whole creation smiles ;  
 At once the head, the heart, and tongue of all,  
 Crown the great hymn ! in swarming cities vast,  
 Assembled men, to the deep organ join  
 The long-resounding voice, oft breaking clear,  
 At solemn pauses, thro' the swelling bale ;  
 And, as each mingling flame increases each,  
 In one united ardor rise to heaven.  
 Or if you rather chuse the rural shade,  
 And find a fane in every sacred grove ;  
 There let the shepherd's flute, the virgin's lay,  
 The prompting seraph, and the poet's lyre,  
 Still sing the God of Seasons as they roll.  
 For me, when I forget the darling theme,  
 Whether the blossom blows, the summer ray  
 Ruffles the plain, *inspiring* Autumn gleams ;  
 Or Winter rises in the blackening east ;  
 Be my tongue mute, my fancy paint no more,  
 And, dead to joy, forget my heart to beat !

Should fate command me to the farthest verge  
 Of the green earth, to distant barbarous climes,  
 Rivers unknown to song ; where first the sun  
 Gilds *Indian* mountains, or his setting beam  
 Flames on th' *Atlantic* isles ; 'tis nought to me :  
 Since GOD is ever present, ever felt,  
 In the void waste as in the city full ;  
 And where HE vital spreads there must be joy.  
 When even at last the solemn hour shall come,



And wing my mystic flight to future worlds;  
 I chearful will obey; there, with new powers,  
 Will rising wonders sing: I cannot go,  
 Where UNIVERSAL LOVE not smiles around;  
 Sustaining all yon orbs; and all their suns:  
 From *seeming Evil* still educing *Good*,  
 And *Better* thence again; and *Better* still,  
 In infinite progression.—But I lose  
 Myself in HIM; in LIGHT INEFFABLE!  
 Come then; expressive silence, muse HIS praise.

## The UNIVERSAL PRAYER:

[P O P E.]

*Deo opt. Max:*

FATHER of All! in ev'ry age;  
 In ev'ry clime ador'd,  
 By Saint; by Savage; and by Sage,  
 Jehovah, Jove, or Lord!

Thou Great First Cause, least understood;  
 Who all my sense confin'd,  
 To know but this, that Thou art good,  
 And that myself am blind;

Yet gave me in this dark estate,  
 To see the good from ill;  
 And binding nature fast in fate,  
 Left free the human will.

What conscience dictates to be done,  
 Or warns me not to do;

This, teach me more than hell to shun;  
That, more than heav'n, pursue.

What blessings thy free bounty gives;  
 Let me not cast away;  
 For God is paid, when man receives,  
 T' enjoy is to obey.

Yet not to Earth's contracted span  
 Thy goodness let me bound,  
 Or think Thee Lord alone of man,  
 When thousand worlds are round:

Let

## THE POETICAL

Let not this weak, unknowing hand  
Presume thy bolts to throw,  
And deal damnation round the land;  
On each I judge thy foe.

If I am right, thy grace impart  
Still in the right to stay;  
If I am wrong, oh teach my heart  
To find that better way.

Save me alike from foolish pride,  
Or implous discontent,  
At aught thy wisdom has deny'd,  
Or aught thy goodness lent.

Teach me to feel another's woe;  
To hide the fault I see;  
That mercy I to others show,  
That mercy show to me.

Mean tho' I am, not wholly so,  
Since quicken'd by thy breath;  
O lead me wheresoe'er I go,  
Thro' this day's life or death.

This day, be bread and peace my lot:  
All else beneath the sun,  
Thou know'st if best bestow'd or not;  
And let thy will be done.

To Thee, whose temple is all space,  
Whose altar, earth, sea, skies!  
One chorus let all Being raise!  
All nature's incense rise!

MENTAL BEAUTY preferable to PERSONAL.

[VILLAGE CURATE.]

**B**UT leave we not the gentle Isabel  
Unsung, tho' nature on her cheek no rose  
Has planted, and the lilly blossom there  
Without a rival—Look within, and learn  
That nature often on the mind bestows  
What she denies the face.—O, she is kind,  
And gives to ev'ry man his proper gift,  
To make him needful in the land he lives.  
There is not inequality so strange  
Twixt man and man, as haughty wits suppose.

The

The beggar treads upon the monarch's heel  
 For excellence, and often wears a heart  
 Of noble temper, under filth and rags :  
 While he that reigns, in spite of outward pomp,  
 Is mean and beggarly within, and far outweigh'd  
 By the offensive lazar at his gate.  
 Th' unletter'd fool that daily steers the plough,  
 With vacant head, and heart as unimprov'd  
 As the dull brute he drives, gives to the world  
 A necessary good, which all thy pains,  
 Ingenious Critic, or thy deep research,  
 Profound Philosopher, thy preaching, Clerk,  
 Thy prattle, Lawyer, or thy grave demurs,  
 Costly Physician, hardly shall exceed.  
 The kingly tulip captivates the eye,  
 But smelt we loath, while the sweet violet,  
 That little beauty boasts, hid from the sight,  
 With such a fragrant perfume hits the sense  
 As makes us love ere we behold. And so  
 The gaudy peacock of the feather'd race  
 The noblest seems, till the sweet note be heard  
 That nightly cheers the musing poet's ear  
 Under the thorny brake ; and then we grant,  
 That little Philomel, so unadorn'd,  
 Needs not the aid of plumes. So, Isabel,  
 Internal worth upon thy cheek bestows  
 A rose's beauty, tho' no rose be there.  
 A heart that almost breaks to be rebuk'd,  
 A mind inform'd, yet fearful to be seen,  
 Kept by a tongue that never but at home,  
 And cautious then, its golden trust betrays—  
 These are thy charms, and they are charms for me,  
 And in my eye as sweet a grace bestow,  
 As matchless beauty, trick'd in airy smiles  
 And suit of fantasy, what time she trips  
 With foot inaudible the sprightly round  
 Of fairy dance, outshining ev'ry star  
 And planet of the night. And these shall last,  
 As morning fair and fresh as amaranth,  
 When all thy triumphs, Beauty, are no more.

DESCRIP-



## DESCRIPTION of a COUNTRY FAIR.

**T**HE happy morning comes, expected long  
 By lads and lasses. Soon as light appears,  
 The swain is ready in his Sunday frock,  
 And calls on Nell to trip it to the fair.  
 The village bells are up, and jangling loud  
 Proclaim the holiday. The clam'rous drum  
 Calls to the puppet-shew. The groaning horn  
 And twanging trumpet speak the sale begun,  
 Of articles most rare and cheap. Dogs bark  
 Astounded at the noise. Old women laugh,  
 Boys shout, and the grave Doctor mounts with glee  
 His crowded scaffold, struts, and makes a speech,  
 Maintains the virtue of his salve for corns,  
 His worm-cake and his pills, puffs his known skill,  
 And shews his kettle, silver knives and forks,  
 Ladle and cream-pot, and to crown the whole,  
 The splendid tankard. Andrew grins, and courts  
 The gaping multitude, till Tom and Sue  
 And Abigail and Ned their shoulders shrug,  
 And laugh and whisper, and resolve to sport  
 The solitary shilling. See produc'd  
 Their unwash'd handkerchiefs. Ah! simple swains,  
 Ah! silly maids, you laugh, but Andrew wins.  
 And what for you but sorrow and remorse,  
 Or box of salve to plaister disappointment?  
 Unless the smart of folly may be sooth'd  
 By Andrew's merry pranks, the dancing girl,  
 And frolic tumbler. Now the street is fill'd  
 With stalls and booths for gingerbread and beer,  
 Rear'd by enchantment, finish'd in a trice.  
 Amusements here for children of all sorts;  
 For little master's pence, a coach, a drum,  
 A horse, a wife, a trumpet; dolls for miss,  
 Fans, cups and saucers, kettles, maids and churns.  
 For idle school-boys Punchinello rants,  
 The juggler shuffles, and the artful dame  
 Extends her lucky bag. For infants tall,  
 Of twenty years and upwards, rueful games,  
 To whirl the horse-shoe, bowl at the nine-pins,  
 Game at the dial-plate, drink beer and gin,  
 Rant, rave, and swear, cudgel, get drunk and fight.

Then

Then comes the ass-race. Let not wisdom frown  
 If the grave clerk look on, and now and then  
 Bestow a smile; for we may see, Alcanor,  
 In this untoward race the ways of life.  
 Are we not asses all? we start and run,  
 And eagerly we press to pass the goal,  
 And all to win a bauble, a lac'd hat.  
 Was not great Wolsey such? He ran the race  
 And won the hat. What ranting politician,  
 What prating lawyer, what ambitious clerk,  
 But is an ass that gallops for a hat?  
 For what do Princes strive, but gilded hats?  
 For diadems, whose bare and scanty brims  
 Will hardly keep the sun-beam from their eyes.  
 For what do Poets strive? a leafy hat,  
 Without or crown or brim, which hardly screens  
 The empty noddle from the fist of scorn,  
 Much less repels the critic's thund'ring arm.  
 And here and there intoxication too  
 Concludes the race. Who wins the hat, gets drunk.  
 Who wins a laurel, mitre, cap, or crown,  
 Is drunk as he. So Alexander fell,  
 So Haman, Cæsar, Spenser, Wolsey, James.

LIBERTY the chief Recommendation of ENGLAND.

[COWPER.]

'TIS liberty alone that gives the flow'r  
 Of fleeting life its lustre and perfume,  
 And we are weeds without it. All constraint,  
 Except what wisdom lays on evil men,  
 Is evil; hurts the faculties, impedes  
 Their progress in the road of science; blinds  
 The eyesight of discov'ry, and begets,  
 In those that suffer it, a sordid mind  
 Bestial, a meagre intellect, unfit  
 To be the tenant of man's noble form.  
 Thee therefore still, blame-worthy as thou art,  
 With all thy loss of empire, and though squeez'd  
 By public exigence till annual food  
 Fails for the craving hunger of the state,  
 Thee I account still happy, and the chief  
 Among the nations, seeing thou art free!  
 My native nook of earth! thy clime is rude,

Replete

Replete with vapours, and disposes much  
 All hearts to sadness, and none more than mine;  
 Thine unadulterate manners are less soft  
 And plausible than social life requires,  
 And thou hast need of discipline and art  
 To give thee what politer France receives  
 From Nature's bounty—that humane address  
 And sweetness, without which no pleasure is  
 In converse, either starv'd by cold reserve,  
 Or flush'd with fierce dispute, a senseless brawl;  
 Yet being free, I love thee: for the sake  
 Of that one feature can be well content,  
 Disgrac'd as thou hast been, poor as thou art,  
 To seek no sublunary rest beside.  
 But once enslav'd, farewell! I could endure  
 Chains no where patiently; and chains at home,  
 Where I am free by birthright, not at all.  
 Then what were left of roughness in the grain  
 Of British natures, wanting its excuse  
 That it belongs to freemen, would disgust  
 And shock me. I should then, with double pain,  
 Feel all the rigor of thy fickle clime;  
 And if I must bewail the blessing lost,  
 For which our Hampdens and our Sidneys bled,  
 I would at least bewail it under skies  
 Milder, among a people less austere,  
 In scenes which, having never known me free,  
 Would not reproach me with the loss I felt.  
 Do I forebode impossible events,  
 And tremble at vain dreams? Heav'n grant I may!  
 But th' age of virtuous politics is past,  
 And we are deep in that of cold pretence.  
 Patriots are grown too shrewd to be sincere,  
 And we too wise to trust them. He that takes  
 Deep in his soft credulity the stamp  
 Design'd by loud declaimers on the part  
 Of liberty, themselves the slaves of lust,  
 Incurs derision for his easy faith  
 And lack of knowledge, and with cause enough:  
 For when was public virtue to be found  
 Where private was not? Can he love the whole  
 Who loves no part? He be a nation's friend,  
 Who is, in truth, the friend of no man there?  
 Can he be strenuous in his country's cause,

Who



Who flights the charities, for whose dear sake  
 That country, if at all, must be belov'd?  
 'Tis therefore sober and good men are sad  
 For England's glory, seeing it wax pale  
 And sickly, while her champions wear their hearts  
 So loose to private duty, that no brain,  
 Healthful and undisturb'd by factious fumes,  
 Can dream them trusty to the gen'ral weal.  
 Such were not they of old, whose temper'd blades  
 Dispers'd the shackles of usurp'd controul,  
 And hew'd them link from link: then Albion's sons  
 Were sons indeed; they felt a filial heart  
 Beat high within them at a mother's wrongs,  
 And, shining each in his domestic sphere,  
 Shone brighter still, once call'd to public view.  
 'Tis therefore many, whose sequester'd lot  
 Forbids their interference, looking on,  
 Anticipate perforce some dire event;  
 And seeing the old castle of the state,  
 That promis'd once more firmness, so assail'd,  
 That all its tempest-beaten turrets shake,  
 Stand motionless, expectants of its fall.  
 All has its date below; the fatal hour  
 Was register'd in heav'n ere time began.  
 We turn to dust, and all our mightiest works  
 Die too: the deep foundations that we lay,  
 Time ploughs them up, and not a trace remains.  
 We build with what we deem eternal rock;  
 A distant age asks where the fabric stood,  
 And in the dust, sifted and search'd in vain,  
 The undiscoverable secret sleeps.

The diverting HISTORY of JOHN GILPIN;  
 shewing, how he went farther than he intended, and  
 came safe Home again.

[COWPER.]

JOHN GILPIN was a citizen  
 Of credit and renown,  
 A train-band captain eke was he  
 Of famous London town.

John

## The P O E T I C A L

John Gilpin's spouse said to her dear,  
 Though wedded we have been  
 These twice ten tedious years, yet we  
 No holiday have seen.

To-morrow is our wedding-day,  
 And we will then repair  
 Unto the Bell at Edmonton,  
 All in a chaise and pair.

My sister and my sister's child,  
 Myself and children three,  
 Will fill the chaise, so you must ride  
 On horseback after we.

He soon replied, I do admire  
 Of womankind but one,  
 And you are she, my dearest dear,  
 Therefore it shall be done.

I am a linen-draper bold,  
 As all the world doth know,  
 And my good friend the Callender  
 Will lend his horse to go.

Quoth Mrs. Gilpin, That's well said;  
 And for that wine is dear,  
 We will be furnish'd with our own,  
 Which is both bright and clear.

John Gilpin kiss'd his loving wife;  
 O'erjoy'd was he to find  
 That, though on pleasure she was bent,  
 She had a frugal mind.

The morning came, the chaise was brought,  
 But yet was not allow'd  
 To drive up to the door, lest all  
 Should say that she was proud.

So three doors off the chaise was stay'd,  
 Where they did all get in,  
 Six precious souls, and all agog  
 To dash through thick and thin.

Smack went the whip, round went the wheels,  
 Were never folk so glad,  
 The stones did rattle underneath  
 As if Cheapside were mad.

John Gilpin at his horse's side  
Seiz'd fast the flowing mane,  
And up he got in haste to ride,  
But soon came down again ;  
For saddle-tree scarce reach'd had he,  
His journey to begin,  
When, turning round his head, he saw  
Three customers come in.

So down he came ; for loss of time,  
Although it griev'd him sore,  
Yet loss of pence, full well he knew,  
Would trouble him much more.

'Twas long before the customers  
Were suited to their mind,  
When Betty screaming came down stairs,  
" The wine is left behind."

Good lack ! quoth he—yet bring it me,  
My leathern belt likewise,  
In which I bear my trusty sword  
When I do exercise.

Now Mistress Gilpin, careful soul !  
Had two stone bottles found,  
To hold the liquor that she lov'd,  
And keep it safe and sound.

Each bottle had a curling ear,  
Through which the belt he drew,  
And hung a bottle on each side,  
To make his balance true.

Then over all, that he might be  
Equipp'd from top to toe,  
His long red cloak, well brush'd and neat,  
He manfully did throw.

Now see him mounted once again  
Upon his nimble steed,  
Full slowly pacing o'er the stones  
With caution and good heed.

But finding soon a smother road  
Beneath his well-shod feet,  
The snorting beast began to trot,  
Which gall'd him in his seat.



## The POETICAL

So, Fair and softly, John he cried,  
 But John he cried in vain,  
 That trot became a gallop soon,  
 In spite of curb and rein.  
 So stooping down, as needs he must  
 Who cannot sit upright,  
 He grasp'd the mane with both his hands,  
 And eke with all his might.  
 His horse, who never in that sort  
 Had handled been before,  
 What thing upon his back had got  
 Did wonder more and more.  
 Away went Gilpin neck or nought,  
 Away went hat and wig;  
 He little dreamt, when he set out,  
 Of running such a rig.  
 The wind did blow, the cloak did fly,  
 Like streamer long and gay,  
 'Till loop and button failing both,  
 At last it flew away.  
 Then might all people well discern  
 The bottles he had flung;  
 A bottle swinging at each side,  
 As hath been said or sung.  
 The dogs did bark, the children scream'd,  
 Up flew the windows all;  
 And ev'ry soul cried out, Well done!  
 As loud as he could bawl.  
 Away went Gilpin—who but he;  
 His fame soon spread around—  
 He carries weight! he rides a race!  
 'Tis for a thousand pound  
 And still as fast as he drew near,  
 'Twas wonderful to view  
 How in a trice the turnpike-men  
 Their gates wide open threw,  
 And now as he went bowing down  
 His reeking head full low,  
 The bottles twain behind his back  
 Were shatter'd at a blow.

Down

Down ran the wine into the road,  
Most piteous to be seen,  
Which made his horse's flanks to smoke  
As they had basted been.

But still he seem'd to carry weight,  
With leathern girdle brac'd ;  
For all might see the bottle-necks  
Still dangling at his waist.

Thus all through merry Islington  
These gambols he did play,  
And till he came unto the Wash  
Of Edmonton so gay.

And there he threw the wash about  
On both sides of the way,  
Just like unto a trundling mop,  
Or a wild goose at play.

At Edmonton his loving wife  
From the balcony spied  
Her tender husband, wond'ring much  
To see how he did ride.

Stop, stop, John Gilpin !—Here's the house—  
They all at once did cry ;  
The dinner waits, and we are tir'd :  
Said Gilpin—So am I.

But yet his horse was not a whit  
Inclin'd to tarry there ;  
For why ? his owner had a house  
Full ten miles off, at Ware.

So like an arrow swift he flew,  
Shot by an archer strong ;  
So did he fly—which brings me to  
The middle of my song.

Away went Gilpin, out of breath,  
And sore against his will,  
Till at his friend the Callender's  
His horse at last stood still.

The Callender, amaz'd to see  
His neighbour in such trim,  
Laid down his pipe, flew to the gate,  
And thus accosted him :

What

## The POETICAL

What news ! what news ! your tidings tell,  
 Tell me you must and shall—  
 Say why bare-headed you are come,  
 Or why you come at all ?

Now Gilpin had a pleasant wit,  
 And lov'd a timely joke ;  
 And thus unto the Callender  
 In merry guise he spoke :

I came because your horse would come ;  
 And, if I well forebode,  
 My hat and wig will soon be here,  
 They are upon the road.

The Callender, right glad to find  
 His friend in merry pin,  
 Return'd him not a single word,  
 But to the house went in ;

Whence strait he came with hat and wig,  
 A wig that flow'd behind,  
 A hat not much the worse for wear,  
 Each comely in its kind.

He held them up, and, in his turn,  
 Thus show'd his ready wit—  
 My head is twice as big as yours,  
 They therefore needs must fit.

But let me scrape the dirt away  
 That hangs upon your face ;  
 And stop and eat, for well you may  
 Be in a hungry case.

Said John, It is my wedding-day,  
 And all the world would stare,  
 If wife should dine at Edmonton  
 And I should dine at Ware.

So turning to his horse, he said,  
 I am in haste to dine ;  
 'Twas for your pleasure you came here,  
 You shall go back for mine.

Ah luckless speech, and bootless boast !  
 For which he paid full dear ;  
 For while he spake, a braying ass  
 Did sing most loud and clear ;

Whereat



Whereat his horse did snort as he  
Had heard a lion roar,  
And gallop'd off with all his might,  
As he had done before.

Away went Gilpin, and away  
Went Gilpin's hat and wig ;  
He lost them sooner than at first,—  
For why? they were too big.

Now, Mistress Gilpin, when she saw  
Her husband posting down  
Into the country far away,  
She pull'd out half a crown ;

And thus unto the youth she said  
That drove them to the Bell,  
This shall be your's when you bring back  
My husband safe and well.

The youth did ride, and soon did meet  
John coming back amain,  
Whom in a trice he tried to stop  
By catching at his rein ;

But not performing what he meant,  
And gladly would have done,  
The frightened steed he frightened more,  
And made him faster run.

Away went Gilpin, and away  
Went post-boy at his heels,  
The post-boy's horse right glad to miss  
The lumb'ring of the wheels.

Six gentlemen upon the road  
Thus seeing Gilpin fly,  
With post-boy scamp'ring in the rear,  
They rais'd the hue and cry :

Stop thief! stop thief!—a highwayman!  
Not one of them was mute ;  
And all and each that pass'd that way  
Did join in the pursuit.

And now the turnpike gates again  
Flew open in short space,  
The toll-men thinking, as before,  
That Gilpin rode a race.

And

## The P O E T I C A L, &amp;c.

And so he did, and won it too,  
 For he got first to town,  
 Nor stopp'd till where he had got up  
 He did again get down.

Now let us sing, Long live the king,  
 And Gilpin, long live he;  
 And when he next doth ride abroad,  
 May I be there to see!

F I N I S.



